

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

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### The Week in Review.

#### Gold and Prices.

FOR most people the value of a sovereign is twenty shillings. But this leaves undetermined the further question as to what is the value of twenty shillings. Gold rises or falls in value the same as everything else. This fact was emphasised by the Cost of Living Commission. Now that gold is plentiful prices are high; when gold was scarce prices were low. To a very large extent the value of any article depends on its scarcity. For 300 years the annual production of gold averaged £1,600,000, and from 1804 to 1840 the average was considerably under £2,500,000. Then came the great discoveries of gold in America and Australia, and by the middle of last century the annual output of gold had risen to £27,000,000. Then came a fall as the alluvial fields began to be worked out, and by 1886 the annual production was under £20,000,000. Then came the Rand discoveries, and by 1896 the output was double what it had been ten years earlier. To-day the output is double what it was in 1896, and fifty times what it was three centuries ago. To be exact, it is a little over £90,000,000 per annum.

#### Currency and Prosperity.

When gold is scarce prices fall. That is to say, the sovereign being scarcer is worth more in the shape of wheat, foodstuffs, and other necessities of life. When gold is plentiful, it is worth less in the shape of goods. So a sovereign will buy less goods and prices rise. This has a bearing on national debts. During the last twenty years the price of all Government securities has fallen. Consols have fallen 24 points, and French, German, and Italian securities have fallen from 10 to 15 points. The debenture stocks of the best English railways show a similar decline. This is largely due to the fact that the money paid as interest will purchase less than it would twenty years ago. It takes £3 7/6 now to purchase what could have been bought for £2 10/ then. In the case of our own debt we are the gainers. Our goods fetch more gold, while the amount we have to pay in gold and interest remains fixed. It takes less produce to meet our public liabilities. Thus, if high prices increase the cost of living they also enable us to get more for our goods, and we have to send away less of our produce to pay our debts.

#### Northern Railways.

During the conference on railway affairs held at Whangarei, the question of linking up Whangarei with the North Auckland Main Trunk line was fully discussed. The Whangarei Chamber of Commerce favoured the construction of a short connecting line between Kiorewa and the Main Trunk. At first the Kaipara representatives were inclined to regard this proposal with disfavour, but after the matter had been discussed in all its bearings the outcome was the unanimous adoption of a series of resolutions urging the Government to push on the Main Trunk line to Kaikohe with all speed, and at the same time to connect the western district by a short link line with the 98 miles of the Whangarei system, which now ministers to the needs of the East Coast. When the work is completed the whole of the peninsula will be brought directly into touch with Auckland, and settlement

will proceed apace. At present large expanses of splendid country are entirely untouched, and the opening up of this country will add materially to the prosperity of the whole Dominion.

#### Egypt and Turkey.

Italian papers report that negotiations are proceeding to transform Egypt into a kingdom under a British protectorate on the termination of the Italian-Turkish war. In the event of the change being made it is suggested that Turkey would receive an indemnity of £20,000,000. Egypt is only nominally a part of the Turkish Empire, and England acts as a guardian and protector. The fact that the suggestion for the forming of an Egyptian kingdom emanates from Italy means that the Italians would be glad to see England permanently retain her paramount standing in Egypt so long as she raises no objection to Italy's annexation of Tripoli. If Egypt is formed into a kingdom it may be a step towards the collapse of the Turkish Empire. At present Turkey is threatened by Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro, as well as by Italy. Her one hope lies in the jealousy of the different Balkan States, and in the fact that it is to the interest of all the Powers to prevent war as long as possible. For these reasons it may well be that the inevitable Balkan explosion will be delayed for several years to come. But it seems certain that the Turkish Empire must eventually go down before the forces opposed to it.

#### Varieties of Football.

None of the different kinds of football as played at the present day are so exciting as the games played at the beginning of last century. At that time village played against village, but all the able-bodied inhabitants of the rival places took part in the game. In many counties these contests were annual affairs, and the favourite day for such games was Shrove Tuesday. Early in the morning the combatants assembled at a place midway between the two villages. After the kick-off the players endeavoured to kick or carry the ball towards their opponents' goal, which was generally the village churchyard, or some other well-known landmark. The goals were often miles apart, and the field of play offered many natural obstructions, such as hedges, brooks, and ditches. Women seem to have played as well as men in some places, for we read of a contest at Inverness between the married and unmarried women of the place. One of the most famous of these early matches took place on December 5, 1815, between the men of Yarrow and the men of Selkirk. The match was memorable from the fact that the famous novelist, Sir Walter Scott, who was then county sheriff, took upon himself the leadership of the men of Selkirk. In speaking of the match he said: "The appearance of the various parties marching from their different glens to the place of rendezvous, with pipes playing and loud acclamations, carried back the coldest imagination to the old times, when the foresters assembled with a less peaceable purpose of invading English territory or defending their own." It sometimes happened that the goals were a mile and a-half apart, and the players on each side numbered more than a thousand. With so many players the games generally ended in a free fight. In 1897 the inhabitants of Dorking endeavoured to revive the old style of play, but such a tumultuous scene

occurred that the Surrey County Council had to send a hundred policemen to quell the disturbances. Modern football would have created very tame to these old players.

#### The New Labour Party.

Mr. Fowlds has accepted the presidency of the United Labour party, and in the course of his presidential speech he referred to the prospects of the party in New Zealand. He explained that while he was fully sensible of the honour done him in electing him to the office of president, he had been chiefly influenced in accepting the post, not by the personal honour, but by the hope that he might be of use to a party which was rapidly becoming the most potent political factor in the country. In speaking of the Liberal party, he said that it was dead and gone beyond redemption, and it would in a very short time disintegrate into its natural elements. He thought the Conservative element would join the Conservatives, while the Radical element would support the United Labour party. He urged active organisation and concerted action, and predicted victory for the party at the next general election.

#### The Civil Service.

The report of the Public Service Commission commends favourably on the high type, both as regards character and ability, of the departmental heads and those holding responsible positions in the Service. The report goes on to state that there is a tendency for each department to magnify and glorify itself, and to run its affairs as a distinct and separate concern, instead of looking upon itself as a branch of one large business. A number of the younger men are kept year after year at the one class of work instead of being put through as many different kinds of work as possible, so that they may become capable all-round men. Many temporary hands had been made permanent members of the public service, and were now on the same footing as those who had passed the regular examinations. The regular members of the staff looked upon this as a great grievance, and the Commission thought that their attitude was justified.

#### Pay and Promotion.

In dealing with the matter of pay and promotion the Commission is of opinion that there is room for great improvement. The report says:—"There is no uniform system for making promotions in the Service, and there are considerable differences in pay between different departments, sometimes due to the head or Minister being economical or generous. Merit does not count as it should. The

passing of examinations, either departmental or outside examinations, such as solicitors and accountancy examinations, do not carry weight and bring the promotion that might reasonably be expected. The result is that many more able young fellows finding their advancement slow, get out of the Service at the first opportunity, and it is quite a common occurrence to find young men in the Service studying for law, accountancy or other examinations, not with the object of getting on in the Service, but with the object of obtaining degrees that will enable them to get out of it. The Commission found that "in many cases the salary paid has no relationship to the work done. When increases in pay are going they are usually doled out so much a head all round, but when the heads of departments allot the work to be done in the lower grades of the Service it is generally given to those who have the capacity to do it, regardless of the pay received. We could hardly say that the salaries as a whole are either too high or too low, but they badly need adjusting, and men should be paid for the work they do, and not for the time they have been in the service."

#### A Board of Management.

The Commission lays great stress on the need for efficiency, combined with economy, and to effect this it suggests that there should be one controlling head to hold the whole service together, and make it work as one efficient machine. "This is the most important matter of all," declares the Commission, which goes on to say: "We think that a Board of Management should be set up which would be the managing head of the whole Government service. We would suggest that this Board should be composed of three men, one of whom should be the ablest man that could be obtained in the service. This position on the Board should be the prize position in the whole public service, and carry a higher salary than any other with the possible exception of that of the general manager of railways. The two other members of the Board should be chosen from outside, and they should be men of wide business experience who have had training in large organisations and are accustomed to the handling of a large staff. One of these two should be chairman of the Board. This Board would, therefore, have as its members two men of thorough business training, chosen for their organising ability, and one from the public service, who would know its requirements, and be thoroughly familiar with all its details, and who would possess a good working knowledge of the personnel of its officers. The members of the Board should give their whole time to their work, and have no other duties."

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Imperial Preference.

Some idea of the value of Imperial preference to the British colonies may be gathered from the fact that Denmark alone sends to Great Britain £14,000,000 of dairy produce every year. The Argentine supplies over £15,000,000 worth of frozen mutton, wheat, and other agricultural products. Cheese is sent from Holland, bacon from America, fowls from Russia, and pork from China. The imports from Germany, Holland, and Belgium alone have more than doubled in the last twenty years. The policy of admitting the produce of foreign countries free has had the effect of throwing out of cultivation 13,000,000 acres of arable land. Thus Great Britain suffers by the decrease of agriculture. The colonies have made substantial concessions to Britain, but failing the adoption of a policy of mutual preference between the United Kingdom and the colonies, the latter are under continual pressure to enter into reciprocal arrangements with other countries, which may ultimately undermine the political unity of the Empire.

Railway to Taupo.

The petition of the Taupo Tataru Timber Company asks for the right to purchase 200,000 acres of native land, on the distinct understanding that it is to be cut up and sold within a certain time. The Company offers to sell to the Government its sixty-five miles of line, equipped with rolling stock, for £180,000. There are thirteen miles needed to complete the line to Taupo, and it is computed that the total cost of the seventy-eight miles of railway will be about £200,000. The Company has compiled a statement which shows that the annual return of the working of the line should provide interest at 4 per cent. on this capital. If the Government takes over the line the Company is prepared to pay for freight over sixty-five miles, a sum averaging £11,000 per annum. It is claimed that the advantages to the country through the completion of the line would be considerable. The cost of carriage of goods to Taupo would be reduced by half, an area of over 1,000,000 acres of Crown and native lands now practically isolated, would be rendered accessible for occupation, and an opportunity would be afforded for the first time of testing the value of these punice lands for cultivation and settlement. The petition is supported by the settlers in East Taupo County, and the main objections to the petition have come from the Rotorna Chamber of Commerce, the Wellington Trades and Labour Council, and certain natives. The Company seems to have made out a good case.

Militant Miners.

A strong posse of police has been marshalled at Waipi and Waikino to give engine-drivers and arbitrators something like adequate protection from molestation. The aggressive miners, resentful of the resumption of work with outside labour at the Horakora scheme, have continued in a more or less organised way to intimidate the workers and harass the engine-drivers, whose secession from the Federation of Labour precipitated the strike. The presence of the police in the district has had a restraining influence on the strikers, and, with the exception of following-up tactics and the use of objectionable language, there has been no outbreak of violence. Police proceedings, however, are to be taken against a number of the strikers on various charges. Further developments are possible.

Two Independent Members.

Messrs. T. M. Wilford and A. M. Myers have respectively made important announcements concerning their attitude towards the party now in Opposition. Mr. Wilford says that he is a Liberal of moderate views, and an opposer of trade, and has formally withdrawn from the Opposition for the reason that the views held by a number of members of the party are totally opposed to those he has always held. He reserves full liberty to criticise all legislation introduced, and will support all measures which, in his opinion, are "for New Zealand." Mr. Myers says that before the present Opposition executive was appointed he intimated that he intended to revert to his old position as an Independent Liberal. He explains that in the course of his election campaign he made it perfectly clear that so long as the Government maintained a true Liberal policy he

would support it, but otherwise he held himself free to act in the best interests of his constituents, and the people generally. He took office in the Mackenzie Ministry because they fulfilled these requirements. The Reform party had outlined an advanced and democratic policy, and the measures will receive his support.

The Origin of Life.

Professor Schaefer has been somewhat dogmatic in his assertion that life is purely a matter of chemical interaction, though the theory has for long been held by many eminent scientists. Chemists have been searching for means by which they may be able to produce a living substance similar to that from which, they assert, all living organisms are evolved. But in the experiments which have been made in this direction it has always been found that germs of life were present from the start, or that they found entrance at some stage in the operations. There is no known evidence of non-living matter giving origin to living organisms. But it is possible that living matter may have been evolved from non-living matter, that it is now being so evolved, and that the conditions of spontaneous generation may be artificially reproduced. That protoplasm took its origin from non-living matter was held by Huxley, Haeckel, Nagell, Pfleger, Ray Lankester, and others. Helmutz and Lord Kelvin, on the other hand, held that the germs of life were brought to earth by meteorites from elsewhere. The discussion has gone on for a long time, and, at best, Professor Schaefer has only stated dogmatically what many have held to be a plausible theory. But he has not adduced any fresh facts in support of his theory. The practical value of the discussion on the origin of life has been great. It has brought to light many facts of great importance in connection with the preservation and improvement of food-stuffs, the occurrence of parasites, the use of antiseptics, and the nature of many diseases. The Professor asserts that the theory of supernatural intervention in the first production of life is devoid of scientific foundation, but the theory of abiogenesis is equally devoid of scientific proof. It may be many years before chemists are able to produce living from non-living matter. It may be that they will never be able to do so. But the attempt to solve the mystery of the origin of life has been of incalculable value in the additions made to our knowledge of the nature of low organisms.

Prize-fighting and the Law.

Mr. Justice Cooper made a lucid statement of the law as affecting prize-fighting, in the course of a charge to the grand jury at the Hamilton Supreme Court, in dealing with a charge of manslaughter arising out of a bare-knuckle contest for a wager between a European and a Maori. It was a definite criminal offence for anyone to take part in a prize-fight, and he reduced his opinion on the matter to writing: "When one person is indicted for inflicting personal injury upon another the consent of the person who sustained the injury is no defence to the person who inflicts the injury, if the injury is of such a nature or is inflicted under such circumstances that its infliction is injurious to the public as well as to the person injured. But injuries given and received in prize-fights are injurious to the public both because it is against the public interests that the lives and health of the combatants should be endangered by blows, and because prize-fights are disorderly exhibitions and mischievous on many obvious grounds. Therefore, the consent of the parties to blows, which they mutually receive, does not prevent these blows from being assaults, and in my opinion this principle of law is not confined to prize-fights, for every fight in which the object and interest of each of the combatants is to subdue the other by violent blows, is or has a direct tendency to a breach of the peace, and it matters not whether such fight be a hostile fight begun and continued in anger, or a prize-fight for money or other advantage." It was against the public interest that the lives of combatants should be endangered in fights of this description, while they also tended to promote a breach of the peace; also, in a sense, they were disorderly exhibitions. "I do not want my remarks to be misunderstood, so as to indicate that boxing or sparring matches with gloves are necessarily illegal," added his Honor. "That depends on the circumstances.

If in cases of that description the matches are really prize-fights—and in that respect many recent exhibitions with gloves are really prize-fights in the ordinary sense—even fights where gloves are used may be, and very often are, within the law. When exhibitions of boxing and wrestling take place where the element of prize-fighting does not obtain they are not breaches of law unless they take place under such circumstances that necessarily a breach of the peace may be provoked."

Profits from Test Matches.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that the Australians received approximately £780 as their share of the gates for their test matches against South Africa, and £2,130 for the English tests, the final match at the Oval leading with £1,120. These figures seem exceptionally high, as G. H. S. Trott declared that about £150 was netted by each of his men in the 1893 tour, a little more than £100 in 1890, and that he himself only made a profit of £80 as the result of nearly five months' cricket in 1888. But it must be remembered that the expenses connected with test matches are always high. Professionals—including the "twelfth man"—swallow up £20 apiece per match, each umpire pockets a £10 fee, the amateur gets his first-class fares—including cabs—to and from his residence, and an hotel allowance, not exceeding 30/- per day, for a maximum period of five days each match; luncheons and teas are generously provided by the Board of Control for the players at a cost of £10 a day. Every player or man employed on the ground has to be insured against accidents, advertising takes £20 per match, and then there are payments to extra policemen and attendants, card sellers, etc. These expenses, however, are not allowed to affect in the smallest way the visiting team's appropriation of one-half of the gross "gates"; and then, from what is left, the club on whose ground the match is played takes 30 per cent., the first-class counties and the M.C.C. divide 60 per cent. among them, and the other 10 per cent. goes to the second-class counties.

Undoubtedly, as a general rule, test matches do not pay—some have paid enormously—but, as in all things, one must take the average—and the risks. Absolutely wet weather, of course, quite ruins a match; dull and doubtful weather keeps thousands of would-be patrons at a distance; dull play on the first day of a match means very meagre attendances on the second and third days; and yet, if one side's superiority over the other be very marked, there may be no third day's play, as was the case when the Australians beat the South Africans at Manchester recently.

Yet no matter what may happen to a match, all the expenses are practically the same. Players, ground staffs, etc., have to be paid according to their engagements, whether it rains or snows.

In just the same way, any big profits which the visiting team may derive from a test match may be largely swallowed up by losses in previous county and other games. For example, the total expenses of an Australian team touring in England average about £125 per match played—over £2,000 going on steamship and railway fares alone—and this means that, with a sixpenny "gate," supposing the Australians take half, an average attendance of 10,000 for each game is necessary to cover mere out-of-pocket expenditure.

In some county matches the attendance falls considerably below this figure; other matches are ruined by weather, though the expenditure of £125 per match has to be made good just the same; and, therefore, a very great responsibility rests on the shilling "gates" of test matches to ensure an ultimate profit!

Solving the Servant Girl Problem.

Domestic servants are so scarce in New Zealand, so hard to get, and so hard to keep, that one does not wonder that the modern mistresses make use of wireless to engage girls coming out from England. In the case of one of the more recent emigrant ships, which brought out a small batch of girls from Rome, the mistresses who thought to be in good time by being on the wharf to meet the vessel were surprised to find that their more enterprising sisters had already engaged most of the girls by means of micrograms. There is, however, one woman who claims to have found no difficulty in getting servants. Mrs. John H. Flagler, of New York, says that she has solved the servant girl problem, and as

she has twenty-seven servants we may admit that she speaks with authority. Here is Mrs. Flagler's plan of campaign as described in her own words:—

I never cheat a girl out of any pleasure she has planned by asking her to work when she has expected to get off.

When I entertain I notify the servants at least two days in advance, so that they won't make any engagements for that day.

When I give big entertainments I employ extra help.

My servants arrange among themselves so that some of them have Sundays off.

My servants have access to my library, and they take advantage of it, too. They like to read, and they have the time to do it.

I should feel conscience-stricken if I thought persons in my employ slaved all day long. The work in my house is so systematized that they are not compelled to do it.

I urge them to go out every afternoon and get the air, if they only remain out an hour.

I do not know who ever started that half-day-a-week rule. I do not know why women, supposedly intelligent and sympathetic, should continue to practice it on their servants. One-half day a week is not enough to popularise a mistress in the eyes of the maid.

Of course, this is all very nice, but that it should be considered exceptional goes far to show why girls should prefer the shop to domestic service. Of course, the shop does not as a rule provide libraries, but it does provide a certain fixity of duty and regularity of hours not to be found elsewhere. In other words, it permits a girl to call her soul her own, which is a kind of liberty quite beyond the powers of comprehension enjoyed by the average mistress.

The Waning Birthrate.

The birthrate for England and Wales for the quarter ended June last was 3.7 below the average of the second quarters of the ten preceding years, and is the lowest on record for any second quarter. It is the same all over Europe. Germany is the latest of the European nations to deplore a waning birthrate. The full census returns are not yet completed, but in Prussia and Bavaria the figures are unsatisfactory. And at last we have an authoritative voice to ask why Europe should regard depopulation as an evil. Octave Mirbeau, speaking in the French Senate, disputed the claim with energy and fervour. If the people were only logical, he said, they would hasten the process of depopulation instead of retarding it. Why, he asked, should there be so much twaddle about a decreasing birthrate? What is that you fear? Do you dread the day when there will no longer be enough men to send to their death in the Sudan, in China, and in Madagascar? You dream of population only that you may have a violent depopulation later on. But no, thank you. If we are to be born only that we must die on the battlefield, under the rigors of military discipline, in camps and barracks, we prefer not to be born at all. Octave Mirbeau naturally made a great sensation by his speech. But in view of the enormous growth of armaments throughout the civilised world, one cannot be surprised if many people are to be found who take a similar view.

Women and Academies.

The Spanish Academy has refused to open its doors to the Countess Paidobazan on account of her sex and in spite of the fact of her eminence as an author. A few years ago France was in a turmoil over a somewhat similar disability inflicted upon Mme. Curie, and perhaps it would be well for these dignified institutions to see to it that the weight of intelligence be found outside their doors rather than inside. We are reminded that Spanish conservatism seems to have increased rather than waned with the lapse of time. In 1783 a woman was admitted to the University of Alcalá, and by a special decree of Charles II. The favoured one was Maria Isidra de Guzman y La Coida, and she was duly invested with the doctor's degree. The lady was then seventeen years of age, and she passed brilliantly in "languages, philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, ontology, geography, physics, and astronomy." She also wrote a thesis maintaining "the aptitude of the educated woman for teaching subjects sacred and profane in the universities." But there is no record that Maria ever made much use of her prodigious erudition. It often happens that way. The world receives least where it expects most.

# Sayings of the Week.

## Prizes and Competitions.

**THE** prize-winners at competitions should be able afterwards to point with pride to their prizes, with a full knowledge that not one of them had been awarded unless it was fully merited. Thus and thus only would the honour of winning them be greatly sought after.—*Mr W. A. Orchard*

## Sunday-school Classes.

The Sunday-school of to-morrow was going to consist of a school of little classes, for large classes were dangerous.—*Mr Archibald.*

## Nothing Like Leather.

The Government did not propose to take measures to prevent the public from purchasing composition cardboard boots if they wished, but they certainly intended to stop goods of that description being sold to the public as being leather all through.—*Hon. F. M. B. Fisher.*

## Art in New Zealand.

Art in New Zealand has not advanced. Men are doing the same sort of thing that they did twenty years ago, and they do not seem to realise that art is progressive, just as anything else is progressive. There is too much repetition. People are seeing, not through their own eyes, but through those of their teachers. If a modern man were to come along, they would not understand him.—*Mr Baillie.*

## "God Buries His Workmen, but Carries on Their Work."

The Reformation was past, but it still lived; Wesley was dead, but Methodism was still a living and an ever-growing force; General Booth was dead, but the Salvation Army would not come to an end with the passing of its leader.—*Rev W. Ruddy.*

## Trade with Fiji.

We buy a good deal from New Zealand now, especially butter and cheese, but there will be an increase in our purchases. The action of the Australian Government in placing a tariff on our fruit in order to protect Queensland fruit, has not been favourably received in Fiji, and I think our people will retaliate by importing more merchandise from New Zealand and less from Australia. At present Fiji buys large quantities of tinned meat, butter, flour, biscuits, and scores of other articles from Australia, and now New Zealand will get a large portion of this business.—*Hon. T. B. Turner, Mayor of Suva.*

## Why Immigrants Prefer Canada.

Australia would never be able to compete with Canada for immigrants. Canada's great advantage was her relative nearness to Britain, and consequent cheaper passages. There was much force in the sentimental objection to the difficulty of returning to the Homeland from Australia owing to the greater distance. Immigrants therefore preferred Canada, as it was easy to reach England for the holidays.—*Mr T. G. Jenkins, Ex-Agent General for South Australia.*

## The Defence Act.

The law with regard to defence service was in the same position as any other law. If young persons did not go to school, for instance, someone had to pay the penalty, and the same principle applied in regard to the Defence Act.—*Hon. J. Allen.*

## Temperament in N.Z.

It seems to me that the young New Zealander lacks temperament. It will probably come later, but at present this want is very noticeable in the art of the Dominion. I feel very strongly that until people become more sympathetic and become really interested in the work of those who are definitely trying to evolve something to put themselves on canvas, there will be no national school of painting in New Zealand.—*Mr Baillie.*

## Naval Policy.

New Zealand's naval policy was a policy of opportunism, while Australia's was the best for the Empire and for the preservation of the autonomy of its parts.—*Admiral Henderson*

## Isolated Waipu.

Waipu has been neglected and forgotten by the Governments of New Zealand for almost fifty years. We are practically cut off from the world, and so heavy are the charges on our produce that many of our best families have left to succeed in other parts, while others may be seriously thinking of doing the same. For example, 54 years ago freight to Waipu from Auckland was 20/- per ton. To-day the Waipu Dairy Company is charged 30/- a ton, while the people of Whangarei get their goods placed on the Whangarei wharf for 8/- per ton.—*Mr G. Mackay*

## A Word of Caution.

New Zealand is one of the happiest, most prosperous countries in the world, and people can do better here than elsewhere; but there are many signs from foreign politics and local labour disorders and general extravagance that unless we be very careful we may deeply regret that we turned a deaf ear to repeated warnings.—*Mr F. G. Ewington.*

## The Supply of Oysters.

While many people in Auckland are inclined to complain of the scarcity of fish, they fail to remember that the supply of oysters during the past few months has been greater than during any other season.—*Mr A. F. Ayson, Inspector of Fisheries.*

## The Cause of Unrest.

I do not think there is general discontent among the farm labourers of New Zealand. The unrest amongst the labouring classes was due to a few agitators who were fomenting trouble among the workers.—*Mr John Deans, of the Canterbury Sheepsowers' Union.*

## The Changing Situation of the Empire.

Canada is realising to the full, as New Zealand and other Dominions have realised, the changing situation of the Empire and the responsibilities which that changing situation inevitably throws upon every component element of the Empire. We feel that the resources of the Empire are more and more becoming available for the needs of the Empire and that we who, I believe, have ever stood for the world's peace, shall not stand alone in these two islands, but shall have behind us the whole strength of the Empire of which we are a part.—*Hon. A. J. Balfour.*



TRYING IT ON!

Mr. Asquith: Now, my dear, I propose making you a general annual allowance, but if you can save anything out of it you may pay something towards the general upken.

[The Home Rule Bill stipulates that if Ireland can pay her way for three successive years, then arrangements will be made for her to enjoy the privilege of paying her share towards the Navy, the Army, the National Debt, and the support of the Crown.]

## Women in the Backblocks.

The task of breaking in new country did not fall solely upon young men who presently sold their holdings at a profit, but it was shared by women and children who during the years of arduous industry which lay before every selector in new country gave their assistance in a work that was of direct benefit to the whole nation.—*Mr J. A. Young, M.P.*

## War and Military Training.

Even if war were abolished it would still pay to give military training, inculcating discipline, co-operation, and self-control.—*Colonel S. Hughes, Canadian Minister for Defence.*

## Germany's Steel Spurs.

The game-hirds are in the cockpit, and Germany has her steel spurs on watching for an opening.—*Mr Atkins, at the Hague Conference.*

## An Imperial Council.

I will add that side by side with this growing participation in the active burdens of Empire on the part of our Dominions there rests with us, undoubtedly, the duty of making such response as we can to their obviously reasonable appeal that they should be entitled to be heard in the determination of the policy and the direction of Imperial affairs.—*Mr Asquith.*

The restaurant of the hotel is served in the same way. At a corner of each table is a bronze arm, about three feet high, carrying a lamp. This stand contains a specially designed telephone, with a microphone for intensifying sound. When the guests take their seats, the host rings the bell at his side. Immediately the waiter in the restaurant below answers and asks for the order. This is given without having to use the telephone in the usual way, but merely by speaking in the ordinary tone of voice near the lampstand.

When the dish is ready, it makes its appearance in the centre of the table on a silver tray, which has descended on an electrically worked lift into the kitchen. As soon as this dish is removed, the tray descends again and returns in less than twenty seconds bearing whatever has been ordered for the occupier of the other seat. The course finished, the plates are once more placed on the tray, the bell is touched, and the soiled things descend into the lower regions that the next course may be served. While most of the tables are arranged for two or four guests, much larger parties can be equally well accommodated.

As there are no waiters, there will presumably be no tips!

## CALGARY, THE METROPOLIS OF SUNNY ALBERTA.

SURROUNDED by some of the CHOICEST WHEAT-GROWING LANDS, and in the midst of a vast Mineral Area, producing immense quantities of coal, as well as yielding Natural Gas, the city of CALGARY has made great progress.

The lots recently offered to New Zealand Investors in Prospect Park at from \$90 upwards are now all disposed of, and are being held at \$150 to \$200.

## First Mortgage Loans.

WE PLACE quite a lot of money on Mortgages, and can certainly find investments giving excellent security to clients looking to invest sums of from £200 to £1500 at 8 per cent. For larger amounts the interest payable is usually 7 per cent. We charge 1 per cent for placing the loan and for collecting, etc. Our rate is to loan only up to 50 per cent of the selling value for property that is increasing in value.

## Geddes and Sheffield, Financial Brokers.

707-707a, First-street East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

London Office, 29-30, Charing

Cross.

## References:

Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, and Canadian Bank of Commerce, Calgary, Alberta.

Correspondence Solicited.

## FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

W. PARKER, F.S.M.C. OPTICIAN, London.

Remove eye fluid's homeopathic pharmacy, 315 Queen Street (4 doors above Windham Street); also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, top of Symonds-st. (late Graeco). We hold the highest diploma in Visual Optics and Eight Testing, Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

## BRITOMART HOTEL

CORNER FIFTH AND LORE STREETS

LENN ADAMS, Proprietor.

COURTELY VISITORS WELCOME.

# The Jolliest King On Any Throne.

## The New King of Denmark.

NOTHING in the character of Denmark's new King, Christian X., supports the Shakespearean tradition. There is no trace of Hamlet in him. He is neither melancholy, nor hesitating, nor sicklier o'er with the pale cast of thought. He is, instead, a jolly giant, with a propensity to slap the comrades of his youth upon the back. He is disposed to a somewhat uproarious optimism and loud laughter. He seems free from the least suspicion that the lines are out of joint. He is the life and soul of any company in which he happens to find himself. He is not even intellectual. The foundation of the character of the prince upon the throne of Denmark is vouched for in the "Independence Beige" of Brussels as unadorned simplicity. He seems never to have had a mood in the poetical sense. His intimates are like himself in being average people, and if he has a motto to it must be: "Away with all mystery and romance." He loves to roar a barrack-room ditty at the top of his powerful lungs with his former comrades of the guards, to whom he gives a dinner every Christmas. His large, steel-blue eyes sparkle merrily. His vigorous appetite, his loud voice, his long legs and his propensity to skip up a flight of steps on the run suggests the manner of a boy rather than the sedateness of a man past forty. He is, in short, the Paris "Figaro" thinks, quite the merriest monarch alive, full to the finger-tips with an exuberant vitality. He realises the contemporary European ideal of a "respectable king"—the traditional "fast" king with a mistress having gone completely out of fashion.

This new Scandinavian sovereign enjoys the felicity of perfect health, the still greater felicity of a cheerfulness which bubbles up with a champagne effervescence from the springs of that perfect health. Such is the view the Paris "Figaro" takes of a royalty in whom it beholds the spirit of youth bodied forth enchantingly. His is the open character, we read, and his the gay countenance. His, again, is the ringing and ready laugh and his is the enchanting affability. What wonder that he enjoys a terrific popularity, that cheering crowds hail him on days of festival, that smiles greet his appearance, smiles reflecting his own brightness and gaiety? For as some kings are great and others are good, this Danish King is gay. His infancy, his adolescence, his ripening manhood and the period of his prime have all been passed in Copenhagen under the eyes of the people. They adore him. He is so essentially and irresistibly Danish in sentiments and ideas that make him the living mirror of his people. From his early youth he received the most Danish of training. He joined the university body with a simplicity and a spirit of comradeship that won him a worship he has never lost.

Christian X. is distinguished among his subjects by a tallness that is too natural in aspect to seem awkward. It fits his robust health as appropriately as a trunk harmonises with an elephant. When he served in the Royal Guard he towered in his platitude of inches above the rest of that crack corps. At the period of the famous gatherings of sovereigns in the palace of Fredensborg, we read in the "Figaro," he was among the troops assembled on the quay to greet the arriving czar. The czar—not the reigning sovereign of Russia—advanced along the files of the guard, bestowing upon each man a gold-piece. Recognising his nephew, the potentate of Moscow tried to pass him by with a smile, but the gay Prince Christian extended his hand for the coin. "This," he cried, tossing it into the air and catching it deftly, "is the first money I ever earned."

Christian X. is so perfect a master of the arts of popularity, in the opinion of the Paris "Albin," that he would have made an ideal demagog. He exploits unconsciously the most delightful manners—cordial, candid, open. He affords all who come within the influence of his

personal charm the sensation of having for an intimate friend a reigning sovereign of an ancient royal house. It is not that he unbends vulgarly, nor that he cheapens himself by indiscriminate familiarities. He feels an unforced and spontaneous interest in everyone he meets, acquiring from sheer contact a sort of personal affection for people about him. His interests are of the kind that must be shared. He does not cherish the precious in art after the fashion of the late King of Bavaria. He collects no coins like the King of Italy. Like the simple George V., King Christian interests himself in aviation contests, in moving pictures, in newspapers. His tastes are those of the crowd, and they lead him to theatres, to sporting contests, and even to celebrated trials in the courts. He resembles his father in

Emperor would succeed as a stage manager. "I," observed the Danish Prince, "would emigrate to the United States and go into vaudeville." The hilarity he can diffuse by entering in this gay fashion into everyone's mood was so delightful to the inhabitants of Jutland that they built him a palace when he was married. He had lived among them as a bachelor on terms of absolute equality, visiting the homes of the plainest people and drinking tea in social gatherings made up of school-teachers, Socialists and impecunious poets, as well as military and civil functionaries. A reception at the chateau of Marselisborg, the Jutland seat of the Danish King, brings together all sorts and conditions of men and women with an intimacy unknown at other courts.

If the Danish King can be said to ride a hobby, the circumstance is attributable to his amiable faith in the genius of the Danes in every field of human endeavour. Christian X., we read in our French contemporary, looks upon his realm as the true nursery of Scandinavian greatness. At any rate, his Majesty never fails to accord the royal support and countenance to native talent. His ambition is to make his palace an intellectual and artistic shrine and his capital a commercial one. The new King's patronage of the drama accords well with his expressed conviction that it is an es-



THE NEW RULER OF HAMLET'S COUNTRY.

a propensity to stroll alone through the streets, stick in hand, stopping now and then to gaze into shop windows or to exchange a word with an acquaintance. He is distinguishable from the average man at such moments only on account of his tallness. He will stand with the throng assembled about some street fakir, taking in with an amused smile every detail of the itinerant's volubility and sometimes making a purchase. On one such occasion he was sent about his business with the rest of the crowd when a policeman objected to the blocking of the thoroughfare by a peddler of mechanical toys.

When in the fulness of time he had to give up his membership in the guards, he begged leave to retain his rifle. This boon, observes the French daily from which we extract the anecdote, was denied. The weapon belonged to the State. The comrades of the Prince opened a subscription at once. The rifle was purchased and presented to the heir to Denmark's throne, who retorted with a dinner. The occasion was enlivened by a discussion of what must happen to certain royalties as a result of the spread of republicanism throughout Europe. The King of Sweden, all agreed, might earn his living as a playwright. The German

essentially Danish art. This emphasis of the Danish note in Scandinavian life is based upon his Majesty's well-known aversion to the European theory that his kingdom is but the tail to the Scandinavian kite.

He chose his bride from the proud if not mighty court of Mecklenburg-Schwering, which houses itself in a superb palace constructed upon the model of the chateaux of Blois and Chambord. All about this imposing seat extends a vast park adorned with statues of famed dynastic heroes (the house of Mecklenburg-Schwering is the most ancient in Europe), with grotesque like fairy haunts and many plashing fountains. In this paradise was reared that Princess Alexandra, who is now Queen of Denmark. She is slender, graceful, what is even termed temperamental, much given to solitude and the expression of her varying moods in versification. There are two boys, the oldest at present barely in his teens.

If you were I and I were you,  
And I were well and you had "flu,"  
What would you do?  
Would you regain your health like me,  
By the same means that set me free  
From coughs and colds?  
Why to be sure!  
By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## Chamberlain Birthday Fund

The organisers of the Chamberlain Birthday Fund have received so much support from Colonial admirers of the Father of Tariff Reform, and so many suggestions that they should give Mr Chamberlain's friends across the sea a chance to contribute, that they have decided to keep the fund open sufficiently long to enable people in the remote corners of the King's dominions to swell the total of the fund.

At home the fund seems to be doing extremely well, and it is certainly being supported by all classes, a very large number of the contributors being people who cannot even afford the usual shilling, and send their mite in the shape of two or three stamps. Some of the letters covering these contributions are, in their way, gems of literary effort:

"Dear Mr Secretary, or anybody,—I have much pleasure, as a poor working man, in sending you my humble shilling to your fund for that noble statesman, J. Chamberlain. I only wish he could be in the House of Commons to-day to give a lesson to that D. L. George."

The "D" in the Chancellor's name comes in very handy for his critics!

Another small contributor wrote:—"Please accept shilling on behalf of dear old friend the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain 70 birthday he is the Father of Tariff Reform O I hop the Lord will spare him to see it come we wants this country put on a better footing than it is now this crack pot of a Government we have have shaken it to pieces we wants tariff Reform to weld it together and Mr Bonar Law to use the Forge Bellows me to remain."

The whole of the amount raised is to be handed over to Mr Chamberlain for the furtherance of any cause he chooses. What that cause will be we know, indeed, Mr Chamberlain seems to have taken it for granted that the fund was being raised specially for the purpose of promoting Tariff Reform. In his letter to the head of the Fund Committee, he wrote:—

"My dear Wyndham,—I hear with pleasure that the proposal of your committee to raise a fund in recognition of my birthday, to complete the efforts which we are making to secure the general adoption of Tariff Reform, is having a great reception. I recognise the kindness of my friends, and I shall be very glad if it supports what I still believe is the most important movement of our time."

Mr Chamberlain is said to be in much improved health, but the wish of his humble admirer that he could be in the House of Commons to give a lesson to Mr Lloyd George is not in the least likely to be gratified. So certain is this, that some of Mr Chamberlain's most devoted admirers are inquiring whether it is quite fair to his constituents and to the Unionist party to delay his application for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds any longer.

## A GIRL'S CENTURY.

An unusual sight at a speech-day at an English public school was seen this week at St. George's school at Harpenden—a remarkable institution where learning on a co-educational basis is carried on, both boys and girls being among the boarders—when a girl received a prize cricket bat for scoring 107 in one of the school matches.

## A MESSAGE FOR THE MAN WHO IS TORTURED WITH RHEUMATISM OR GOUT.

Every year Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Lumbago brings torture to thousands of men. To some it comes during the early and more vigorous years, with others, after middle life has been reached, or passed—but in every case the trouble is due to excess uric acid in the blood. RHEUMATISM is the one certain and simple cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and kindred ailments—and it is the only cure. Perhaps you have read alluring advertisements, asserting that remedies claiming to cure almost every other ailment will also relieve Rheumatism. Now, a doctor never gives the name prescribed for Indigestion, for Debility, for Head troubles, for neuralgia, and for Rheumatism. No, he knows and you know, that each different class of ailment requires a particular medicine. Lintments, pills, and similar nostrums although cheap, are useless. RHEUMATISM, tried, tested, and proved efficacious by thousands of sufferers, is the one safe and satisfactory cure. Thousands have found relief. You too can be cured. Try Dr. Chamberlain's Stores, 2/6 and 4/6.





seven best cards:—Johns I. Stow 15, 5 up; Haslam 6, Leatham 20, 3 up; Armitage 8, Honan 15, 3 up; Elliot 8, Bain 14, 2 up; W. C. Weston scr., Anderson 15, 1 up; Ward 2, Bosman 18, 1 up; W. Bewley 2, Grant 18, 1 up.

**STRATFORD.**

The men's monthly medal competition was played last week, and resulted in a win for Mr. C. R. Wright, with Mr. P. Wright second.

The ladies' medal competition was won by Miss Freda Wake with, Miss Orbell second.

Mixed foursomes, played for a trophy presented by Mr. Grant, were won by Miss Orbell and Mr. R. Spence.

**TARAHUA.**

In the club championship on the Tarahua links the following qualified: G. Grey 90, G. Chong 92, W. G. Douglas 96, R. H. Daily 100.

**NAPIER.**

A match was played on the Waiohiki links last week between teams chosen by the president and captain. The president's team won by the narrow margin of one game. The results are as follows: The president's team being mentioned first: T. E. Crosse 0 v. C. F. Kelly 1; Kapi Tareha 1 v. Kurupo Tareha 1; H. J. Smith 0 v. G. Thornburn 1; R. L. M. Killo 1 v. W. G. Wood 0; G. N. Pharazy 1 v. F. L. Gordon 0; H. E. Troutbeck 0 v. P. H. Kelly 1; C. D. Kennedy 1 v. G. M. Morris 0; Dr. Bernau 0 v. A. A. Kennedy 1; R. D. Kerle 0 v. D. R. Murray 1; A. O. Russell 0 v. J. K. Thornburn 1; Dr. Gilray 1 v. A. M. Retemeyer 0; J. Hindmarsh, jun., 1 v. F. V. Kettle 0; W. Mcintosh 0 v. W. White 1; T. Rome 1 v. I. B. Logan 0; P. S. McLean 0 v. E. H. Williams 1; C. H. Gould 0 v. A. D. Brown 1; E. Davis 1 v. M. R. Grant 0; C. Brahan 0 v. C. Campbell 1; H. von Dadelsen 1 v. E. Ormond 0; W. Boulnois 0 v. W. Kettle 1; A. B. Campbell 1 v. L. North 0; Dr. Edgac 0 v. Dr. Henley 1; J. Snodgrass 1 v. S. Hiddell 0; J. Mording 1 v. J. Murdoch 0; R. Natusch 1 v. Morris, jun., 0; H. G. Warren 1 v. W. J. Tabu, team 0.

**Fallacies of Golf.**  
An interesting article on the "Fallacies of Golf," written by Mr. P. A. Vaile, will be found on page 34 of this issue.

**LADIES' GOLF.**

**The Championship Tournament—Interesting Matches—Miss Collins Wins the Final.**

The New Zealand Ladies' Golf Championship Tournament was continued on September 2nd. The rain had ceased but some of the players found the northerly wind a trifle disconcerting. The third round of the championship was played, the most interesting match being that between Mrs. Slack and Miss G. Gorrie. The game was not productive of particularly good golf, but the spectators were kept upon the qui vive until the last putt. Both ladies went out in 60, Miss Gorrie being 2 up at the turn. Mrs. Slack played a plucky, steady game during the latter half of the return journey. Miss Gorrie was 3 up at the 13th, but Mrs. Slack gradually wore her down until they were all square at the 17th. At the 18th Mrs. Slack cleared the hill covering the green with a fine length ball, but Miss Gorrie drove right into it. Mrs. Slack holed out in 5, winning the match by one stroke on the last green.

The Donnelly Cup was won by Mrs. Guy Williams, with a good gross score of 89, handicap 2, net 87. In conjunction with the Donnelly Cup a teams match was played, the Wellington A team proving the winners with 384 points, Christchurch being second with 413.

The results of the games on the third day were as follows:

**Championship.**—Third Round: Miss Snodgrass beat Miss Gray, 7 up and 6; Miss Collins beat Miss E. Ledger, 7 and 6; Miss B. Wood beat Miss Hannay, 6 and 5; Mrs. Slack beat Miss Gorrie, 1 up; Miss Burnes beat Miss Tweed, 6 and 5; Mrs. Guy Williams beat Miss Robieson, 6 and 4; Miss Pearce beat Miss R. Gorrie, 6 and 3; Mrs. McCarthy beat Miss M. Hindmarsh, 3 and 2.

**Donnelly Cup.**—Senior: Mrs. G. Wil-

liams, 89, 2—87; Mrs. Handyside, 103, 14—89; Miss Collins, 96, 7—80; Miss G. Gorrie, 95, 0—80; Miss R. Gorrie, 100, 11—89; Miss P. Anderson, 103, 14—89; Miss Snodgrass, 97, 8—89; Miss N. Brandon, 103, 12—91; Miss Tweed, 103, 12—91; Mrs. Slack, 94, 2—92; Miss Wood 59, 7—92; Miss D. Fisher, 100, 8—92; Miss M. Hindmarsh, 101, 8—93; Miss Ionieson, 101, 8—93; Miss Pearce, 95, 1—94; Miss Gould, 98, 4—94; Miss R. Wilson, 98, 4—94; Miss J. Mill, 106, 11—95; Miss Burnes, 106, 11—95; Miss L. Ledger, 110, 4—96; Miss McCarthy, 105, 9—96; Miss Cotter, 106, 9—97; Miss Cross, 100, 12—98; Miss Theomin, 110, 11—99; Miss D. Hindmarsh, 106, 6—100; Miss D. Anderson, 115, 15—100; Miss Hannay, 111, 8—103; Miss Brandon, 104, 1—103; Miss Rattray, 112, 7—105; Miss Cowlishaw, 116, 10—106.

**Junior:** Mrs. Donald, 105, 16—89; Mrs. Bruce, 106, 17—89; Miss Cook, 110, 20—90; Mrs. Cox, 109, 16—93; Mrs. McLean, 109, 16—93; Miss Stafford, 106, 22—94; Mrs. Lewis, 116, 22—94; Miss Glasgow, 119, 24—95; Mrs. Bewley, 116, 18—98; Miss Davis, 122, 24—98; Miss Adams, 116, 17—99; Mrs. Wigram, 128, 24—104; Mrs. Mellson, 123, 16—107.

**The Teams' Match.**—Wellington A, 384; Christchurch, 413; Wellington B, 423; Dunedin B, 423; Dunedin A, 426; Napier, 439; Christchurch B, 451.

**The Fourth Round.**

The fourth round of the championship, played on September 3, resulted in Miss Collins easily disposing of Miss Snodgrass by 5 up and 3. Miss Pearce beat Mrs. McCarthy by a similar margin.

A most sensational game was provided by Miss Burnes and Mrs. Guy Williams. Miss Burnes won on the last green, and her victory over such an experienced player as Mrs. Williams was almost as unexpected as it was meritorious. Mrs. Williams went out in 48, and Miss Burnes in 49, the game being all square at the turn. The remaining nine holes produced some splendid golf, no less than six holes being done in bogey by each player. The match was all square at the seventeenth and it was expected that the strain would tell on the less experienced of the pair, but such was not the case. Both were on the green in two, and a couple of putts saw Miss Burnes down. Mrs. Williams failed to hole, a two-foot putt for a half, and the match went to the younger player.

Another sensational match, which went to the 20th hole, was between Mrs. Slack and Miss Wood. Mrs. Slack was 2 up at the 7th, but Miss Wood, playing very steadily, reversed matters, and held a similar advantage at the 13th. Mrs. Slack pulled up the difference until at the 17th the game stood "all square," with one to play. The 18th was halved in four, and the 19th in bogey score. The 20th saw the end of the game, superior putting giving Mrs. Slack the advantage.

The bogey handicap, played on the same day, was won by Miss Tweed with the good score of 2 up. Her stroke performance was 90, a remarkably good performance for a 9 handicap player, when the scores of the back-markers on the local links are taken into consideration. Mrs. McLean and Miss Davis, 4 down, tied for first place in the junior division.

**Results were as follows:**  
**Championship.**—Fourth Round: Miss Collins beat Miss Snodgrass, 5 up and 3 to play. Mrs. Slack beat Miss Wood, 1 up at the 20th hole. Miss Burnes beat Mrs. Williams, 1 up. Miss Pearce beat Mrs. McCarthy, 5 up and 3 to play.  
**Bogey Handicap.**—Senior: Miss Tweed (9), 2 up; Miss Collins (5), 2 down; Miss Burnes (8), 5 down; Miss R. Gorrie (8), 6 down; Miss Abraham (8), 6 down; Miss N. Brandon (9), 7 down; Miss G. Gorrie (5), 8 down; Mrs. Handyside (11), 8 down; Miss Fisher (6), 8 down; Miss Pearce (1), 9 down; Miss Hannay (6), 9 down; Miss D. Anderson (11), 10 down; Miss M. Hindmarsh (6), 10 down; Miss Gray (14), 14 down.

**Junior:** Mrs. McLean (12), 4 down; Miss Davis (18), 4 down; Miss Adams (13), 5 down; Miss Stafford (17), 5 down; Miss Holmes (18), 6 down; Miss Lucas (18), 6 down; Mrs. Donald (12), 7 down.

**The Semi-finals.**

The semi-finals were played under ideal weather conditions, and a large crowd followed the players. The first game was between Miss Pearce and Miss Burnes. The latter named lady drove longer, but Miss Pearce's short game was superior. Miss Pearce was 1 up at the turn, but Miss Burnes squared the game at the tenth. The eleventh was halved, and the twelfth and the thirteenth went to Miss Burnes, making

her 2 up. Miss Pearce took the fourteenth (5-6), and was all square at the fifteenth with three to play. Miss Pearce took the sixteenth, and holing a 10ft putt at the next hole won the game 2 up and 1 to play.

The match between Miss Collins and Mrs. Slack was full of interest and possibilities right through to the seventeenth hole, where Miss Collins secured the victory.

The Coronation medal match was won by Mrs. Lewis, with 8 2, Mrs. Donell 8—3 being second.

The North Island team beat the South Island in a match in conjunction with the Coronation medal by 18 points.

The results in detail were as follows:  
**Championship, semi-finals:** Miss Collins beat Mrs. Slack, 2 up and 1 to play; Miss Pearce beat Miss Burnes, 2 up and 1 to play.

**The Coronation Medal Match:** Mrs. Lewis, 104—22—82; Mrs. Donald, 90—16—83; Miss Collins, 92—7—85; Miss G. Gorrie, 94—6—88; Miss E. Ledger, 90—11—88; Miss Gould, 94—4—90; Mrs. G. Williams, 93—2—91; Miss Kettle, 105—14—91; Miss Bewley, 109—18—91; Miss Pearce, 92—1—91; Miss Wood, 99—7—92; Miss R. Gorrie, 103—11—92; Miss N. Brandon, 103—12—93; Miss Rattray, 100—7—93; Miss Robinson, 102—8—94; Miss Tweed, 102—8—94; Miss Cotter, 103—9—94; Miss Bruce, 112—17—95; Miss Fisher, 103—8—95; Mrs. McLean, 111—16—95; Mrs. McCarthy, 106—9—97; Miss Gray, 110—13—97; Miss Burnes, 108—11—97; Miss C. Wilson, 103—4—99; Miss L. Brandon, 105—1—104; Mrs. MacLaine, 128—14—104; Mrs. Slack, 107—2—105.

**Inter-Island Match:** North Island—Miss Pearce 92, Miss Collins 92, Mrs. Williams 93, Miss G. Gorrie 94, Miss Tweed 102, Miss N. Brandon 105; total, 578. South Island—Miss Gould 94, Miss Ledger 99, Miss Wood 99, Miss Rattray 100, Miss Snodgrass 101, Miss Wilson 103; total, 596.

Mellsoop Cup, for the three best medal rounds in the tournament: Mrs. Williams, 94—89—93—276; Miss Gorrie, 95—94—284; Miss Gould, 94—98—284—286; Mrs. Slack, 94—94—107—295.

**The Final.**

Miss Collins and Miss Pearce, both Wellington players, met in the final. The result proved an easy win for Miss Collins. The game commenced about 10 a.m., the links being in splendid order. The weather conditions were delightful. There was considerable excitement

amongst the spectators when the match commenced, but this simmered down when it had worn on a little. Popular opinion at the start was that Miss Pearce, who is looked upon as the better golfer of the two—her handicap is 1, compared with Miss Collins' 7—would win by a fair margin, but the many supporters of Miss Pearce were doomed to disappointment. Miss Pearce as a rule showed a minimum of strain in big matches, but she was obviously very worried on this occasion, and it was the cause of putting her completely off her game. Miss Collins never looked like losing, and was ahead from the first hole to the last. She played with a confidence in her long game which caused surprise at the few minor mistakes she made. Miss Pearce, on the other hand, was ragged at the start, and could not pull herself together, although she made a plucky recovery half way through the match. Some of her shots were badly topped, while the putting of both ladies was not up to the mark. Miss Collins won by 5 up and 4 to play.

**Prize List—Championship.**

Miss Collins, winner; Miss A. Pearce, runner-up; Mrs. Slack and Miss Burnes, semi-finalists.

**Mellsoop Golf Cup**

Mrs. Williams, 94, 89, 93 276  
Miss G. Gorrie, 95, 95, 94 286

**First Medal Handicap.**

Miss S. Abraham (a), 97—11—86  
Miss Richmond (b), 110—24—86  
Miss Snodgrass, 96—8—88  
Miss Davis, 112—24—88  
Miss Hannay, 97—8—89  
Miss G. Gorrie, 95—6—89  
Mrs. McCarthy, 99—9—90  
Miss Gould (c), 91—4—90  
Miss M. Hindmarsh, 99—8—91  
Miss Crosse, 103—12—91  
Mrs. Donald, 107—16—91  
Mrs. Slack (e), 94—2—92  
Mrs. Williams (e), 91—2—92

(a) Winner of short handicap prize; (b) winner of long handicap prize; (c) tied for scratch prize (in play-off Mrs. Williams won).

**WOOD MILNE GOLF BALL**

It is really lively off the club, far being, yet beautifully steady on the green. Your dealer stocks the WOOD MILNE, or he can get it for you. Guaranteed for 72 holes.

WILLIAMS, HARTFORD & CO. LTD., Wholesale Agents, Wellington.

# PARTRIDGE'S

## 1912 GOLF GOODS

PARTRIDGE'S new Ivorine-faced Drivers and Brassies, exclusive models. These are our latest goods. The new facing gives the maximum of length in the drive, and is impervious to wet.

Drivers - - 12/6 each  
Brassies - - 13/6 each



**WE HAVE THE FINEST RANGE OF GOLF BAGS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.**

**THE NEW "HOTSPUR" GOLF BALL**

**GUARANTEED FOR 36 HOLES.**



This is absolutely the biggest value in Golf Balls ever placed before the N.Z. Golfing Public. THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A BETTER BUY TO EQUAL IT.

Write for Your List of Good Things.

**H. E. PARTRIDGE & CO. LTD.**  
Sports Branch, AUCKLAND.

First Handicap Bogey.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Miss P. Anderson (11-1 down), Miss Burnes (9-2), Miss Rubieson (6-3), Miss Tweed (0-4), Miss G. Gorrie (5-4), Miss Collins (5-4), Miss Richmond (11-8-4).

(a) Winner of short handicap prize; (b) winner of long handicap prize.

Donnelly Handicap Cup.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mrs G. Williams (a), Mrs. Handywide, Miss P. Anderson, Miss G. Collins, Miss G. Gorrie, Miss R. Gorrie, Miss Snodgrass, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Cook.

(a) Winner of cup and scratch score; (b) tied for long handicap prize (Mrs. Donald winning in play-off).

Teams Match.

Table with 2 columns: Team and Score. Wellington A (384), Christchurch A (413).

Second Handicap Bogey.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Miss Tweed (a), Miss Collins, Miss Rattray, Mrs. McLean, Miss Davis.

(a) Winner of short handicap prize; (b) tied for long handicap prize. Mrs. McLean won in the play-off.

Coronation Medal Match.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Mrs. Lewis (a), Mrs. Donald, Miss Collins, Miss G. Gorrie, Miss E. Ledger, Miss Gould, Miss Pearce, Miss Kettle, Miss Bewlay.

(a) Winner of first prize; (b) winner of second prize; (c) tied for scratch prize - tie to be played off in Wellington.

Inter-island Match.

Table with 2 columns: Island and Score. North Island (Miss Pearce, Miss Collins, Mrs. Williams, Miss G. Gorrie, Miss Tweed, Miss L. Brandon) 578; South Island (Miss Gould, Miss Ledger, Miss Wood, Miss Rattray, Miss Snodgrass, Miss Wilson) 536.

The handicapping, all of which was done by the L.G.U. method (that is to say that the property certified handicaps sent by club secretaries were accepted and used without any alteration), turned out very satisfactorily. In the 1st Medal Handicap there was a tie for first net score, but as the handicaps of the players concerned were in two different grades, each was the winner of the trophy assigned to that grade. In the Donnelly Cup the winner was two strokes ahead of the next eight, who tied at 89, among the latter being last year's holder. In the Coronation Medal the results were not quite so close. The winner at 82 net and the runner-up at 83 were very near each other, but there was then a drop to 85, followed by two 88's. Against Bogey, as always, the handicaps appeared less steady. The first Bogey Match was won at 1 down, then followed 2 down, 3 down, and four players at 4 down. In the second Bogey Match the winner was 2 up, the next best being two down, followed by three at 4 down.

Although visiting players had the impression that the links were fairly easy and that they would be very likely to get on comfortable terms with the "par," it was found that finally the "par" had beaten most of them. Only twice was it beaten, once by a stroke in the Coronation Medal Match, in which it was also squandered, and once in the second Handicap Bogey, where the winner was 2 up. The par of a good many holes was beaten frequently, but the decisive character of some of the hazards brought it about that at the end of the complete round the total par of the course remained unconquered.

Previous Winners of Present Championship Cup.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Winner. 1901 - Miss Gillies, Auckland. 1902 - Mrs Bidwell, Wairarapa. 1903 - Mrs A. Pearce, Wellington. 1904 - Miss E. Lewis, Auckland. 1905 - Miss Stephenson, New Plymouth. 1906 - Mrs Bidwell, Wairarapa. 1907 - Mrs G. Williams, Wairarapa.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Winner. 1908 - Miss Christie, North Otago. 1909 - Mrs Bevan, Otaki. 1910 - Miss Collins, Wellington. 1911 - Miss L. Brandon, Wellington.

Previous Winners of Donnelly Handicap Cup.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Winner. 1905 - Miss Sealy, Timaru. 1906 - Miss N. Campbell, Christchurch. 1907 - Miss G. Gorrie, Auckland. 1908 - Mrs McCarthy, St. Clair. 1909 - Miss N. Gorrie, Auckland. 1910 - Miss F. Moore, Christchurch. 1911 - Mrs Donald, Christchurch.

Previous Winners of Melloop Gold Cup.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Winner. 1911 - Mrs G. Williams.

L.G.U. Annual Meeting, 1912.

The above meeting took place on September 2nd, at the Haeremai Tea Rooms, Nelson. There were present: Miss Rattray (president), Mrs Kelly, Mrs A. Pearce, Miss E. Ledger (vice-presidents); Mrs Good, Mrs Wigram, Mrs Hope Lewis, and Miss Gould (deputy vice-presidents); Mrs Melloop (hon. sec.), and 25 delegates from various clubs.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, and the secretary's annual report and balance-sheet read and adopted.

The following notices of motion were then dealt with:-

1st: That the Championship meeting be held three times in the North Island to twice in the South. The voting on this motion was even, and by the casting vote of the president the motion was lost.

2nd: That in future the Championship final be played over 36 holes. This was negatived.

That a rota of championship courses be drawn up for the venue of the championship meeting. Proposed by the Otago club, but lapsed without discussion.

That in the event of two or more players in the 'Home Links' Coronation Medal competition, beating or being short of the 'par' by the same number of strokes, a time be fixed for the players concerned to play off for first position. Proposed by Christchurch, and seconded by Miss Cowlishaw (Hagley). Carried.

That the New Zealand Ladies' Championship Meeting be held during the last fortnight in September. Proposed by the Manawatu Club, seconded by Mrs Slack (Manawatu).

An amendment was proposed by Mrs. Kelly (Napier), and seconded by Mrs. Williams (Ma-terton): "That the championship meeting be held not earlier than the 1st September, and that the club desiring to hold it be prepared to state at the previous annual meeting the date on which it will hold it." Carried.

That the Inter-Island contest be played by match play, nine a side. Proposed by the Manawatu Club, and seconded by Mrs. Kelly (Napier). Carried.

A clerical amendment of Rule 7, New Zealand L.G.U. rules, proposed by the hon. secretary, and seconded by Mrs. Pearce, Wellington, was carried.

That in future the draw for partners in the handicap events at the championship meeting be arranged in three grades: Scratch to 12, 13 to 20, and over 20. Proposed by the hon. secretary, and seconded by Miss G. Gorrie, Auckland. Carried.

The question of paying the travelling expenses of the hon. secretary (or her deputy) at the championship meeting was introduced by Mrs. A. Pearce. The presence of that official is practically necessary, and the meeting recognised the fact that an honorary official should not be put to considerable expense to carry out honorary duties. On Mrs. Pearce's motion, seconded by Miss G. Gorrie, it was decided that the L.G.U. subscriptions be raised to 5/ per 50 members per club in order to provide the necessary funds for this expenditure. A bonus to defray travelling expenses out of funds in bands was voted for the current year, on the motion of Mrs. A. Pearce (Wellington), seconded by Mrs. Kelly (Napier).

The date and place of the next championship meeting will be the 11th September, at Napier.

The next "Home Links" Coronation medal match will be played the last Friday in May, 1913.

The election of officers for the year November, 1912, to November, 1913, then took place, with the following results:- Mrs Rattray, president; Mrs. Bloomfield, vice president for Auckland, Mrs. Kelly,

(Napier), Miss Stephenson (New Plymouth); Miss Montgomery Moore (Wanganui), Mrs. A. Pearce (Wellington), Miss E. Ledger (Nelson), Mrs. Vernon (Christchurch), Mrs. Butterworth (Dunedin), Mrs. Haggitt (Invercargill); Mrs. Melsop, hon. secretary and treasurer.

The meeting concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the chair.

AUCKLAND.

There have been no matches for Senior during the past month, so players are all bent on lowering their handicaps. By the rules of the L.G.U., we are only allowed the chance of lowering handicaps once a week, either in a match or by notifying that a card is being taken out with that object. Very many players think these are unnecessary restrictions, and that if a player can lower her handicap at any time she ought to be allowed to do so. This seems reasonable, but the object is to get at the "match" form of a player. There are a number of players who would rather have a handicap too low, for "it looks well." By your handicap you are known. So if they can fluke a lucky round down comes their handicap, and they are delighted. Of course, one is naturally more tolerant of this class of offender than the player who lies low, and does not bother to make an effort to lower her handicap unless there is a prize to be won. Both are wrong, and the L.G.U. wisely tries to strike a happy medium by giving the committee power to "halve" a doubtful player, and restricting the over-eagerness of the others.

Unfortunately, two of our club representatives at the New Zealand Championship met in the first round, Miss Gorrie defeating Miss Cotter, and was in turn defeated by Mrs Slack. Miss Rachel Gorrie distinguished herself by defeating Miss Cracroft Wilson, a player with only a 3 handicap, but in the next round Miss Pearce put her out.

Miss G. Gorrie came second in the Melloop Cup, which is for the three best medal rounds, during the meeting. With regard to Mrs Gray Williams, the winner, the Auckland Club has the honour of numbering her among its members.

Miss Elsie Commons is presenting a prize for junior players. The first round was played on Monday.

The match against Maungakiekie, which was to have been played on Thursday, on the One Tree Hill course, has been postponed till Thursday 12th.

Maungakiekie.

Between thirty and forty members entered for the Medal handicap match played on September 4th. Miss Minnie Steele returned the lowest score, 125 handicap, 34-net-59; Miss Kathleen Holmes, 135-40-96 (second). Mrs Ralings, 135-36-97; Miss Scott, 135-36-97; Miss Yonge, 139-40-99; Miss N. Macdonnick, 128-28-100.

Waitemata.

The medal handicap match played last Wednesday resulted in another win for Mrs. Stringer with a score of 132 gross, handicap 26, net 106; Mrs. Prime, 115-8-107; Miss Gouldie, 110-6-113. In the semi-finals of the Gold Button match, Mrs. Prime plays Miss Gouldie and Mrs. Stringer plays Miss Gudgeon.

HASTINGS.

Following are results of the Hastings Ladies' championship:-

Second round.-A section: Miss B. Wellwood beat Miss P. Baird, 5 up and 3; Miss Braithwaite beat Miss E. Baird, 2 up and 1; Miss Rainbow won by default from Miss M. Baird; Mrs. McKibbin beat Mrs. Woodward, 1 up.

Semi-finals. - Miss Braithwaite beat Miss R. Wellwood, 1 up; Mrs. Rainbow beat Mrs. McKibbin, 7 up and 5.

Final. - Mrs. Rainbow beat Miss Braithwaite, 3 up and 1 to play.

B section.-Semi-final: Mrs. Symonds beat Mrs. Bowie, 5 up and 4; Miss Lanauze beat Miss Martin-Smith, 1 up at the 10th hole.

Final.-Miss Lanauze beat Mrs. Symonds, 2 up and 1.

POVERTY BAY.

The final of the Ladies' championship resulted in an easy win for Miss D. Bull, who defeated Mrs. Barlow by 7 up and 5 to play.

The following are the results of the bogey match:-

A Grade.-Mrs. Morgan (12) 4 down; Miss Bull (7), 6 down; Mrs. Adair (18), 6 down.

B Grade.-Miss H. Nolan (17), 7 down; Miss L. Tucker (14), 8 down; Miss Murray (11), 9 down.

CARTERTON.

The third and final game for the ladies' medal was played last week, the two best scores counting. The best card was landed in by Mrs Armstrong-gross 84, handicap 14, net 70. Mrs H. Hart has secured the trophy with two net scores of 71, her handicap being 6.

OTAGO.

The members of the Otago Ladies' Golf Club played their senior medal competition on Tuesday, September 3rd. The following were the best cards handed in: Miss M. Law, gross 107, handicap 20, net 87; Mrs Oldham, 110, 21, 89; Mrs MacKie, 105, 15, 90; Mrs Gilray, 111, 21, 90.

At the Shirley Links, Christchurch, last week, the annual interprovincial golf match between the Otago and Christchurch ladies resulted in a win for the latter by two matches.

ST. CLAIR.

An all-day tournament was held on the St. Clair Links recently. In the morning a bogey handicap was played, Miss N. Glenning won the first prize, and Mrs J. Waddell Smith the second.

In the afternoon foursomes were played, Mrs Theomin and Miss Lethbridge being the winners. Mrs Gilray and Miss N. Glenning tied for the approaching and putting competition.

A BETTER DIGESTION.

Is what Sufferers from Indigestion Need.

Treatment that Strengthens the Stomach in Contrast to a Starvation Diet.

What Dyspepsia needs is a better digestion-but pre-digested invalid foods. No system can be properly maintained on a poor diet. The principle of curing Indigestion by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that they tone the stomach to a point that enables it to digest an ordinary meal of good wholesome food, without trouble.

The experience of Mrs. W. M. Caselow, of Accession Street, Paddington, Brisbane, shows how they cured a bad case of indigestion.

"I suffer by little my health failed, and my digestion broke down," said Mrs. Caselow. "Then for years I was in the poorest health. My appetite went from bad to worse, till at last every scrap disagreed. Directly it was swallowed I would be seized with pain in the chest and right through to the back, sometimes as long as three days at a stretch without relief. Everything turned to gas and bloated me and repeated dreadfully. I could not bear even the smell of food and hated to look a little for the children. I got so bad that for five years I did barely a hand's turn. I was as yellow as a sovereign and wasted to a shadow. I never dreamt of recovery, and I would have been thankful to go. I would be pressed to a little fish or milk foods and so forth, but I dared not touch ordinary food, and the little I ate would barely keep an infant alive. One day a friend said, 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' and I did so. Long before the first box was empty I felt a change, though slight, I began to fancy I could eat something, and the pain in the chest lifted a trifle. With the second box I was eating fairly and regularly every day. I felt very little discomfort, and there was much general improvement. The third box quite completed the cure. By then I was getting about the house and doing everything once again. I have never once looked back or had the slightest return of the symptoms."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the nerves. As well as Indigestion, they have cured Anemia, Rheumatism, Gravel, 3/ a box, 18/6 for six boxes, from all medicine dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington.





# The Chess Board.

All communications to be addressed to "Chess," Box 283, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 21, His Majesty's Arcade, Queen-street (2nd floor).

The F.M.C.A. Chess Club meets on Friday evenings.

The Hamilton Chess Club meets in the Public Library, Hamilton, every Friday evening, at 7.30.

Hon. Secretaries of Chess Clubs are invited to furnish items of Club news. Unpublished games, containing special features, notes of critical positions occurring in actual play, and original problems (with diagram and analysis) are always acceptable.

## Answers to Correspondents.

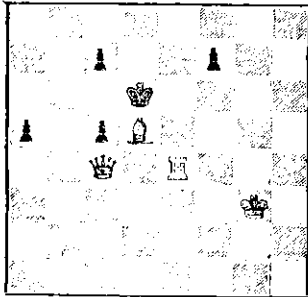
R.K.K. Thanks.

### Problem No. 165.

By J. Pospisil.

From the "Times" weekly edition.

Black: 5 pieces.



White: 4 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.  
8: 2p2p2: 3k4: p1p34: 2q1f3: 6k1: 8x8.

## A Game from the Posteyn Tournament.

Sicilian Defence.

White	Bronckda.	Black	Marshall.
1	P-K4	.....	P-K4
2	P-Q4	.....	PXP
3	Kt-KB3	.....	P-K3
4	KtXP	.....	Kt-KB3
5	Kt-QB3	.....	B-K5
6	R-Q3	.....	P-K4
7	Kt-B5	.....	Castles
8	Q-B4	.....	Q-Q1 (4)
9	Castles	.....	BxKtch?
10	QxB	.....	BxKt
11	PxB	.....	PXP
12	R-K2 (b)	.....	Kt-B3
13	R-K1	.....	Q-B2
14	R-K3 (c)	.....	Kt-K2
15	Q-K5	.....	P-K13
16	Q-K3	.....	Kt-K4
17	Q-K3 (d)	.....	Kt-B5
18	R-Q1	.....	Kt-Q1
19	P-K3	.....	Q-B1 (f)
20	PxKt	.....	RxB
21	P-K13	.....	PXP
22	QxBP	.....	RxBch
23	KxB	.....	QxBch
24	K-K1	.....	R-Q1
25	R-Q2	.....	Q-K5ch
26	Resigns.	.....	

## Notes from the "Morning Post."

- (a) Taking advantage of White's formation P-Q5 is threatened and White cannot play PXP on account of P-K5.
- (b) Giving up a Pawn to retain the two Bishops and to avoid the disadvantageous position arising from PXP.
- (c) Because Black threatened to win the QBP by Kt-K2.
- (d) This lets the Kt in comfortably at B, but probably it would have gone there in any case. In this game the two Knights are stronger than the two Bishops.
- (e) A crafty stroke. The threat is PxB, and if RxB, Q-B1 with Q-Ktch to follow the capture of the Kt. An effort to avoid this might be made by B-K2, but White would lose eventually.

The "Chess Amateur" is publishing a selection of Morphy's games. They are

classified according to the openings adopted. The July number gives ten specimens of the Kieseritzky Gambit, an opening which is never dull and never stale. We reproduce two of these.

Morphy (White). H. E. Bird (Black).  
—Their second game—played in London in 1858.

Kieseritzky Gambit (Berlin defence).			
White.	Black.		
1	P-K4	.....	P-K4
2	P-K14	.....	PXP
3	Kt-K13	.....	P-KK14
4	P-K14	.....	P-K15
5	Kt-K5	.....	Kt-KB3?
6	R-B4	.....	P-Q4?
7	PXP	.....	B-Q3?
8	P-Q4	.....	Kt-B4
9	Kt-QB3!	.....	R-KR1?
10	Kt-K2!	.....	BxKt
11	PxB	.....	P-136
12	PXP	.....	PXP?
13	R-KK5	.....	P-KB1
14	PXP	.....	Q-Q3
15	Q-Q4	.....	PxKt
16	BXP	.....	Q-K16ch
17	R-K2	.....	Castles.
18	QR-KK1	.....	and wins.

Our other selection is a game played at No. 1 board in a simultaneous blind-fold display against eight opponents at Birmingham on August 27th, 1858. White's first five moves (which constitute the Kieseritzky Gambit) are the same as in the preceding game.

Morphy.	Lord A. Lytton.		
White.	Black.		
5	.....	P-Q3?	
6	KtXP	.....	B-K2
7	P-Q4	.....	BxPch
8	Kt-B2	.....	BxKtch?
9	KtB	.....	Kt-KB3
10	Kt-B3	.....	Q-K2
11	BXP	.....	KtXPch
12	KtXP	.....	QxKt
13	B-K16ch	.....	K-B1
14	B-B3	.....	K-K11
15	R-B5	.....	K-B14
16	Q-Q2	.....	B-K13
17	R-K1	.....	Resigns.

## Notes and News.

The Stockholm tournament resulted in a victory for the young Russian master, Alechin, who scored 82 out of a possible 10. The best of the other scores were: Coln (who took the place which Yates had been unable to accept), 7; Marco, 6½; Dr Olland, 5½; Spielmann, 5.

The eighteenth Congress of the German Chess Federation was opened at Breslau in July. The principal event was, of course, the International Masters' Tourney. Rubinstein entered at the eleventh hour, instead of competing in the Russian championship tourney, thereby bringing up the total entries to 20. Some of the players objected to the number being increased beyond eighteen as originally stipulated. Two of these, Sylwe and Nechtig, withdrew as a protest. The full list of actual competitors was: Balla, Barasz, Breyer, Burn, Carls, Coln, Duras, Lewitzky, Lowitzky, Marshall, Mieses, Przepiorka, Rubinstein, Schlechter, Spielmann, Tarrasch, Teichmann, and Treybal a formidable array of talent. At the end of the seventh round of the tournament, Marshall was leading with 5½. Other scores were: Rubinstein, Tarrasch 4½; Teichmann 4; Barasz, Coln, Duras, Lewitzky, Schlechter 4; Treybal, Carls 3½; Breyer, Burn, Spielmann 3; Mieses, Przepiorka 2; Balla, Lowitzky 1½.

In our report of the result of the handicap tourney held at the Auckland Workingmen's Club, we inadvertently stated that Mr Grierson won 13 games and lost 1. This is not strictly correct. He won 12 games and drew 2, making his score 13 points.

Our Wellington correspondent reports that the return match between the Wellington South and the Wellington East Chess Clubs was played on Friday, 30th ult. Play commenced shortly after 8 p.m. At 11 p.m. two games were unfinished, and these were adjudicated on by Messrs W. E. Mason and Still. In one game they awarded a win to black (Weine) and in the other (Barnes v. Allen) they decided to declare a draw. White (Barnes) had the attack, and the preferable game, but the adjudicators,

after giving the position nearly three hours' study, would not take the responsibility of declaring a win for white. The Wellington East Club thus wins the match by a margin of one game. The full score is as follows:—

Wellington East.		Wellington South.	
Barnes	.....	Allen	.....
Willis	.....	Kelling	.....
Purchas	.....	Welton	.....
Stan. Gyles	.....	Harper	.....
Gyles, sen.	.....	Armstrong	.....
Collins	.....	Perrott	.....
Ward	.....	Weine	.....
Lesnard	.....	Thompson	.....
Rosenberg	.....	Curtis	.....
France	.....	Rev. Jenkins	.....
Forster	.....	Bland	.....
Total	.....	Total	.....

Honours are now easy between the two clubs, each having won one match.

The difficulties in connection with the proposed match by telegraph (or telephone) between the Masterton and Wellington East Clubs have proved insurmountable. An endeavour is, however, being made, to arrange a match over the board in Masterton on either Dominion Day or Labour Day, and the preceding Saturday evening.

The Wellington Chess Club's annual handicap tourney was concluded on Saturday, 31st ult. The final result is that Barnes (with a score of 9-2) wins the first prize, and holds the Petherick Trophy No. 2 for the ensuing 12 months. Messrs Foully and Jolly (each with a tally of 8-3) tie for second place, and can divide the second and third prizes or play off to decide them. Carman, Dock, Gyles, sen. (last year's winner), and Croxton made the next best scores. The outstanding feature of the last two rounds was Buck's victories over Foully and Jolly, which prevented a triple tie for first prize. If Buck had struck his present form a little earlier the club trophy would be going to Newtown instead of to Hatahata. Through making his run late, he just misses the prize-list. However, no one begrudges Barnes his win, on which he received a number of congratulations. He was the only competitor on the scratch mark, and conceded liberal odds. The history of the two Petherick Trophies proves him to be easily the club's best odds-giver. The names of the various winners are:—1903, C. W. Tanner; 1904, R. J. Barnes; 1905, A. W. Gyles (now of Westport); 1906, R. J. Barnes; 1907, H. Jessup (now of Wangamanga); 1908, R. J. Barnes; 1909, W. E. Mason; 1910, R. J. Barnes; 1911, Gyles, sen.; 1912, R. J. Barnes. In 1904 Barnes won the Petherick Trophy No. 1 (a handsome shield) outright. From 1909 onwards the Petherick Trophy No. 2 (which is of a different design, and cannot be won outright) has replaced the No. 1 Trophy.

The ladder match for rung 4 between W. Mackay (defender) and Kelling (challenger) ended in favour of the former by 2 games to 1.

## OAMARU V. DUNEDIN.

The "Otago Witness" reports that a chess match of 11 players a side between teams representative of the Oamaru and Otago Chess Clubs took place on the 8th ult., at the rooms of the latter, the Oamaru players having journeyed to Dunedin for the purpose. The Ven. Archdeacon Gould officiated as umpire. The match lasted for over four hours and a-half the games being in each instance keenly contested—and resulted in a win for the Dunedin players. The individual scores were:—

DUNEDIN.		OAMARU.			
Wins.	Wins.	Wins.	Wins.		
R. A. Cleland	.....	1	W. S. Wilcox	.....	1
H. J. Armstrong	.....	2	H. Mowbray	.....	0
S. S. Myers	.....	1	D. Patterson	.....	3
G. D. Wright	.....	1	C. Banks	.....	0
J. A. Boreham	.....	1	E. Armstrong	.....	1
C. M. Isaac	.....	2	K. Hamilton	.....	0
A. V. Erner	.....	0	A. Gow	.....	2
J. J. Marlow	.....	1	H. Farnhill	.....	1
E. D. Coombs	.....	0	J. E. Broad	.....	1
F. J. Mount	.....	1	D. Findlay	.....	0
P. McLaurin	.....	1	W. Williamson	.....	1

At a suitable interval the visitors were entertained at supper by the Dunedin team. The Oamaru players, who expressed the opinion that the contest was fairly won by their opponents, left for the north by the express the following morning.

The "Witness" adds:—"Grin" determination marked the countenances of the Oamaru players as they sat down to do battle against the Dunedin players.

The mimic warfare waged fierce and hot. The visiting team fought strenuously for every minute advantage. Astounded as were the reasoned Dunedin players to long and protracted matches by telegraph, they felt a little surprised as hour after hour passed away and still the battle waged! At 11.30 p.m. victory was assumed for Dunedin, and an air of relief, not unmixed with satisfaction, prevailed among the local players. "Well, you put up a very good fight!" said a Dunedin player to a representative from the district where it is still unlawful to sell intoxicating liquor. "Good fight! I should think so!" replied the chess player from the perennially 'dry' area; "why our captain promised to treat us to champagne if we won!"

We learn from the same source that the leading scores in the handicap tournament at the Otago Chess Club, to 28th ult., were:—J. R. Hambleton (Class IV.), 7 wins; 2 draws; 1 loss; J. Allen (Class VI.), 10-0-2; H. J. Armstrong (Class I.), 10-0-4; A. Ellis (Class I.), 7-0-3; L. D. Coombs (Class III.), 6-0-3; R. F. McDermid (Class V.), 9-0-5; C. M. Isaac (Class III.), 7-0-4; F. J. Mount (Class IV.), 5-0-4; S. S. Myers (Class II.), 6-0-5; J. E. Hale (Class III.), 5-2-5; A. V. Erner (Class IV.), 7-0-6.

The undermentioned players had, so far, scored less than 50 per cent., viz.: H. G. Rappe, R. Broughton, R. F. McDermid, jun., P. McLaurin, D. H. Hastings, R. H. Osten, and J. Alton.

## Solution of Problem No. 163.

(Folio.)

1. Q-Q8.

Curious inferences may be drawn from the statistics of remarriages given in the latest report of the Registrar-General for England and Wales, which covers 1910. The figures show that the familiar advice to Sam Weller to "beware of widows," has been practised during the thirty-four years 1876-1910 with gradually increasing force both by widowers and bachelors. The marriage chances of widows do not now reach 33 per 1000; in the period 1876-80 they were at 54 per 1000. Widows were in the earlier period more eligible partners to widowers than the men who were taking first spouses; but during 1906-10 the demand for widows as wives by bachelors and widowers had almost equalised.

## FATHER, SON AND DAUGHTER CURED.

TORTURING PILES, PAINFUL SORE PREP AND AWFUL SCALD SOOTHED AND CURED BY ZAM-BUK.

Mr W. J. Hartwell, of Magill Road, Stoney, Adelaide, says:—"My son David suffered from irritation of the feet, which caused him much agony. Little blisters would form on the surface, while his feet became very much inflamed, making it very difficult for him to get about. His skin was irritable and burned very much. Many remedies were tried, but none of them did him any good. Then Zam-Buk was applied, and this splendid balm rapidly drew away all inflammation. In a short time the blisters were healed and new skin formed. By persevering with Zam-Buk all irritation was banished and his feet regained their healthy and natural condition."

"My daughter Myrtle upset a pot of boiling greasy water over her foot, badly scalding it. The agony she suffered was dreadful, for her foot was raw and in an awful state. We had to call in a doctor, but all his treatment did not give the girl the desired relief. We also tried many so-called remedies, but these all failed to do any good. It was only after Zam-Buk had been applied a few times that the terrible pain was eased and all soreness drawn out of the wound."

"For a while I was a victim of piles, the torture of which was so bad that I could neither sit nor walk. At times the itching was so intense that I was unable to even lie down. I was almost in despair of ever being cured, for I had tried so many remedies without any good result. At last, however, I persevered with Zam-Buk, the piles were banished, and I was permanently cured. We always keep a supply of Zam-Buk in the house, for we have proved it to be an excellent healer for burns, cuts and sores." Sold by all chemists and stores.



BARTON HANDICAP of 175sovs. One mile and a quarter. C. Renault's Nighthawk, 6.13 (Conquest) 1 Sir Teletam, 8.6 (W. Lynn) 2 The Rover, 8.12 (R. ...)

ELECTRIC HACK HANDICAP of 70sovs. Five furlongs. C. Buckman's Lady Louisa, 7.5 (W. Bell) 1 Kaitia, 7.8 (L. Nodder) 2 Peagle, 7.0 (H. Berry) 3

HACK STEEPCHASE of 100sovs. Two miles and a half. G. Headley's Kelp, 9.12 (P. Cross) 1 Taungata, 9.7 (H. Fitcher) 2

TUTANEHU HACK WEIGHTS. J. Cameron's Blood, 8.9 (C. Jenkins) 1 Master Ladda, 8.9 (W. Adams) 2 Cool Rogger, 9.13 (C. D. Jones) 3

N.Z. CUP ACCEPTANCES. CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. The following acceptances have been received for the New Zealand Cup of 2,000 sovs. two miles.

THE ROVER CASE. The finding of the adjourned meeting of the stewards of the Canterbury Jockey Club to inquire into the facts surrounding the scratching of The Rover in the Grand National Hurdle race was as follows:

THE GAME OF BRIDGE. THE CALL FOR TRUMPS. It does not seem sound to maintain that, because at Bridge a player has the privilege of doubling, therefore it is unnecessary to afford him any facilities for calling for trumps.

AUSTRALIAN RACING. THE BOULDER CUP. PERTH, September 4. The Boulder Cup, which was run today, resulted as follows: Lily Vell 1, Camullob 2, Carnamba 3. There were 15 starters, Lily Vell won by two lengths and a half. Time, 2.30.

THE MEMPHIS STAKES of 500sovs. Weight-for-age, with penalties and allowances. One mile and a furlong. Sir J. J. Currier's Captain White, 1.0.0, by Flaxus Chutney 1

THE WARRISTON WELTER HANDICAP. Seven furlongs. Mr. E. J. Watt's b/g Wimmera, aged, by Merriwee Mousquetier, 8.13 1

DON QUEX A WINNER. SYDNEY, September 8. At Canterbury Park today the Auckland-bred Don Quex won the third Race Meeting King Launce, Light Brigade and nine others. Don Quex won by two lengths. Time, 3.28.

A Remarkable Ceremony.

In the Val de Herens, near Sion, in the Rhone Valley, Switzerland, a very ancient and, truth to tell, somewhat barbarous ceremony has just taken place—the choosing of a Queen Cow by the cows themselves, on the high Alpine pastures, to which they generally go about the first week in July.

THE GAME OF BRIDGE.

THE CALL FOR TRUMPS.

It does not seem sound to maintain that, because at Bridge a player has the privilege of doubling, therefore it is unnecessary to afford him any facilities for calling for trumps. The privilege of doubling has to be exercised before any card has been seen; besides which, one may not care to double the value of the suit declared.

which enables a player to call for trumps in positions where such a course appears desirable. A number of players in London, Sydney, and Melbourne have adopted this plan (which, without interfering with the primary signification of the call, permits of an extension of it) for communicating to one's partner the information that a trump lead is deemed desirable.

There are three ways in which a player may call for trumps:— (1) By playing to the first and second rounds of a suit led by one's partner higher cards than on the third.

Diagram illustrating a bridge hand with cards dealt to A's Hand, Y's Hand, B's Hand, and Z's Hand. The cards are arranged in rows corresponding to each player's hand.

A deals and leaves it; B declares spades; Y leads the king and queen of diamonds; Z plays the six and seven. Y next leads the king of hearts, Z plays the four. A wins and leads a small club; Z wins it, and returns the five of hearts.

Dangers of Celluloid.

EASILY IGNITED MATERIAL.

We have had many lessons in the Old Country during the past ten or fifteen years of the dangers attaching to the use of celluloid in many branches of industry, and scores of illustrations of the dangers attaching to the use of celluloid by way of personal adornment.

The scene of the outbreak was the premises of Messrs Angus Thomas and Co., Christmas-card publishers, who occupy the sixth floor of a large block of buildings in Moor Lane, in the very heart of what the London Fire Brigade and the insurance companies know as the "danger zone" of the City.

Messrs Thomas's premises—two rooms occupying about 2,200 square feet—were used for a process known as "aerography," which may be described as tinting and powdering cards by means of an air-brush. Celluloid and methylated spirits (a combination that would reduce the heart of a Yankee "fire-bug") are used in some of the processes. It was in the front room that the fire originated. The actual cause must remain more or less a mystery, but, so far as can be gathered, the outbreak seems to have been the result of dropping some hot sealing-wax on celluloid, which at once burst into flames.

The block in which the outbreak occurred is encompassed by narrow thoroughfares, in all of which are equally high buildings where trades requiring the storage and handling of more or less inflammable goods are carried on. Fire in any part of this busy centre, of course, imperils the houses in the immediate vicinity, and on Tuesday evening the danger was all the greater because the flames broke out at a time when the narrow streets are usually full from end to end with vans loading with all kinds of merchandise for despatch by rail.

# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration)

### HIS MAJESTY'S, AUCKLAND.

August 31 to September 14—Pantomime.  
September 23 to October 12—Oscar Asche,  
Lily Brynton.  
October 14 to 19—Pillmer-Denniston Co.  
October 29 to November 9—Auckland  
Amateurs, "The Mikado."

### AUCKLAND TOWN HALL.

Every Evening—The Royal Palace.  
October 2—Complimentary Concert to Mr  
J. C. Munton.

### AUCKLAND PICTURE SHOWS.

The Lyric Theatre, Symonds Street—  
Nightly.  
Royal Albert Hall, Albert Street—Nightly.

### WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

August 31 to September 12—"The Blue  
Bird" Co.  
September 23 to October 2—Pillmer-Den-  
niston Co.  
October 19 to November 2—Oscar Asche  
Lily Brynton Co.

## Are We Becoming Less Musical?

UNDER the above heading there re-  
cently appeared an article in  
the London "Chronicle," dealing  
with the waning popularity of  
concerts. Every year, in New Zealand,  
owing to the more frequent visits of  
English musical favourites, and the large  
numbers of our musical public who visit  
England themselves, our musical taste  
tends to coincide more closely with that  
of the English public. Thus a topic of  
great interest to us is the question pro-  
pounded by the "Chronicle." We quote  
a portion of the contribution—

"A striking feature of the past few  
musical seasons has been the waning  
popularity of concerts of all kinds. Those  
whom business or pleasure has taken  
constantly into the concert-hall both in  
London and the provinces have had  
abundant opportunity for noticing this  
remarkable decline in its attractions.  
Favourite concerts of long-established  
character, which seemed firmly fixed in  
public esteem, and always sure of a  
large and crowded audience in the past,  
have been faced with dwindling numbers  
in attendance for some time. In London  
the change has been most marked. For  
example, the various popular Sunday  
concerts, always so crowded years ago,  
have only attracted moderate support  
lately, and such favourites as promenade  
concerts, Saturday symphony concerts,  
and "star" artists' recitals have all suf-  
fered in like degree. From the big pro-  
vincial towns one hears of a similar de-  
cline. Many of the big choral societies  
are cutting down their annual number  
of concerts and engaging second-rate ar-  
tists, because they find the clientele for  
their concerts is a diminishing one. The  
big festivals held periodically in various  
cities have, it is well known, suffered  
severely from the same cause, and even  
private concerts, always such a comfort-  
able source of revenue to artists in the  
past, are rapidly diminishing; almost to  
the point of extinction. From this it  
would seem clear that the public is losing  
its taste for concerts, not only of one  
particular kind, but of all varieties.  
Naturally the musical profession, or, at  
any rate, that part of it which is con-  
cerned with the entertainment world—the  
singers, players, agents and man-  
agers—regard with a certain amount of  
alarm the present state of affairs, which  
one cannot consider as only a temporary  
crisis in the musical world."

### Music Hall Competition.

The "Chronicle" continues: "The  
truth is that the musical world is in a  
state of evolution, and the causes of the  
change it is bringing about are not hard  
to find. Briefly, the giving of musical  
entertainments is being transplanted to  
other places than those hitherto exclu-  
sively associated with them. The high-  
class concert (choral, orchestral, vocal or  
instrumental recital) is being supplanted  
by the up-to-date music-hall, of which  
such theatres as the Palace, Coliseum  
and Hippodrome are typical examples. A  
glance at what these halls have been  
doing for the past year or two will show  
that they provide those who care for it  
with the best music. Think for the mo-  
ment of what their programmes have re-  
cently contained. We have seen Elgar,  
Leoncavallo, Mascagni and other well-  
known composers conducting their own  
works at such variety theatres. Singers  
of the rank of Edyth Walker, Maggie  
Fleyle, Ben Davies, Harry Dearth and  
many others are all to be heard there,

and innumerable pianists, violinists, cel-  
lists and instrumentalists of all kinds,  
of high artistic merit, are to be heard  
constantly at almost every hall. Then,  
again, you can get grand opera and light  
opera, in "tabloid" form, with good ar-  
tists, and choral singing and various  
other forms of music hitherto confined  
to the concert room or to the opera  
house. Consequently the music-lover  
can find a good deal to satisfy him in  
the programmes of many of the music-  
halls of to-day. Moreover, in addition  
to the music, he gets entertainment in  
other arts as well, all for a price which  
is frequently less than that paid for  
the same kind of seat at a concert. Small  
wonder is it, then, that if there is to be  
a choice between a concert (part of the  
programme of which may not be particu-  
larly attractive) and a diversified enter-  
tainment at a music hall, with quite a  
good deal of first-class music thrown in,  
the latter usually wins."

### What the Critics Think.

This is the editorial comment of the  
"Musical Standard" on the article: "The  
Sunday concert business has certainly  
been greatly overdone; hence we have  
smaller audiences than in the past. But  
that does not mean, collectively speak-  
ing, that fewer music-lovers are going to  
concerts on Sundays. We feel confident  
the reverse is the case. Then, although  
the music-halls have vastly improved  
during the last few years, it can scarcely  
be said that they appeal to the class of  
music-lover who wants to listen to (say)  
"H in Heidenleben" or a Mozart sym-  
phony: two extremes. There is not a  
London music-hall band that is within  
measurable distance of being compared  
with our best concert orchestras, and as  
to the conductors—well, we prefer not  
to say what we think."

It is also suggested that the reason  
of the failure of many concerts, is that  
the promoters have neglected to set a  
high enough standard.

### A Hopeful Sign.

On the other hand, Mrs Franz Lieb-  
lich is of opinion that "the general pub-  
lic's aloofness from the perennial appear-  
ances of familiar virtuosos, budding ex-  
ecutants and their hackneyed work, is a  
sure proof of improved conditions and  
keener perceptions. The real awakening  
of the public to a genuine love of music  
for and in itself, is bound to cause a  
revolution against the existing state of  
affairs. As yet the symptoms of this  
revolt are not perceptible to the many,  
though even these have felt a certain  
inquietude growing around them and a  
consequent unaccountable discomfort  
which they resent with all the powers of  
their sluggish being. But the alert and  
observant are noticing and welcoming  
the growing independence of thought,  
the love of freedom and liberty which  
are enabling a certain section of the  
public to emancipate itself from the  
tyranny which uses minds as sensitive  
plates whereon to imprint names and  
opinions."

### The Two Camps.

Two camps have been forming in  
music. In one will be found all the  
pedagogues with their antiquated  
theories for the artificial manufacture of  
executants and for the production of  
singing voices. The mechanical slaves  
and disciplinaries who work like galley  
slaves on these methods for the develop-  
ment of their ten fingers or their vocal cords  
are there; also those self-conscious mor-  
tals who contrive and plot and eugelize  
their brains to combine exploited har-  
monies on paper for the production of  
manufactured compositions labelled ac-  
cording to their nationality, "British" or  
otherwise.

In the other camp are the inspired,  
instinctive geniuses who have moved  
forward as pioneers to conquer unexplored  
realms of sound; also all nature's musi-  
cians whose achievements are mainly the  
direct result of inborn talent or genius;  
and all those wise men of the art who,  
according to amiable long beaten tracks,  
have followed winding byways and  
risked adventure in the wake of the  
pioneers in order to gain renewed  
vitality for the art they serve.

### A Bored Public.

In some unknown tripartite way even  
the ordinary general public has got wind  
of these matters. It cannot define its

reasons or its beliefs. It feels what is  
in the air, it catches the prevailing tone  
of things, but it cannot express its feel-  
ings or attune its thoughts. But some-  
how it knows that it is tired to death of  
artificiality, of human machines and  
of meaningless hotch-potch programmes.  
It feels that the period in music from  
Bach to Wagner has been exploited to  
weary lengths, to the detriment of less  
known older composers and to the boy-  
cotting of contemporary work. It knows  
vaguely that contemporary composers in  
France, Austria and Hungary have tran-  
scended Wagner and Strauss in their  
sonorous discoveries. It is perfectly  
well aware now of the existence of De-  
bussy, and it is bored by the reiteration  
of his name as seemingly the only  
French living composer when it is quite  
ready to acclaim the genius of such men  
as Ravel, Florent, Schmitt, de Severac,  
Dukas, Roussel and others.

### Shakespeare the Musician.

Sir Henry Wood has recently been  
responsible for a series of concerts, all  
the music at which has been inspired by  
the works of Shakespeare. Some of the  
music, like the fanfares of Smetana and  
Grieg's little "Macbeth" fragment called  
"The Watchman's Song" is unpretentious  
enough; but compositions, like Liszt's  
"Hamlet," can lay claim to some impor-  
tance. The idea of devoting concerts to  
works directly inspired by the dramatist  
is a good one, for it impresses us with  
the enormous influence which Shakespeare  
has exercised over men of many nation-  
alities and diverse temperaments. We  
find musicians taking a subject and treat-  
ing it from many standpoints. Svend-  
sen, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, and Gounod  
were composers with very little in com-  
mon and each wrote a work based on  
"Romeo and Juliet." It must be plain  
that to know these is interesting in it-  
self, and, for the music student, instruc-  
tive. It must not be thought, however,  
that the pieces with which we are toler-  
ably familiar exhaust all the Shakes-  
pearean music. For some of the com-  
positions inspired by the dramatist have  
fallen out of the active repertory. Among  
them may be mentioned Max Bruch's  
"Hermione," founded on "A Winter's  
Tale." But the extraordinary, thing

about this question is the amount of  
music which is connected with Shake-  
speare's name. We should not forget  
that some composers were attracted to  
Shakespearean subjects, but never actu-  
ally treated them—Verdi, of course, gave  
us "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Falstaff."  
But it is interesting to know that un-  
contemplated writing an opera on "King  
Lear." The absence of a love interest,  
however, seems to have proved too great  
a deterrent.

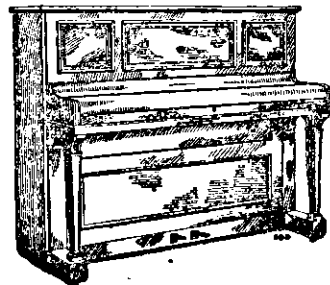
### The Prince of English Music.

Apart from all this there is a very  
intimate association between Shake-  
speare and music—Shakespeare lived in  
a time in which much vitality was ex-  
hibited in musical circles. We know of  
Henry VIII, and his recorders, and Peter  
the Great's love of etchings which man-  
ifested itself in the salubrious of Amster-  
dam. But quite as enthusiastic as either  
of these monarchs was Queen Elizabeth,  
who is described as having shown much  
talent at the virginals, and as having  
taken an active interest in the musical  
progress of the nation. The voice of  
music was abroad. Every aspect of life  
was accompanied by appropriate strains.  
Across the wooded hills, on the village  
common, in mansion and cottage a real  
love of the art revealed itself in divers  
manners. It is said that Sir Francis  
Drake, while on his expeditions, dined  
and supped to the music of violins.

### Practical Musical Knowledge.

We may take it, therefore, that Shake-  
speare heard much music. Probably a  
great deal of it was of a rustic nature  
with the falterings and shortcomings of  
such, but nevertheless sincere and liv-  
ing. This evidently made a deep impres-  
sion upon him. It would be difficult to  
determine to what extent Shakespeare  
could be called a musical man. It is  
one thing for an author to be able to  
use one or two stock phrases, and an-  
other for him to show that he under-  
stands the art from the inside. Shake-  
speare, wonderful in a hundred ways, is  
wonderful in this also. Judging from a  
technical standpoint, we may say that  
he is more accurate than the average  
literary man. Like Balzac and Nietzsche

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he makes frequent reference to music, and in his own way, shows a sympathy with it and a fine recognition of its place and powers. In his case these references are peculiarly noteworthy. For whereas Balzac learnt much through personal contact with friends like Mme. de Berny, and Nietzsche, attracted to the Wagnerian movement, was for a time immersed in it, Shakespeare's excursions into the musical province are the direct outcome of a great joy in its charms. It is impossible to mention all the references which are so profusely scattered through his works. But, without quoting the Jackknave extracts, one may be forgiven for pointing out how happy he is when speaking on music and its place in life. To him it is something real. It is the human side of it that attracts him. He mentions the instruments popular in his day: the lute, the harp, the virginal, the violin, the flute and the bagpipes. Nor is the vocalist forgotten, for we read of the second-rate singer. It is evident that to him the art of sound is full of fascination. And whether his reference is humorous or full of enthusiasm, he speaks with the voice of one who knows and understands.

In "King Lear" we find one passage which makes us think that Shakespeare could boast of some technical knowledge. Edgar says: "How upsetting fa, sol, la, mi." The reference is to what was a forbidden succession of notes. In "Othello" he makes use of the idea of discord in a way which is in startling contrast to the haphazard manner of many writers of fiction. In the same play there is a remark about letting "down the pegs."

**A Genuine Music Lover.**

It is true that examples can be adduced from his writings to prove equally that Shakespeare was a lawyer, a sailor, or anything you please. But the frequent introduction of all forms of music into his plays, and the intimate knowledge of small technical details, which would not be available for the superficial observer, tend to show that Shakespeare was a genuine lover of music. In deeper moments he writes of it with great effect. Many musicians will appreciate the mood of the line given to Jessica in "A Merchant of Venice":

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

In tender passages he is equally successful. Or this the opening of "The Twelfth Night" is proof. With such evidence at hand one is justified in saying that Shakespeare had no small knowledge of the art. Some of his most arresting lines are woven round a musical idea. Many of the phrases which speak of the "confound of sweet sounds" have a peculiar haunting power. A good poet might have written such a couplet as:

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!"

or spoken of "one string, sweet husband to the other." But the number and diversity of Shakespeare's allusions to music in its many forms proves an active interest in it. A clever man can write eloquently about it without being particularly sensitive to its influence, but that by Shakespeare it was regarded seriously must be obvious to the careful student of his works.

**A New Zealand Cellist.**

Reports of the success of Mr Arnold Trowell's career as a violoncellist continue to reach us, the last being in the violin supplement of the "Musical Standard" for July 27. Mr Trowell was born in Wellington in 1887, and began his musical education under his father's guidance. Later, he studied at Frankfort, under Herr Hugo Becker, and afterwards at the "Bruns' Conservatoire, where he gained the first prize for cello-playing. His first appearance in London was in 1907, and he has since toured extensively in the provinces with such artists as Melba, Marchesi and Mark Hambourg. Though still quite a young man, Mr Trowell has produced a large number of compositions, among the more ambitious being a symphony, a concert overture ("Agave and Sely-ette"), a violoncello concerto, and a pianoforte trio. He has in addition published about 40 smaller pieces for the cello.

**Madame Kirkby Lunn.**

Australian engagements have prevented Madame Kirkby Lunn reaching New Zealand as early as was anticipated, and it has now been decided that she will give three concerts in Auckland about November 19. After leaving Auckland, three concerts will be given in Wellington and Christchurch and two in Dun-

edin, after which Madame will sail for Hobart—about the middle of November.

**Starving for Art.**

One of the most interesting of present-day English composers is Mr Joseph Holbrooke, whose opera, "The Children of Dan" (the libretto by an English peer), was produced the other day at the London Opera House. Mr Holbrooke has had to starve for his art, and to fight his way to recognition in the face of hardship and contempt. The son of a musician, he was sent at 14 to the Royal Academy of Music, where they taught him to play the piano, but showed no sympathy for his compositions. "Your music is horrible. You are on the wrong track, and you will never be able to sell a single copy of it." When he was 17 he had to leave the Academy to earn his own living.

**A Comic Song Composer.**

As a deputy for his father he had become acquainted with many of the comic singers at the halls, and they often got him to set their "poems" to music. Hundreds of these comic songs were composed by him, and he scored them for the band for a fee of 5s. He turned his attention to the theatre as offering the most immediate means of getting a living wage, and started as conductor of a band of ten with a travelling pantomime company at a salary of £1 a week. The band dwindled to three, and young Holbrooke was expected to conduct, play the piano, and compose all the songs

This sky-rocket went up and came down. Nobody challenged anybody to deadly combat. Paris, however, awaited the attack. It began on both sides of the river at once. "Aims and the Man" at the largest theatre on the left bank, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" at the most literary stage on the right, the Theatre des Arts. Paris watched with interest, for should this campaign fail, as did that of "Candida" in 1907, there would evidently be nothing for Shaw to do but retreat in good order across the channel.

The first play in the recent campaign made little impression, but "Mrs Warren" attained to pass to its eightieth performance. It met with some praise, some blame, for each of which reason was given at length in every leading newspaper and magazine; but most of all, it met with a judgment on its merits, apart from personal or social prejudice, such as the play has had to wait all these years to receive.

For the French public did not have to look at "Mrs Warren's Profession" through its fingers. English audiences had first to be informed of the existence of Mrs Warren's line of business, and even after they had allowed it provisional existence, they had to suffer a fresh pang every time anyone on the stage referred to it ever so obliquely. The French started with no such handicap. With their mania for precision, they had provided for Mrs Warren in the dictionary. And they are not



Chorus of Matinee Girls.—"He's Married!"

used. The other two musicians were such bad executants that he refused to play with them, so they left, and the orchestra was reduced to one.

**Tardy Recognition.**

In the midst of this drudgery the young man worked at higher composition, and sent a symphony inspired by "The Raven" to Sir August Manns at the Crystal Palace. The famous conductor asked him to call, but Holbrooke was obliged to reply that he could not afford to lose his employment. Soon after this, however, one of the actors in the company, with a view to increasing his earnings, suggested that he should play the piano, and the manager dismissed Holbrooke. The young man at once went to London, and arrived at Sir August Manns' house looking half-starved. The successful musician gave him a good meal, said kind things about "The Raven," and promised to publish it at his own expense, and play it. The work was produced in 1901 and well received. Soon after the composer began a career as teacher of the piano, and as time went on his works were produced at some of the great provincial festivals. His music which has been produced there forms but a very small part of the 20 orchestral and 20 chamber works, the five operas and 100 songs he has written, in addition to some 200 pieces which have been published—a remarkable fecundity of musical invention in a man who is barely 34.

**Bernard Shaw in Paris.**

It was with this letter to his translator, printed on yellow posters and placards all over Paris, that Bernard Shaw opened his recent campaign in the French capital:—

"My dear Hamon, Paris is always the best city in the world to discover and accept an author or composer of international reputation. London is twenty-five years behind the times, and Paris ten years behind London. Paris is a marvellous city. But Parisians have not yet discovered Paris. It is not surprising, then, that they have not yet discovered me. In ten years Paris will discover me."

shocked easily. They are not shocked at all at a plain statement of something that indisputably exists, and an attempt to refer this condition to its proper place in the social structure. As calmly as this did the Parisian public go to see "Le Profession de Mme. Warren" with but a flicker of curiosity as to what could have caused such a scandal to the unaccountable English.

"The idea of the play," says "La Revue," "is curious and powerful. Gas could formulate it thus: No morality without wealth; no wealth without primitive immorality. The origin of all morality is hence, in general, immoral. It is a luxury that only the second generation can afford. To illustrate his thesis, the author has chosen a piece at once picturesque and extreme" and with this Mme. Warren slipped into her place in the re-ens as quickly as a document into a pigeonhole. It does reduce fiction not to be checked. Indeed, a general study of the situation shows that if Shaw has not conquered Paris, he has been allowed to withdraw with all the honours of war. "Such plays," says one of Shaw's French champions, "require the collaboration of the audience, and this takes time to cultivate. He has against him the very novelty and profundity of his ideas."

**"Nobody's Daughter."**

A recent Sydney Press report of "Nobody's Daughter": "Those of my sex who take their pleasures mournfully, cannot do better than pay a visit to 'Nobody's Daughter.' It is a pretty play, but Mrs Brough, who plays the role of the mother who has bumped her head hard against the laws of convention, is such a picture of hopeless despair and broken heart that I blame her for the wettest pair of eyes and the reddest nose that I ever wore at a theatre. As an emotional actress, Mrs Brough has nothing to learn from imported stars who visit us with a great flourish of trumpets."

**The Oscar Asche-Lily Brayton Season.**

Although the three works' season of Mr Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton

does not commencing until Monday night next, the whole of the scenery, wardrobe, properties, electric effects, the monkeys, the snakes, the donkeys, the six stalwart Kublans, also the stage manager, the musical director, and the mechanical and electrical staff, have already arrived in Auckland, and preparations are in rapid progress for the final rehearsal of "Kismet," which is to take place on Saturday night next, the theatre having been specially engaged for this purpose. Mr Oscar Asche, Miss Lily Brayton and Mr B. A. Meyer, their general manager, are due to reach here from Wellington by tomorrow morning's Main Trunk express, and Mr Asche will personally supervise the final preparations. That people are regarding the visit of Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton in the light of a great event has been evidenced during the past week at the box office, where there has been a constant stream of inquirers, anxious to ascertain the precise arrangements which have been made in reference to the facilities provided for booking seats. The J. C. Williamson, Ltd., management are to be commended for their enterprise in presenting New Zealanders with an opportunity to reserve seats for the forthcoming season at a much lower rate than was charged during the Oscar Asche-Lily Brayton Sydney and Melbourne seasons, and this decision should result in a record booking. Owing to the brevity of the Auckland season, only five performances can be given of "Kismet," and the remaining 13 nights will witness the presentation of a series of the Shakespearean productions in which Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton created a furore during their first visit to Australia. "Kismet" will be followed in the order named by "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "The

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**Merchant of Venice,** and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This repertoire of the Bard's works should fill the most ardent lover of Shakespeare with the utmost delight.

Mr Asche recently informed an interviewer that "Kismet" could easily have added another two years to its successful London run had he not had to leave to fulfil his Australasian engagement. There are ten scenes in the play, the action of which takes place in the City of Baghdad of the Arabian nights a thousand years ago, and the scenery has been painted by the famous English artist, Mr Joseph Barker. Mr Oscar Asche is said to be magnificent as Hajj, the revengeful beggar, who rises to greatness and sinks to degradation once more in a single day. Miss Lily Brayton will make her debut here as Marsinah, Hajj's daughter, and the rest of the cast will be portrayed by the same company, which assisted in the success of the London production. The box plans for the five performances of "Kismet" will be opened at Wildman and Arey's to-morrow (Thursday) morning, at eight o'clock. A queue will be formed from 7 a.m.

**The De Cisneros Concerts.**

The first of this series of concerts was given at the Auckland Town Hall on Saturday night. There was an audience of about 1,000, so that the acoustic properties of the hall were at their worst. In spite of this fact, however, the three artists who appeared were able to arouse their hearers to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Saturday's concert showed that the Countess de Cisneros is above all an operatic singer. Her opening number, Santuzza's aria, "Well-Knownest Thou, Mother," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," was her best performance of the evening and was marked by a fine appreciation of the tragedy embodied in the music. As an encore number to the group of songs at the end of the first part, the singer gave Brunnhilde's call to arms, from "Die Walkure," which displayed again her evident preference for opera. The "Habenera" from "Carmen" was also well sung.

As a concert singer the Countess is less impressive. Her most exacting number in this part of the programme, Schubert's "Serenade," was not well chosen, as it is by no means the best of the composer's songs.

Of the remaining numbers, "Will of the Wisp" (Sprossa) was much the best. Bartlett's "A Dream" and Tours' "Mother of Mine" show no such excellence as would justify their inclusion on a programme by so gifted an artist as the Countess de Cisneros.

The tenor of the party, M Paul Dufault, gave a fine rendering of "Clumps Paternals" from Mehul's "Joseph in Egypt." In the second part of the programme he sang "Morning" (Gley Speaks), "Boat Song" (Harriet Ware), and "Invictus" (Bruno Huhn)—all good honest songs, but missing the touch of that quality which makes works of genius. The last of the three, "Invictus," a setting of Harley's fine words, received such an enthusiastic reception that it had to be repeated. M. Dufault is a fine artist, and should be at his best in opera. The well-known duet, the "Barcarolle" from "The Tales of Hoffmann," was well rendered by the Countess de Cisneros and M. Dufault.

Mr. James Liebling is a fine cellist, with great powers of execution, and a true sense of art. His opening number, Golttermann's "Concerto in A Minor," though as music it never rises above mediocrity, is well adapted to show Mr. Liebling's mastery of his instrument. In the opening slow movement, Mr. Liebling displayed a fine and powerful tone, which must have been heard well in every part of the house. The second movement was notable for the virtuosity shown in the rapid, double-stopping passages, which abounded throughout it. A burst of applause from a large section of the audience, during the transition from the first part of the concerto to the second, in no way added to the enjoyment of the performance. Popper's "Taran-telle" afforded another opportunity for the display of Mr. Liebling's powers of execution. From the point of view of the music-lover, the rendering of Schumann's "Tummlerli" the encore number to the "Taran-telle" was the outstanding feat of Mr. Liebling, though Caesar Cui's "Cantabile" was a close rival. Mr. Liebling is such an artist that I am convinced some slight apparent faults in intonation must be blamed to the hall.

The disappointing feature of the evening was the poor quality of much of the music chosen for the programme. It

is a great pity that the only people who can give us adequate interpretations of the very greatest songs, will persist in singing music of the class of "A Dream," "The Rosary," "A Bowl of Roses" and "In My Little Garden." "Come Back to Erin" can be pardoned, on account of its national association with the singer, and it certainly found favour with the audience; but the modern ballad has no associations, and no justification in the programme of an artist.

In the absence, through illness, of Mr. Whittle, Herr Wolaert played all the accompaniments with accuracy and great taste.

The Southern tour of this fine concert party is planned on a liberal scale. They appear on Saturday, September 14 at Napier; on Monday, September 16 at Palmerston North; on the 17th and 18th at the Wellington Opera House, on Wednesday, September 18th at Wanganui, and on Friday, September 20th at the Town Hall, Wellington.

**Complimentary Concert.**

On October 2, in the Town Hall, a grand complimentary concert will be tendered by the Auckland Orphans' Club to the honorary conductor of their orchestra, Mr. J. C. Muston. Full particulars will be given later.

**The Royal Albert Hall.**

During the past week good audiences have been attracted each night to the Royal Albert Hall, where splendid programmes continue to be presented, with an endless variety that becomes bewildering. An interesting announcement is made this week by the management, who intend to screen a fine film dealing with Dickens' famous work "A Tale of Two Cities." The thrilling story is magnificently acted, and the picture should prove a big draw.

**The Misses Knight's Concert**

A complimentary concert was given in the Town Hall last week to Misses Elizabeth and Madeline Knight, two ladies who are exceptionally well-known in Auckland musical circles. They intend proceeding to Dunedin, where they will continue their vocal studies, with a view to appearing in the concert halls of Australasia. Both the Misses Knight sang delightfully at the concert under notice, and others who contributed to a most enjoyable entertainment were Herr Raimund Pecholseh, Mr. H. C. Borradaile, Miss Zoe Bartley, Mr. Alan McElwain, Mr. Egerton Pegg, Mr. Montague, Mr. Wilfred Manning, and a quartet.

**The Lyric Theatre.**

The Lyric Theatre has been well patronised during the past week, indeed the regularity with which the crowds roll up at this popular place of entertainment is a proof that the management secures the right kind of programme. People have a wide choice when it comes to picture theatres, but the big audiences which can be seen at the Lyric know what they want and what is more, they know where they will get it.

**The Royal Follies.**

The Royal Follies, a party of three ladies and four men, auspiciously opened an Auckland season in the Town Hall Concert Chamber on Monday night, presenting a varied programme of all-round merit to an audience that would have been larger had counter-attractions not been so numerous. The company is capable of good entertainment, and should enjoy a successful run. Of the lady members of the party Miss Audrey Hazel is a clever comedienne, bright and gay and winsome; Miss Devonia Clinton, a soprano of wide range and volume, and a striking vocalist; and Miss Rita Sullivan is an efficient accompanist. The male performers include Chester Harris, a baritone of good calibre; Charles Calow, an attractive tenor, Harry Graham, an irresistible humorist, and Frederick Whitlow, a capable elocutionist. The whole entertainment is refined and clever as well as varied, and meets the popular demand.

**Stray Notes.**

Madame Slopoffski is now in London, at Kilburn Priory, Kilburn. She intends returning to Sydney by the end of the year. It is expected that she will appear at concerts and in oratorio work in England. Madame Slopoffski studied under Madame Haich Dyer, and later under the late Manuel Garcia.

A rather good story is told of a circus manager who, having become director of a small French provincial opera house,

found one day that he needed the services of a tenor for a special performance. He applied to an agency, who recommended to him an artist at a salary of £8 per night. "Eight pounds," exclaimed the indignant director, "for a man who only sings! Why, in my circus I had an acrobat for £2, who risked breaking his neck every time he appeared!"

**AUCKLAND RUGBY UNION.**

On Saturday next, September 14, a sports carnival will be held at Alexandra Park by the Auckland Rugby Union. The proceeds are to be devoted to various charities. A seven-a-side tournament will be played, and a good programme of athletic events will be decided. Patrons can be assured of a good afternoon's sport at a nominal figure. Full particulars will be advertised later.

**WHERE TO STAY.**

The question of securing suitable residential quarters handy to the city is frequently a difficult one for business men. This want is now being specially catered for at "Darlington," 7, Lower Symonds Street (near Choral Hall), where gentlemen's residential chambers with all conveniences may be secured.

**A CORRECTION.**

An error appeared in our last issue on the double page of illustrations showing some of Auckland's new buildings. The new block of buildings at the corner of West Street and Karangahape Road is being built for the Newton branch of the Bank of New Zealand, and not for the Bank of Australasia, as stated. Also the new block which is being erected in Albert Street was stated to be for Masfield and Co., whereas it should have been described as the new premises of Messrs Dexter and Crozier.

**MODERN FURNITURE.**

We wish to draw attention to a notice appearing in this issue from the D.N.C. and Cousins, Ltd. This firm, which has a large showroom and factory in Victoria Quadrant, just behind the Northern Club, invites inspection of their large stocks of modern furniture, upholstery, floor coverings, bedding, etc. Estimates are given for work of all kinds, and those requiring modern and artistic furniture at very reasonable rates cannot do better than visit this establishment.

**BALL IN THE TOWN HALL.**

On Friday, September 13th, in the main chamber of the Auckland Town Hall, the 25th annual ball in connection with Mr. F. C. Basset's classes will be held. This is expected to be an exceptionally brilliant function and tickets for spectators are being issued at a nominal charge. The Secretary is Mr. E. B. Webster, Manukau Road, Parnell.

**COMMERCIAL TRAINING.**

The Remington and Ronco Commercial College, now located in Smeeton's new buildings in Queen street, Auckland, is doing excellent work in thoroughly equipping young people anxious to pursue a commercial career. The practical and complete course given means greater efficiency, and a large number of pupils are reaping benefit. The College is fitted up with all modern requirements, including the latest and best machines in use, received within the last three months. The results achieved go to bear out the claim that the institution is the most up-to-date for commercial training in the Dominion. Full information is supplied on application.

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  - "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."
  - "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
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 WELLINGTON (Opera House)—TUESDAY and THURSDAY, 17th and 19th September.  
 WANGANUI WEDNESDAY, 18th September.  
 WELLINGTON (Town Hall) FRIDAY, 20th September.

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**SALE OF KAURI TIMBER BY PUBLIC AUCTION.**

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned Kauri Timber will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, at 10 o'clock a.m. on **THURSDAY, 26th September, 1912.**

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Opt. D., G.S.O.I., CONSULTING OPTICIAN (late with T. Pencock and Son), Has commenced the Practice of his Profession in Chambers adjoining the Town Hall, Queen Street, Auckland, Testing room on ground floor.

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**DECREASED** By using GRANOLA Porridge Food. GRANOLA is thoroughly cooked before leaving our factory: consequently 1lb. of GRANOLA equals 2lbs. of any uncooked breakfast food on the market. We have variety of manufactures, including the famous GRANOLA BISCUIT and Various Diabetic Preparations. Write for our Descriptive Booklet with Recipes, post free.

**THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE THIRD FLOOR STRAND ARCADE**





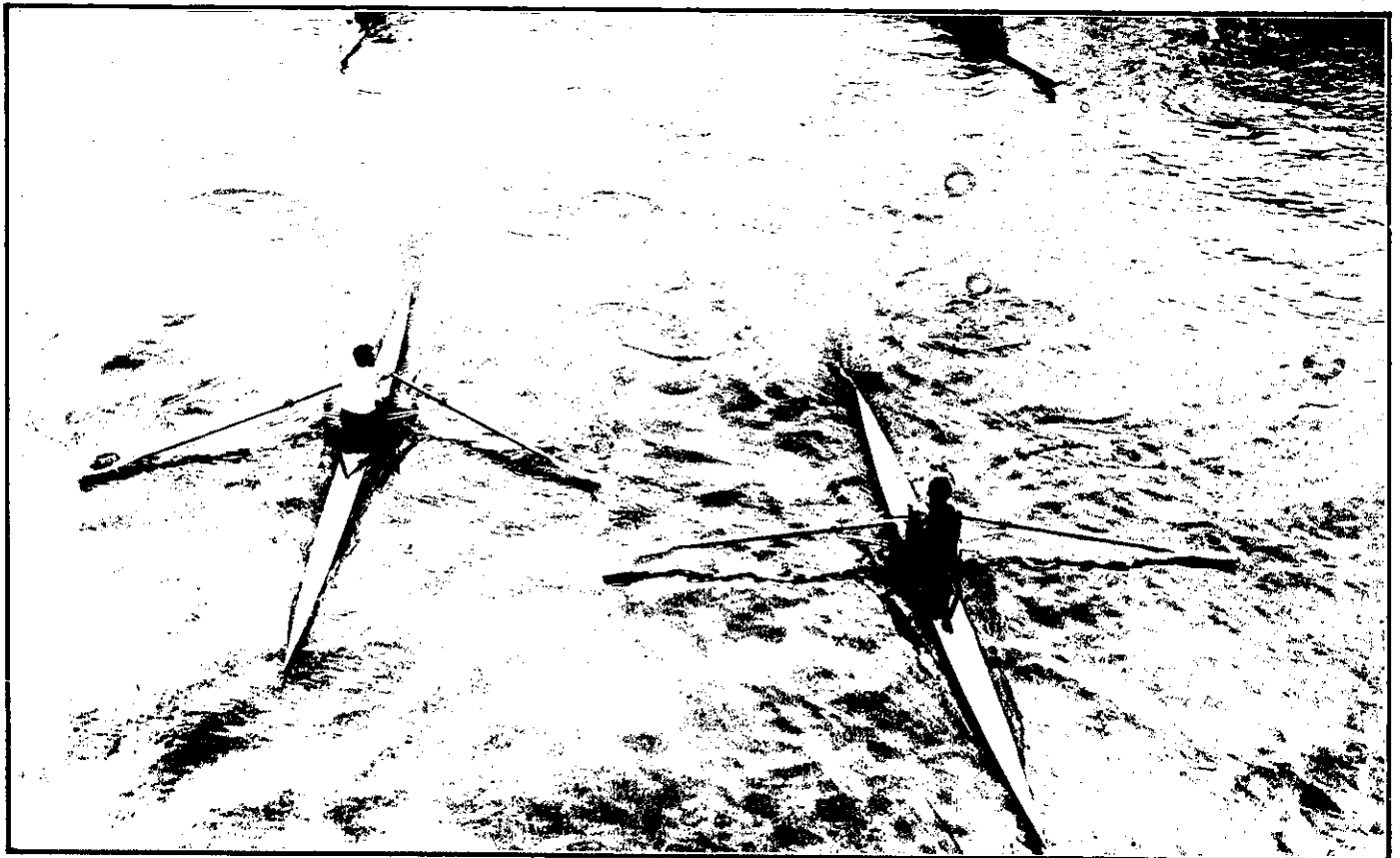
MISS LILY BRAYTON AS MARSINAH IN "KISMET"



Topical, photo.

#### STRIKERS AND FREE LABOURERS.—KNIVES AND REVOLVERS USED IN ENGLAND.

Bloodshed marked the end of the dock strike in England. Free labourers and strikers fought a pitched battle at Victoria Docks on July 30, revolvers, knives, and bottles being used. Eight men were shot and scores were more or less injured before the police succeeded in restoring peace. Later in the day other fights occurred, necessitating trencher charges by police, who finally assailed in force and dislodged the combatants from public-houses and shops in which they had taken refuge. The photo shows this work in progress, with two men hastily departing from the door of the public-house.



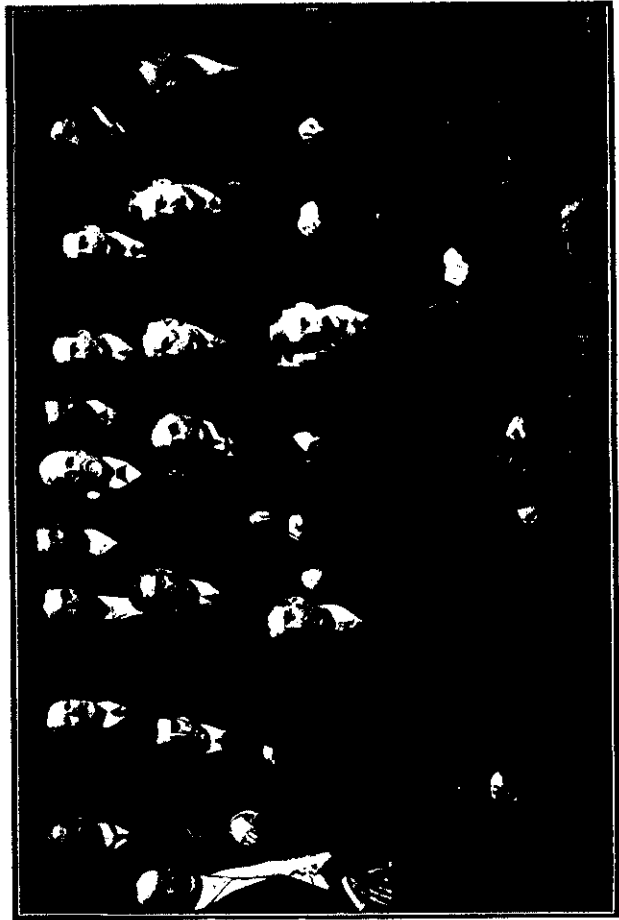
Topical, photo.

#### BARRY WINS THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—THE TWO MEN ABOUT TO SHOOT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

"The Daily News," describing the race, says: "When Arnot stopped rowing, Barry eased up, and as he glided to the winning post he rested his head in his hands and wept for joy. All the experts and critics are agreed that a greater pace was never seen, and Barry was hailed as a master of strategy, as well as of style. There are differences of opinion as to the reason for Arnot's defeat. It has already been attributed to the fact of his having too rapidly reduced his weight by nearly three stone, to his comparative inexperience of choppy water such as was encountered during the period of the race in which he lost the lead, and to less elegant stroke in tidal water."



Barton, photo. WELLINGTON CADETS WHO FIRED LAST WEEK AT TUENTHAM FOR LORD ROBERTS'S TROPHY.

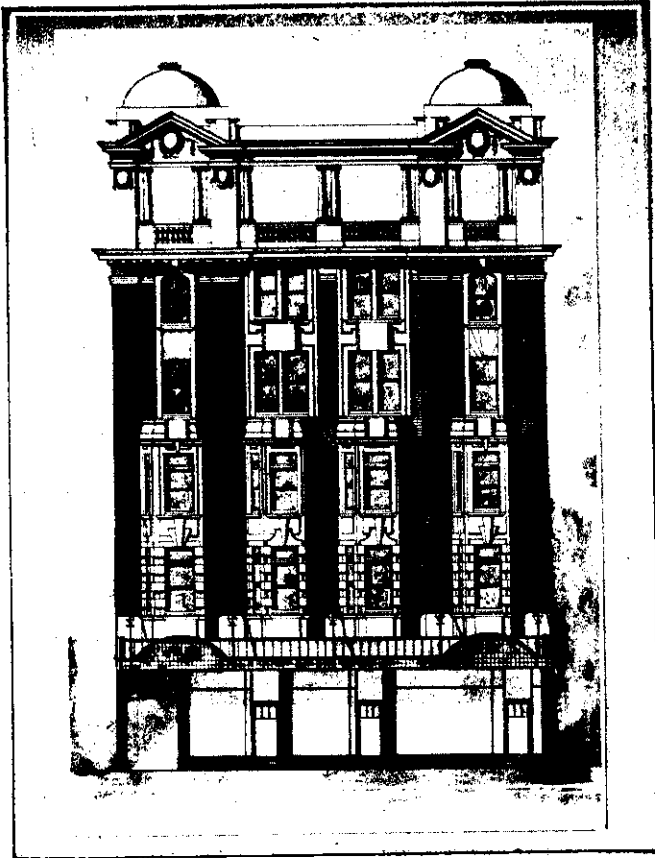


Barton, photo. CONFERENCE OF NEW ZEALAND FEDERATION OF MASTER MEMBERS HELD IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.  
Back Row (reading from left to right): Messrs R. F. Mayer, Geo. Rendleton, J. M. Wilson, L. J. Fogarty, Thos. Ballinger, R. J. Hensley, F. Combs, C. W. Martin, W. C. Large. Second Row: J. S. Douglas, A. Pollock, H. J. Wells. Front Row: W. Foster, A. E. Wells.



HON. R. H. RHODES OPENS HIS FIRST POST OFFICE.

Barton, photo. Hon. R. H. Rhodes (Governor-General) has now got a new post office, and, according to the Mayor of Kawerau, the small township on the outskirts of Wellington, his new office at Kawerau was opened by the Hon. R. H. Rhodes on the 10th inst. Similar openings were made last week at Hokianga by the Hon. R. H. Rhodes (Governor-General), at Mt. W. H. D. Bell, M.P., at opening the new post office at Kawerau.



A NEW SIX-STORY BUILDING FOR AUCKLAND.

The photo shows the front elevation of a fine six-storey block which is to be erected for Mr. Thos. Ellison in Queen Street, opposite Wyndham Street. The plans have been prepared by Mr. D. B. Patterson, architect, and the contract will probably be let early in the new year.



Dickison, photo.

A VIEW NEAR MACANDREW'S BAY, ABOUT SEVEN MILES FROM DUNEDIN.



MR. PAUL DUFAULT.

Mr. Paul Dufault, the tenor who is appearing with the Comtesse de Cisneros during her concert tour of New Zealand. Despite his French name, he is a British subject of Canadian birth.



MR. JAMES LIEBLING.

Mr. James Liebling, the American cellist, made his New Zealand debut at the de Cisneros concerts. He belongs to a family of musical celebrities.



**DARGAVILLE: AN IMPORTANT CENTRE OF THE NORTHERN TIMBER TRADE.**

Illary. photo.

The town of Dargaville, on the Waikato River, is the outlet for a large area of country from which splendid timber is obtained, and there is a large export trade in this and kauri gum. The Waikato River is here a mile wide, and there is deep water right up to the banks, allowing vessels drawing 20 ft to come up. (1) The pier front at Dargaville and the junction of the Northern Waikato and Kaiti Rivers. (2) A view of Dargaville, (3) A view of Dargaville, showing the Church of England at the left in the distance. (4) Another view of Dargaville from the Church of England.



F. N. Jones, photo.

THE NEW ZEALAND LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT NELSON.

The ladies' championship meeting was held this year at Nelson, and attracted a large entry. The final was played between Miss V. Collins and Miss A. Pearce, both of Wellington, the former lady winning rather easily. A full account of the tournament and interesting notes will be found on the pages of this issue devoted to golf. (1) Miss B. Gorrie. (2) Mrs McCarthy. (3) Miss Fisher. (4) At the first tee. (5) One of the competitors. (6) Miss G. Gorrie. (7) Miss L. Brandon. (8) Mrs Slack driving. (9) Spectators.



Barton, photo.  
HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER IN THE COSTUME WORN AT THE RECENT VICE-REGAL FANCY DRESS BALL IN WELLINGTON.



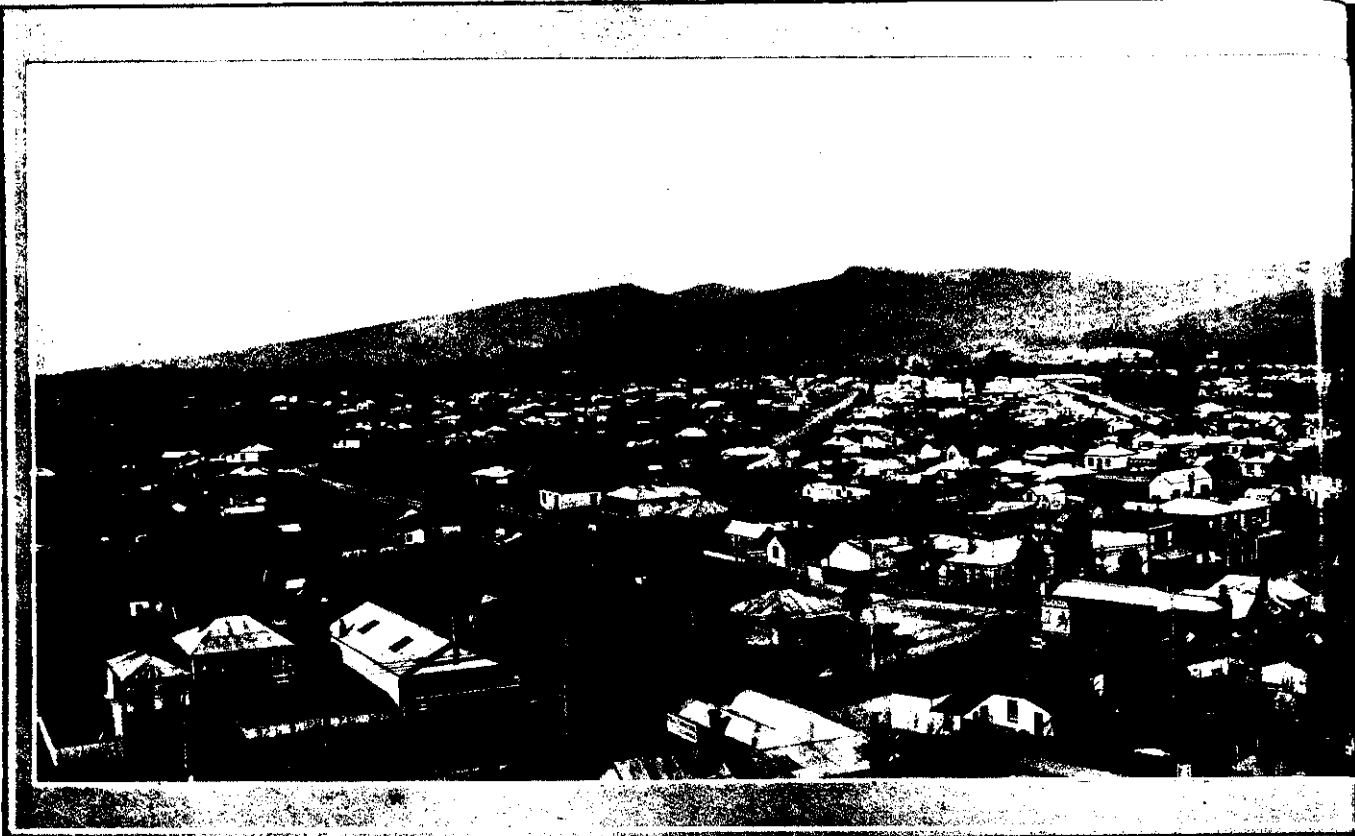
Schmidt, photo.  
AUCKLAND'S CRACK DEBATERS.  
The University A team who defeated the Marist Bros. A team at the Auckland Competitions, and thus retain the McDowell Challenge Shield for another year.



F. N. Jones, photo.  
MISS V. COLLINS—THE CHAMPION LADY GOLFER OF NEW ZEALAND.

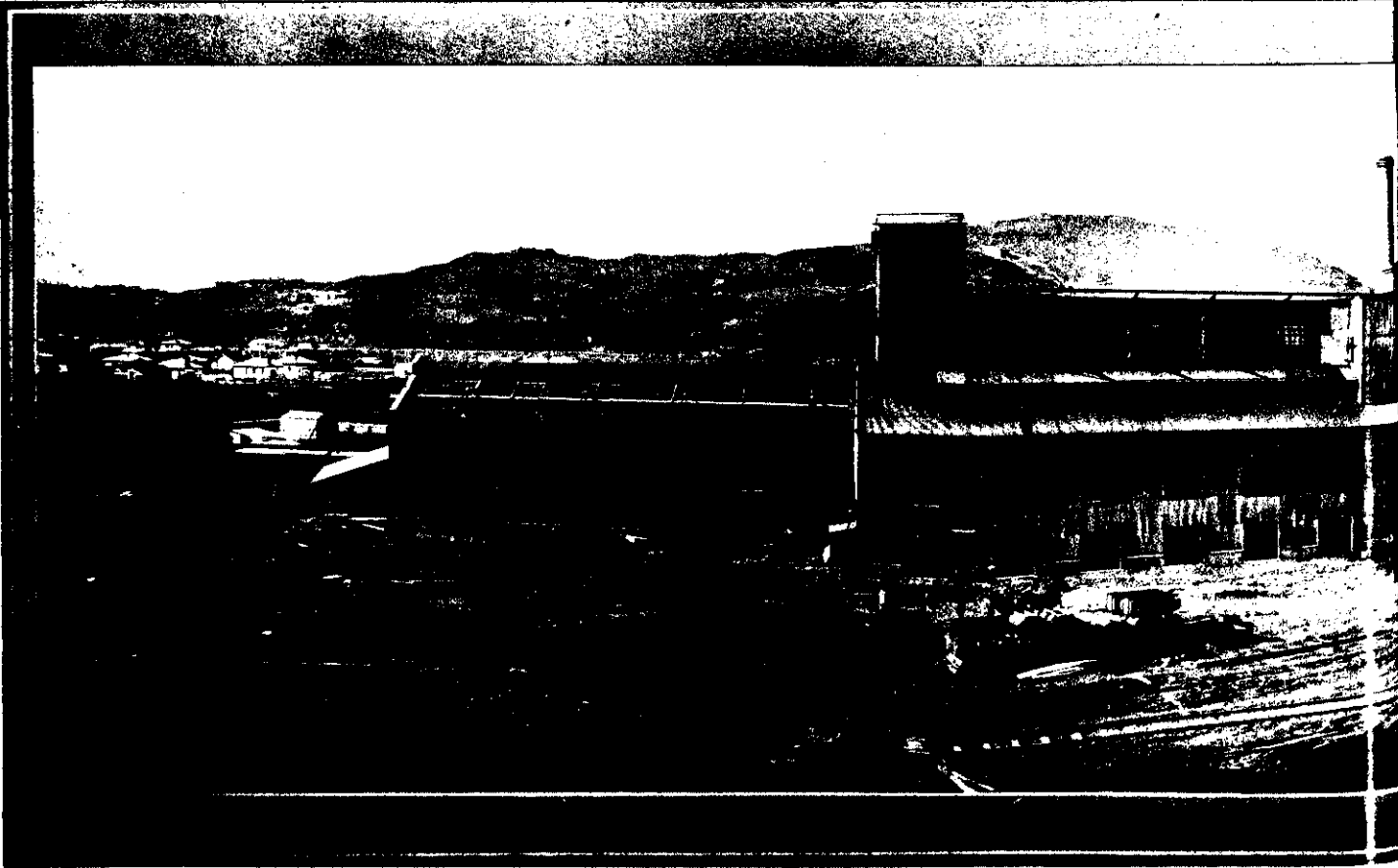


F. N. Jones, photo.  
MISS A. PEARCE—RUNNER-UP IN THE NEW ZEALAND LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. See "Golf Notes."



Nash, photo.

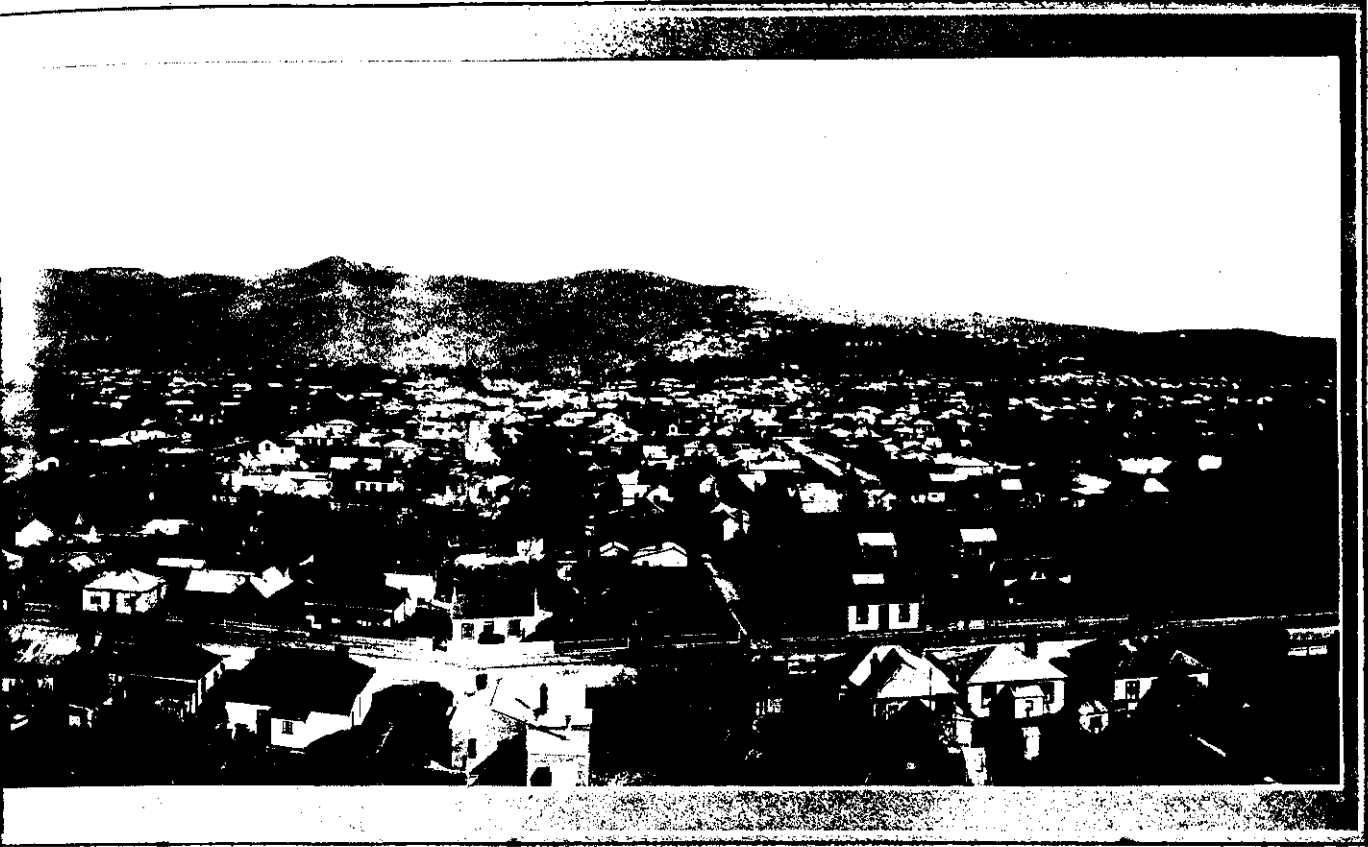
SUBURBAN CHRISTCHURCH—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF SYDENHAM, BECKENHAM, CASHMERE, SA



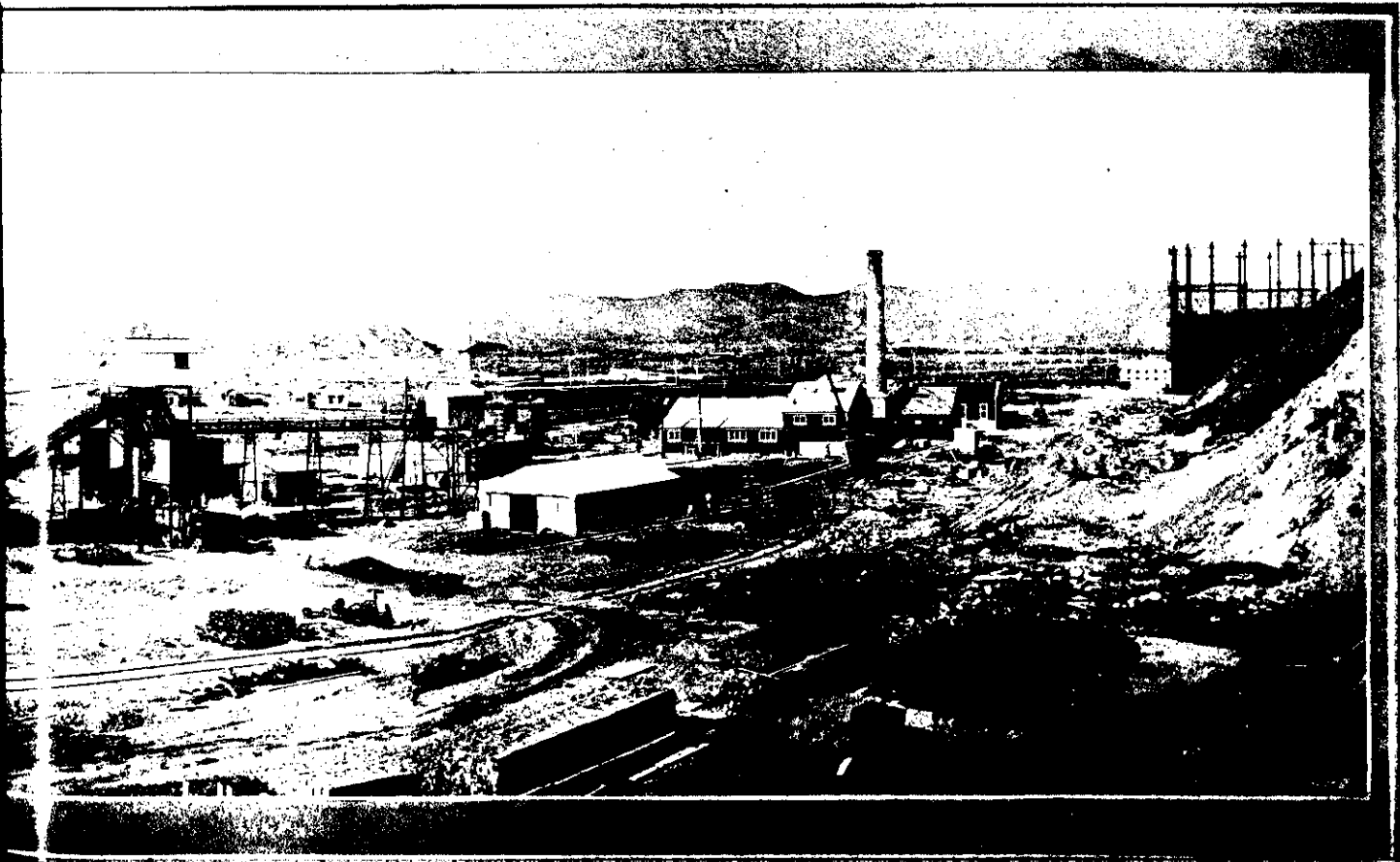
Burton, photo.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MIRAMAR, WELLING





SPREY DON, TAKEN FROM THE SYDENHAM HIGH-PRESSURE WATER SUPPLY TANK.



SHOWING THE NEW GASWORKS IN THE FOREGROUND.



Schmidt, photo.

**PRIZEWINNERS AT THE AUCKLAND MUSICAL AND ELOCUTIONARY COMPETITIONS.**

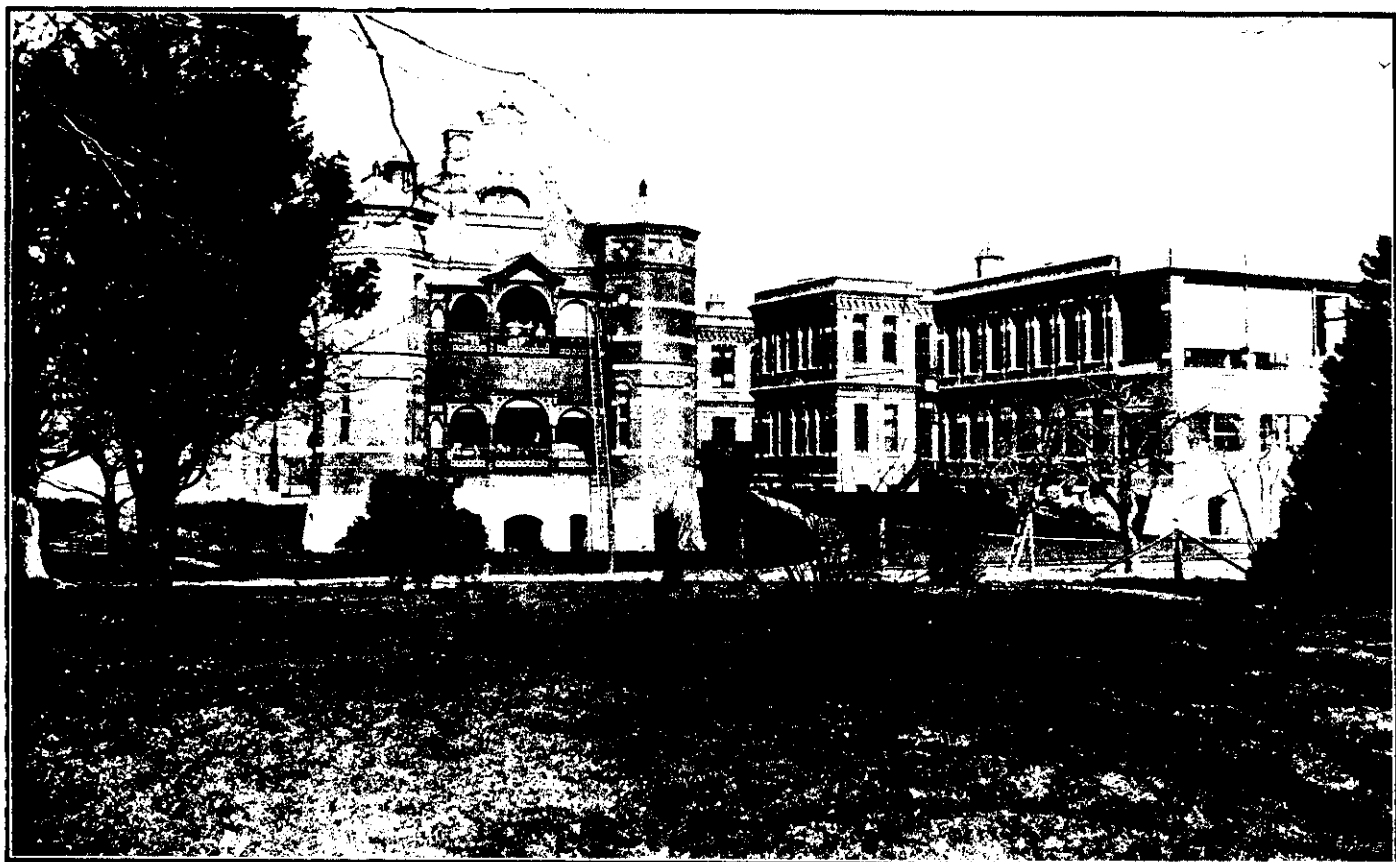
(1) Master K. Impett, song under 15. (2) Miss C. Wood, piano solo under 16, piano solo under 18. (3) Mr. O. E. Farrow, operatic bass solo, sacred bass solo. (4) Miss M. Scrimbe, Irish National Song. (5) Mr. A. Ripley, duet with M. Orchard, Scottish National song, Irish national song, operatic tenor solo, tenor solo. (6) Miss V. Hardy, recitation under Standard IV. (7) Miss Gray, first piano duet under 16, with Mildred Spargo. (8) F. Parsons, violin solo under 16. (9) Miss Fenton, duet with Mr. E. MacCormick. (10) Miss J. Bosworth, violin solo, over 18. (11) Miss J. Webster, piano concerto. (12) Mr. E. MacCormick, duet with Miss D. Fenton. (13) Miss Carter, first with Miss McDonald in ladies' duet. (14) Mr. E. Eady, clarinet solo. (15) Devonport school representatives, winners of the drawing shield for three years in succession. (16) Miss J. McGettigan, piano solo under 14.



Schmidt, photo.

**PRIZEWINNERS AT THE AUCKLAND MUSICAL AND ELOCUTIONARY COMPETITIONS.**

(1) Miss McDonald, first in duet with Miss Carter. (2) Miss R. Conago, first piano solo under 10. (3) Brass Quartet—City Band. (4) Louisa Engel, recitation primary schools. (5) Miss L. Walker, soprano solo (retitled). (6) Miss L. Jessop, song (own accompaniment), Scottish National song. (7) Miss Mayor, first contralto solo (retitled). (8) Miss C. Whitton, dramatic recital (own selection), character sketch (own selection). (9) Miss D. Johnston, drawing under 12. (10) Miss Tinsley, prepared speech, humorous recital (own selection), musical monologue. (11) Mr. C. Sayers, cornet solo, B flat. (12) Miss G. Biggin, piano concerto. (13) Miss M. Wilcock, recitation under 16. (14) Miss J. Bartlett, mezzo-soprano solo. (15) Mr. Walters, sacred tenor solo. (16) Miss L. Gardner, soprano solo, operatic soprano solo, sacred solo. (17) Mr. H. E. Jones, flute solo. (18) Mr. F. Chapman, mandoline solo. (19) Miss G. Evans, contralto solo, song (own selection), operatic contralto solo, premier lady vocalist. (20) Mr. J. Bell, Shakespearean recital, musical monologue, Dickens character sketch, slight reading, dramatic recital, premier gentleman elocutionist. (21) Mr. F. Garland, euphonium solo. (22) Miss Edna Craig, piano solo under 12.



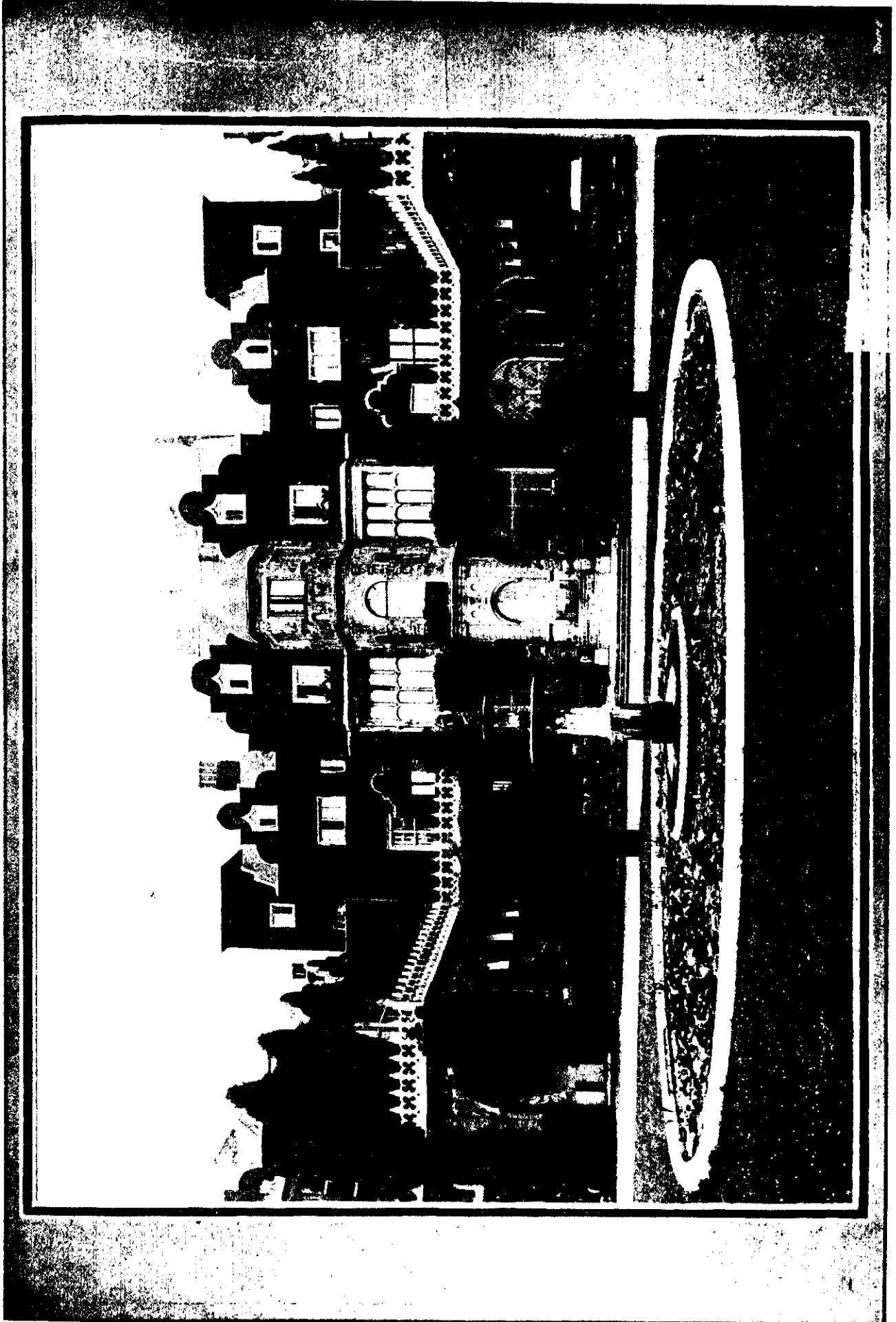
Nash, photo.

THE CHRISTCHURCH PUBLIC HOSPITAL, SHOWING THE NEW WARDS.



A SCENE FROM "KISMET"—IN THE WAZIR MANSUR'S HAREM.

The scene represents a colonnaded courtyard, the centre of which is occupied by a large, marble swimming pool. During the progress of the act a young girl plunges into the water. The New Zealand tour of this famous play opens in Auckland on September 16th.



HOLLAND HOUSE—A BEAUTIFUL AND AN HISTORIC LONDON MANSION.

Vasey, photo.

Holland House is the town residence of the Earl of Hobart, and is situated in Kensington, London W., within a few minutes of the busy streets of the city. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and is one of the most beautiful mansions in the United Kingdom. The first building on the site was raised here by one of the Earls of Holland, who is understood to have brought it from Spain. In the time of Monmouth, Holland House is said to have been the gathering place for people distinguished in political and literary history. In fact, Holland House is said to have seen the gathering of more famous politicians and writers than any other house in the United Kingdom.



Schmidt, photo.  
MASTER A. LEONARD,

Winner of recitation for children of Standard V. and under, sight reading for pupils of primary schools, and also champion elocutionist of primary schools at the Auckland Competitions.



F. N. Jones, photo.

MISS V. COLLINS WINNING THE NEW ZEALAND LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1912—THE LAST SHOT OF THE MATCH.



MR. ALAN BAILEY,

Mr. Bailey, who is 19 years of age, won the bass and also the restricted bass solos at the Auckland Competitions.



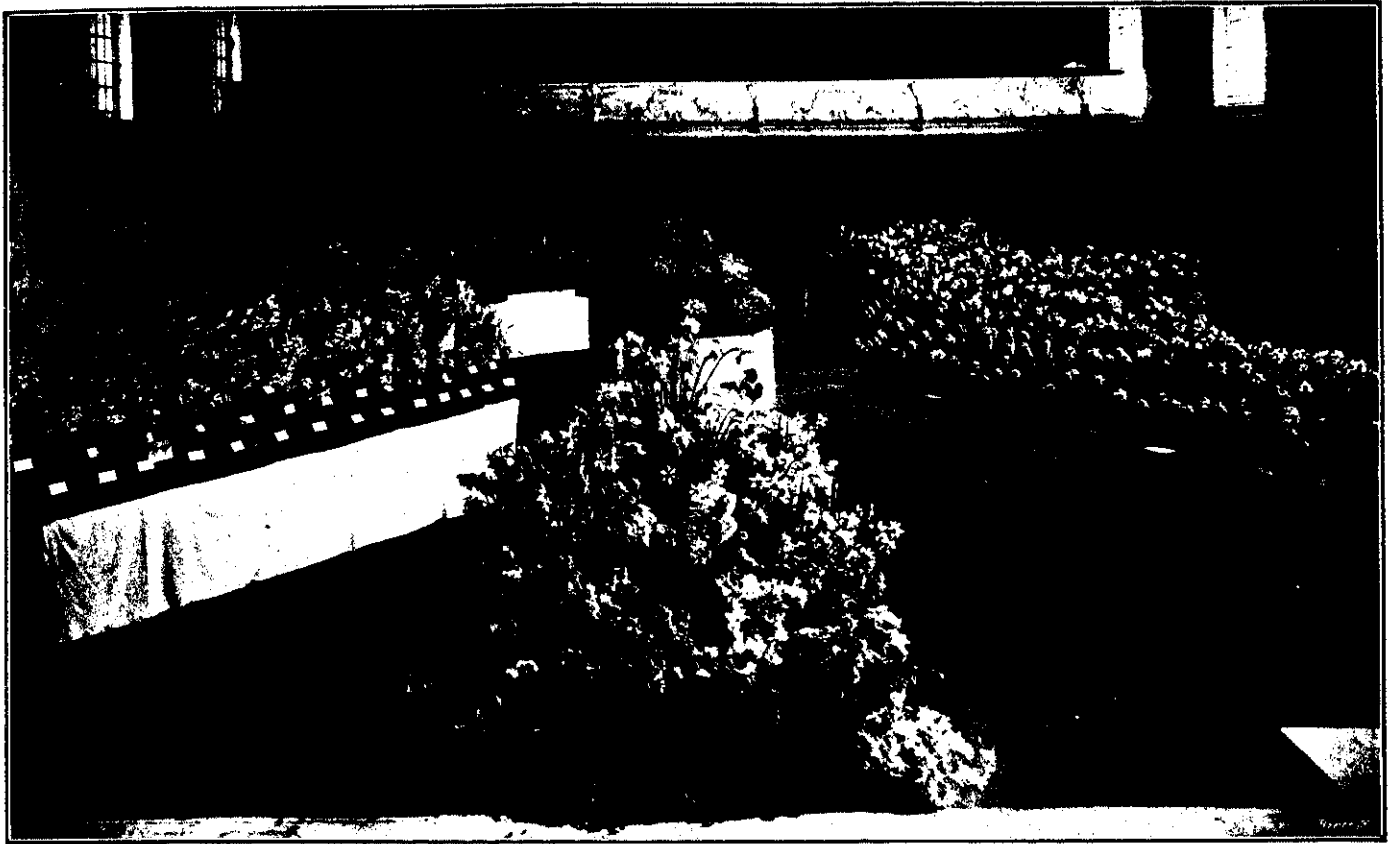
J. Carlless, copyright photo. **THE MEN AGAINST WHOM THE FEDERATION OF LABOUR HAS DECLARED WAR.**

The photo shows a number of the members of the Walki Engine-drivers' Union who have lately come into considerable prominence owing to the tactics employed against them by the Federationists now out on strike. The Engine-drivers' Union numbers 65 members, and they have been the recipients of financial assistance from many parts of the Dominion in order to enable them to continue their fight against the Federation of Labour.



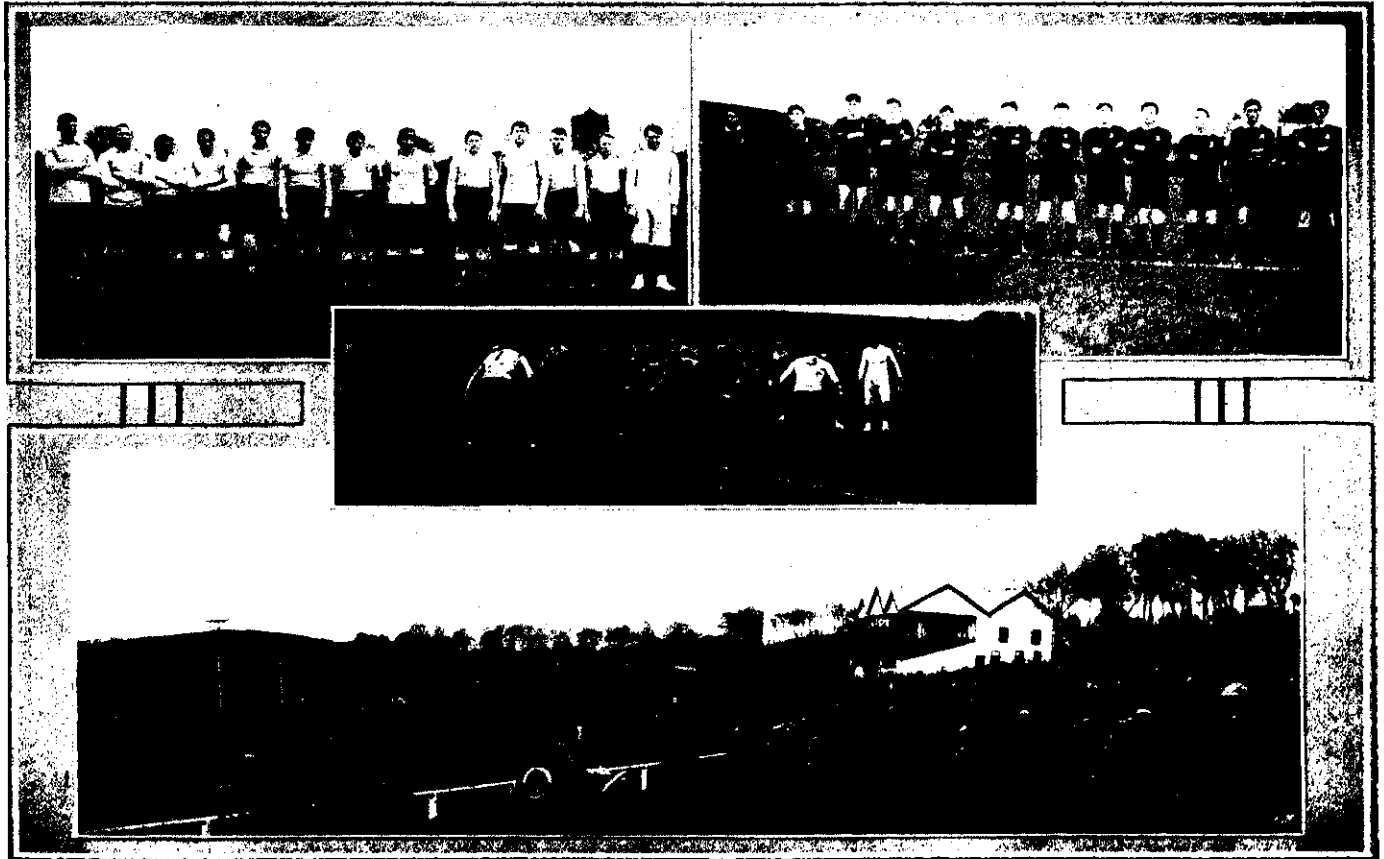
Reubrandt Studios, photo.

**A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS AT THE MARTON SPRING MEETING.**



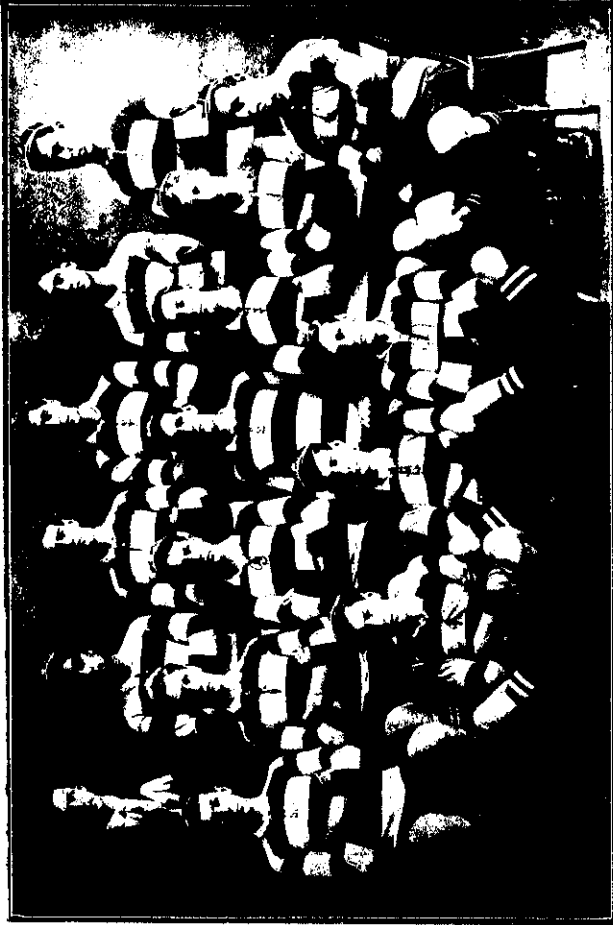
**SOME OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW.**

The Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show was held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall last week. The principal flower at this show is the daffodil, and the display of this beautiful bloom was very fine indeed. A full report of the Show, with criticisms of the various exhibits and illustrations of the chief prizewinners, will appear in our issue of September 18.

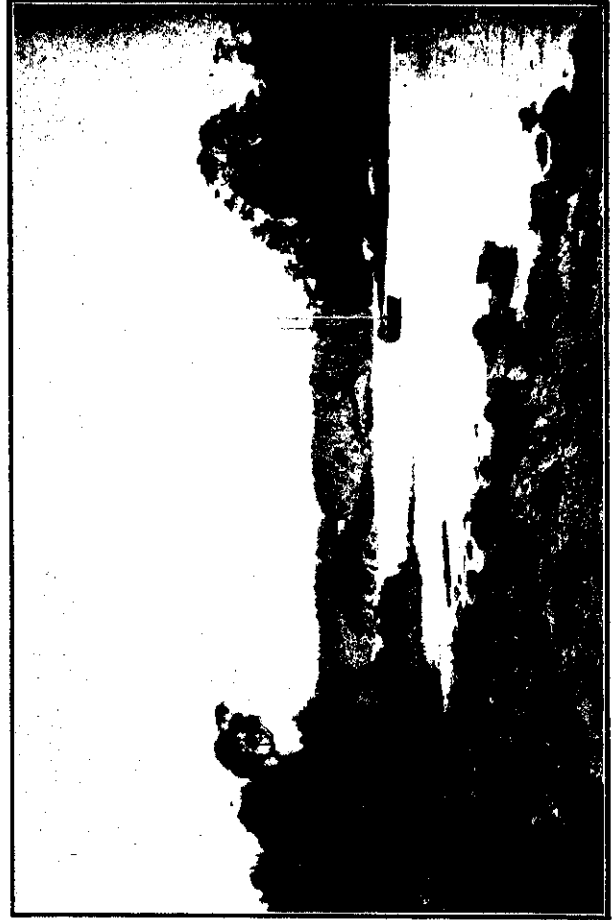


**NEW SOUTH WALES DEFEATS NEW ZEALAND UNDER RUGBY LEAGUE RULES.**

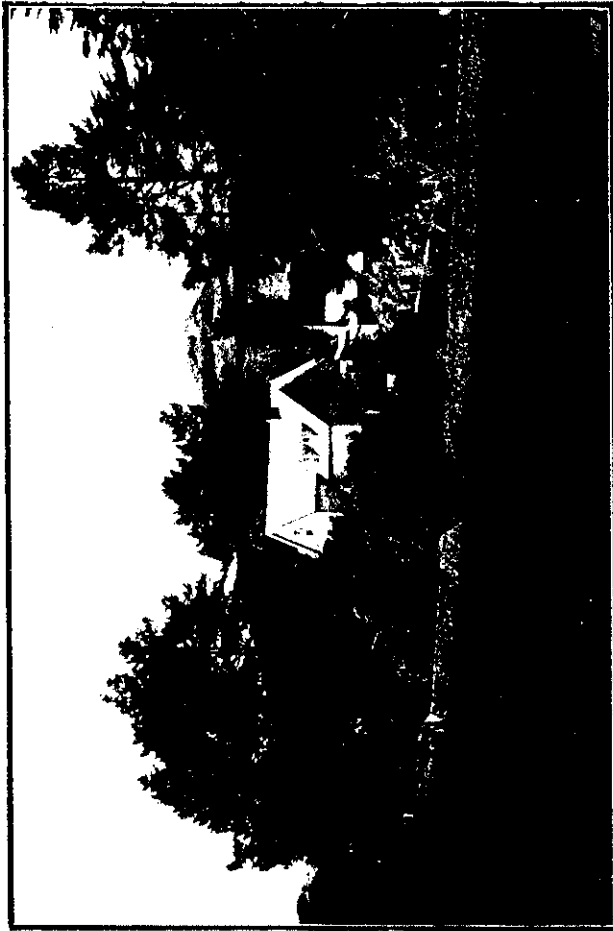
Great interest was taken in the match between New South Wales and New Zealand, which was played under Rugby League rules on the Auckland Domain on Saturday last. It is estimated that about 20,000 people witnessed the match. The visitors won by 18 points to 10 and fully deserved the victory. In the top left-hand corner is the visiting team, and on the opposite side are the New Zealand representatives. The picture at the bottom gives some idea of the number of people who witnessed the match.



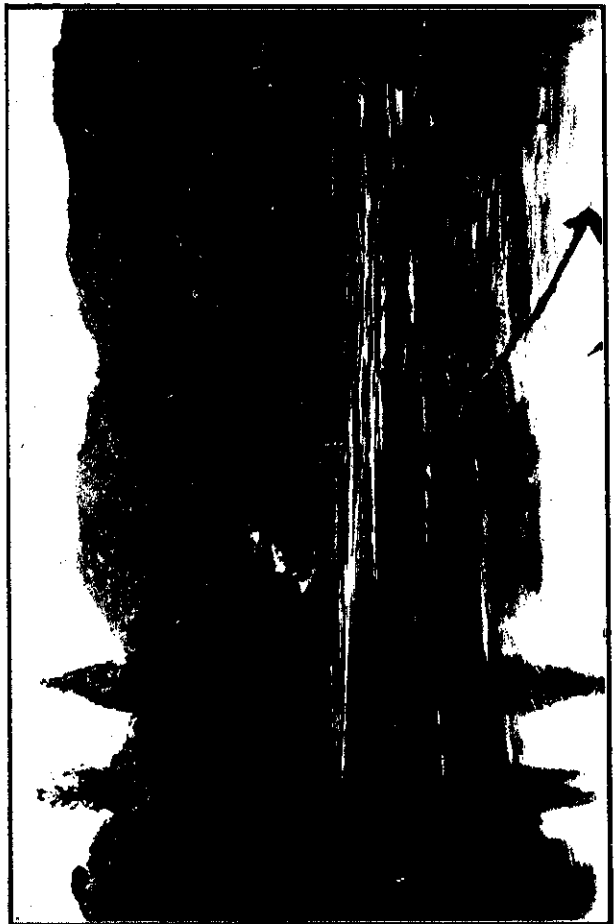
Schmidt, photo.  
 INTERCOLLEGE FOOTBALL—THE NELSON COLLEGE TEAM WHICH VISITED AUCKLAND LAST WEEK.  
 The Nelson boys played matches against the Auckland Grammar School and King's College teams, a draw being the result in each case.



Peruh, photo.  
 PICTURESQUE STEWART ISLAND—A VIEW OF BRAGG'S BAY.



THE BEAUTIFULY-SITUATED BUILDINGS OF THE THREE KINGS METHODIST COLLEGE.  
 This institution is shortly to be removed to a more suitable site near Pukekohe, and a proposal has been made to secure some of the magnificent site at Three Kings as a public park for Auckland.



A FAVOURITE HAUNT FOR FISHERMEN ON THE KAITUNA RIVER.



# Where Lawlessness Survives.

The Story of the Mountain Wolf-pack at Hillsville and the Judge who Braved Them.

By WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY.

**A** MOST within the shadow of the Capitol dome at Washington, a court of justice was annihilated on Thursday, March 14, 1912, by the hand of lawlessness. Judge, public prosecutor, sheriff, and a juror murdered, a second juror and a girl witness wounded unto death, the clerk of the court and two bystanders bullet-riddled—this in the commonwealth of Virginia, where law and order had their very beginnings in America.

A night's train ride from New York and one is in the country of this frightful crime. But as it bred and nurtured lawlessness, so it reared a man unafraid to lay down his life that the law might triumph. This man's faith was anchored in the supremacy of the law. His duty as an instrument of the law was an ideal enshrined in his heart.

A man can do no more than suffer death for an ideal; his faith can demand no greater sacrifice. It is the transcendent price, and Thornton Lemmon Massie paid it so terribly that civilisation gasped in horror.

If this crime had been committed at some outpost of the law, the raw conditions peculiar to new lands would readily suggest an explanation. But one does not expect to find chaos in the midst of civilisation. Still it exists, hidden though it has been. It is not only Virginia's problem, but West Virginia's, Tennessee's, Kentucky's, the Carolinas', Georgia's. The mountain fastnesses of any of these States contain the elements which might produce a similar tragedy.

The same ships that more than 200 years ago brought the forebears of Thornton Massie across seas to this land brought those from whom sprang his assassins, the Allens, and most of the mountain clans like them. Wealthier and better educated aliens pre-empted the richer lands, between the sea and

tempestuous spirit of the hill people kept ever alive.

They hated slavery because it was an institution of those they hated. This was the big motive that sent so many of them into the ranks of the Federal army in the Civil War. Their bitterest enemy ever since has been the Union for which they fought. As a source of war revenue, a tax that has never been lifted was put upon whisky. The mountaineers will not pay this tax. They argue that if it isn't a crime to make meal out of their corn, it is not a crime to make whisky out of the meal. So much blood has been spent in a bushwhacking warfare between revenue officers and moonshiners that the hills sigh with the burden of it.

"No good can come out of Carroll County," has been a phrase in southwestern Virginia for more than a generation. Nearly a hundred years ago William Allen, an ox of a man, who fought with his hairy fists and cowhide boots, started a wolf breed which was long to rule Carroll in terror. He settled in Fancy Gap, through which the north tumbles over the Blue Ridge into North Carolina. Given his own way, peaceable; crossed, a demon. His son, Jerry, father of the present generation, was like him. He, too, fought only with hands and feet. There are those in Carroll County who hand on, with pride, the legend that William and Jerry never used pistols. An easy answer is that pistols were not then to be had for a song.

Six-footers as a rule, big-boned, tightly flanked, dynamic, most of them fair, and blue or grey of eye, are the Allens. Jerry had five sons—Victor, born 60 years ago; Floyd, three years later; then Jasper, called Jack; Sidna, craftiest of the lot; and Garland—and a daughter, Alveta. Keener mentally than their neighbours, and knowing no law but their will, they

dress Jack's wounds, and Floyd, beckoning his wife to his side, whispered: "Get my old rusty," meaning his pistol. "I'm going 't' kill that lying fraud of a doctor. My time ain't yet!" And though they believed Floyd to be at death's door, his people made the physician leave.

Revenue officers barked at, but did not bite, the Allens. One, with a warrant, once went to search Floyd Allen's barn. When he finished reading the warrant, Floyd dawdled: "That thar paper says you've a right to go in, but it don't say nothin' 'bout you comin' out agin, stranger."

There was a second's measuring of glances, and the officer rode away.

Victor, Floyd's eldest son, driving out a load of moonshine whisky, met a revenue officer.

"What you loaded with thar?" asked the officer.

"Manhood and moonshine," retorted Victor. There was an instant of silence, and the officer went on his way.

Twelve years ago, when Floyd Allen was a deputy sheriff, Mack Howlett, a farmer, killed one of the pack in self-defence. Wilbur Morris, a cousin of the Allens, was jailed. They took Howlett

fill many subordinate county offices—deputy sheriff, tax-collector, deputy treasurer, constable.

Seven years ago, with Democratic support, they endeavoured to elect Walter Allen, a son of Jack, commonwealth's attorney. The pro-union they were later to assassinate defeated him. Walter's sudden death not long afterward, while in swimming, poisoned the sting of defeat. The clan had worshipped him. He was an Allen, yet not of them, for he was educated; he had taught school, graduated from Washington and Lee University, and been admitted to the Bar. In the aftermath of the bitter campaign, Floyd Allen claimed it had been reported to him that Foster, the prosecutor, had said that the whole Allen brood ought to be killed. Foster denied it.

"I can't prove it," said Floyd, "but if I could, I'd blow your brains out where you stand."

Politics with the Allens meant business as well as power. Jack Allen's principal duty as constable was oppressing to those who were debtors to his brothers. Sidna Allen purchased store supplies in distant cities, intending to de-



THE COURT-HOUSE AT HILLSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Where a court of justice was annihilated by a band of lawless mountaineers.

from his cell, where he was awaiting trial, and shot out his life in the Hillsville jailyard.

"An act of parties unknown," was a coroner's jury's verdict.

### The Allens' Vengeance.

A North Carolina policeman arrested Floyd for fighting in the streets of Mount Airy. Floyd was fined 25 dollars. Shortly afterward, Floyd caught the officer in Fancy Gap, beat him in the face, stretched him on the seat of his own buggy, and started the horse at a gallop down the mountain. A month afterward the policeman shot at Allen. His pistol, slung across his breast, stopped the bullet. As Allen drew, the cylinder of the shattered weapon fell out, whereupon Allen turned and fled.

Four years later a Dunkard preacher named Easter dared testify against an Allen follower in an illicit whisky case. Within a week a call in the night brought him from his bed to the door. A voice outside told the preacher that a deputy sheriff was seeking fodder and water for his horse. As Easter opened the door, a volley of pistol shots shrieked through the mountain stillness. Thirty bullets sped through his body. There was a thunder of hoofs as the assassins fled through the thicket.

"An Allen never goes to jail." This was the creed of the pack. Terror helped them sustain it. So did politics. A jury once fined Floyd Allen 100 dollars and sentenced him to an hour's imprisonment for assault. He gave bail and appealed. Pending the appeal, he went to Richmond with his lawyers, and on the representation that the jury had added the jail sentence under a misapprehension that it was mandatory, the governor pardoned him the hour.

Carroll County, persistently anomalous, is a Republican stronghold. About a thousand Democrats go down to defeat at every election. The Allens and their followers form a third party, although calling themselves Republicans. As the prospect of the most influence and favour dictated, they voted the Republican ticket or threw their strength to the Democrats. Thus they came to

fraud. He limited the purchase price in each instance so that the jurisdiction of the debt remained in a peace justice's court. It was easier to elect a justice of the peace than trust himself to a jury in the higher courts. Merchants who sued him were invariably beaten.

Last New Year Sidna had a business rating of 30,000 dollars. He had been a postmaster. The post-office of Sidna, Virginia, is named after him. Three years ago he added counterfeiting to his other activities. When the Government caught him, he persuaded his accomplice, his hired man, Dinkins, to swear him free, promising to pay Dinkins's family a dollar a day all the time he was in prison—a long term. He paid the dollar for only two months. In revenge for this treachery, Dinkins confessed, Allen was convicted of perjury and sentenced to two years at hard labour. He gave bail and appealed. Almost in the moment of his slaying one judge, another was granting him a new trial.

Sidna joined the Klondyke rush. He returned to the hills with an ambition to own the finest house there. He built it. It burned mysteriously, and brought him 9,000 dollars insurance. He rebuilt, this time a sort of bungalow, with most of the modern conveniences—though this "mans-ion" of romance, so impressive in the hill country, could be reproduced in any town for less than 5,000 dollars.

Last spring Sidna and Wesley Edwards, sons of Alveta Allen, broke up a Fancy Gap revival meeting which their Uncle Garland was heading. They "loved that Garland" was too mean to preach." Tom Samuels, a deputy sheriff, who had boasted when he was appointed that no Allen could "trim" him, was at the meeting. His boast was challenged. With the Edwards' cuts bandaged and roped, he started in his buggy toward Hillsville, the county-seat.

Half way there, and at a point near Sidna Allen's home, the six feet of Floyd, eyes ablaze and snarling like an old grey timber wolf, confronted him. Floyd dragged him from the buggy, and the deputy drew a pistol. Allen smashed him on the head with the weapon and freed the prisoners. When Samuels



A TYPICAL VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN HOME.

These hill people, isolated from civilization, hate all who are not of their kind.

the mountains; only the hills were free to these people. So they wrested the highlands from the Indian and the wild beast, and defied the code of the strong. They hated those who had taken the rich lowlands on each side of them, and this hatred bred a suspicion of all men not of their kind. They cut themselves off from all intercourse with the world.

Then, through the years, men with a price in their heads took to mountaineers. Harbour was given them, not because they as individuals asked it, but because they had struck at the social system of those whom the mountaineers hated. Thus was hot blood made hotter and the

naturally prospered in horse-swapping, note-shaving, store-keeping, moonshining, and farming all except Garland, who chose to be a Primitive Baptist preacher.

Floyd early took the lead of the pack. Victor, the first-born, did not challenge him. Jack did. They disagreed over a land deal. Jack shot Floyd through the lungs. Floyd shot Jack in the middle of the forehead. The bullet passed around the head between the scalp and the skull. His last shot gone, Floyd fell upon Jack and beat him with his pistol butt until strength failed him. A physician, summoned from a Carolina village, said Floyd was dying. He left him to

opened his eyes, Floyd told him he would kill him if he ever touched an Allen again. He broke Sammel's pistol across a wheel of the buggy and, throwing the pieces into the rig, told him to move on. As the deputy drove over the mountain, the curtain fell on the prologue of a tragedy that was to stir the world.

**The Massies From "Down Yonder."**

As the mountains fostered the Allens in lawlessness, so did the valleys and meadows below—"the land down yonder"—foster the Massies in respect for the law and their fellow-men's rights. Not blood and vengeance were their heritage, but peace and the finest tradition of civilisation.

Peter, ancestor in this country of Thornton Massie, in 1698 patented lands in York County down by the sea. As university graduates, planters, surveyors, officers in the wars with England and the Indians, physicians, surgeons, burgesses, lawyers, Constitution-makers, and college trustees, Peter's people descended. Thornton Massie's great-grandfather was a major on Nelson's staff at the fall of Yorktown. His grandfather, a physician, studied for his profession in Edinburgh, London, and Paris. Each generation carried the family farther west in Virginia, until Patrick Cabell Massie, graduate of Yale and father of Thornton, settled in Nelson County, in the heart of the Old Dominion. Thornton was born there in 1806; his mother was a sister of United States Senator Robert E. Withers.

Massie passed from the academic department of the University of Virginia into its school of law. Home on a vacation visit soon afterward, his father asked him to draw a charge from a menacing old muzzle-loading gun. Withers, a brother, then but a youngster, pulled the trigger, ignorant that a cap was still on the weapon. Thornton's left hand was torn off at the wrist. He quit college and taught school, continuing his law studies privately until his admission to the bar in his twenty-first year. That year, 1828, saw his shingle hung out in Pulaski, then only a boom town nestling on the southeastern slope of the Alleghenies. In a little while he

married Mary Kent Nicholson, a county beauty and daughter of an old family.

Massie's was not the brilliant, passionate temperament which snatches fame and following from the emotions of a people. He developed slowly. With him litigation was a lawyer's last, not his first, resort. He lost many a fee. Early in his career one of his best clients suggested a shady way of accomplishing a certain result in court, all legal steps having failed up to that time. Massie handed the man the papers in the case and told him he had made a mistake in

friends, he made a quick shot at a rabbit. His horse, a fractious brute, reared and tried to throw him. To shoot it had been necessary for him to drop the reins. His horrified companions called to him to throw away his gun and save himself. He seemed not to hear them. After a long struggle he succeeded in "breaking" the gun and drawing its load. Then he dropped the gun and picked up the reins. A friend reproved him for not throwing away the gun in the beginning.

sacrifice for a man with two sons and a daughter to launch in life.

Still, there was a lure in it—a problem to be solved. The lawlessness of Virginia's mountains too long had been an affront. Carroll and Grayson counties, just across the border of Pulaski, were ten thousand miles away. Carroll, its county-seat, twelve miles from a railway, might boast a twenty-five-thousand-dollar bank building, but not a dollar to build a road. It might boast of its clans, but not an official brave enough to assess property at more than a fifth of its true value. And lawlessness could boast of a bench emptied by the resignation of each of the five judges who had occupied it in twenty years. With this vision Massie husbanded his resources and accepted the appointment.

From his beginning as a judge, Massie began to write himself largely into the law of Virginia. He was reversed but three times in his four years of service. Only a month before his end, the bar of the circuit, regardless of politics, petitioned the governor to appoint him to the Supreme Court of Appeals.

The county officials discovered at the outset that he could not be intimidated. He commanded their fealty. And the law-abiding folk of Carroll early learned that they could put their faith in this man who had come up to them "from down yonder."

This was the new force that Floyd Allen reckoned without when he made his assault upon Tom Samuels. If he gave it a second thought, it was that he might have to pay a fine. To be convicted and sentenced to wear stripes without the alternative of a fine—that was unthinkable.

Samuels, arriving in Hillsville without his prisoners, reported how he had lost them. With Massie behind it, the grand jury indicted the cubs. Floyd Allen gave bail and kept them from gaol pending trial. A petit jury dare convict them. Massie sentenced Sidna Edwards to ninety days' imprisonment and Wesley to thirty.

The creed of the wolf clan had been set at naught! Two Allens were behind bars! The law was coming into its own. Massie immediately impanelled a new grand jury to investigate the assault on



THE POSSE OF HEAVILY-ARMED DETECTIVES ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS TO SEARCH FOR THE ALLEN OUTLAWS.

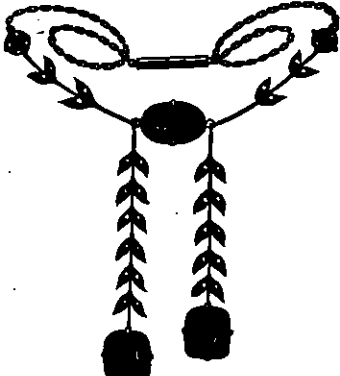
employing a lawyer. He served as the town's attorney, led its fight to be made the county-seat of Pulaski, and sat in its council.

There are three tests in southwestern Virginia to assess a man's worth: To drink with him. To play poker with him. To hunt with him. Thornton Massie stood the assay.

Despite Massie's one-handedness, his county boasted no better shot. Hunting horseback once with a party of

"It might have injured one of you. It was loaded," he answered.

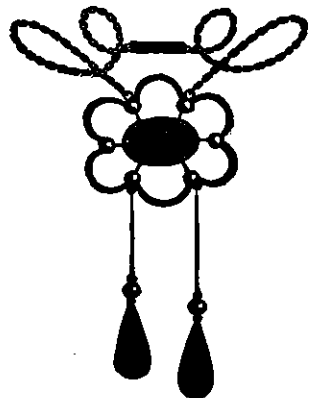
Massie was a leader of his bar when his old classmate, Senator Claude Swanson, then governor of Virginia, tendered him the appointment to the circuit bench of Pulaski, Wythe, Grayson, and Carroll counties. He was earning between five thousand and six thousand dollars a year. To give this up for twenty-five hundred dollars a year, and meagre travelling expenses was a tremendous



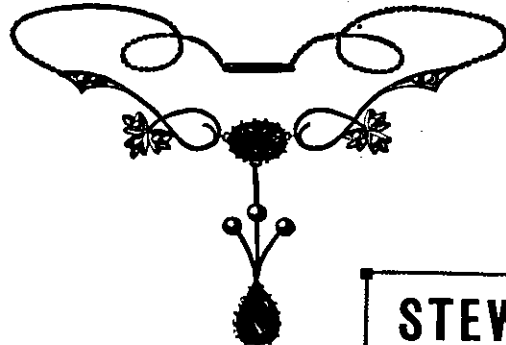
**Dainty Amethyst and Pearl Necklet**  
9-ct. gold, £5/10/-

## New Necklets

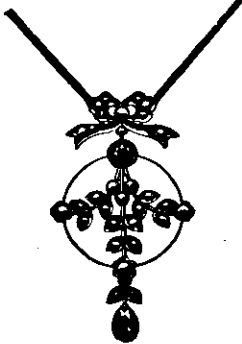
The magnificent range of New and Dainty Necklets now being shown at the Treasure House is without doubt the finest collection of gems any New Zealand Jewellery store has been privileged to show; the purity of stones, excellent workmanship will appeal to both judges of value and lovers of dainty jewellery.



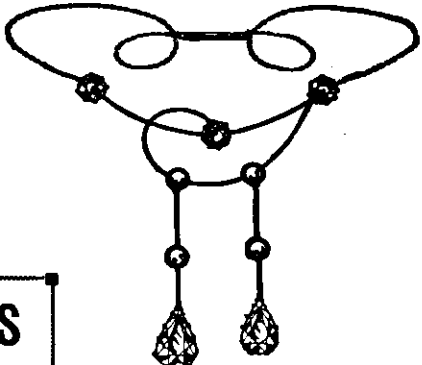
**C 2589.—9-ct. gold Amethysts and Pearls, £4/7/6 Aquamarines and Pearls, £7/10/- Peridots and Pearls £10/0/0**



**C 2571.—9-ct. Gold. Set with fine Amethysts and Pearls £3/5/- Same design set with Aquamarines and Pearls, £4/10/-**



**J 4027.—Set with fine Peridots and Pearls £4/-**



**C 2573.—9-ct. Gold. In fine Amethysts and Pearls, £2/12/6. Also with Aquamarines and Pearls, £5; and Peridots and Pearls, £4/7/6**

# STEWART DAWSON'S

Queen Street, Auckland.

Samuels. Floyd Allen sent word to the deputy that if he testified against him, he would kill him. Foster, the commonwealth's attorney, found a witness, however, in Peter Easter, brother of the murdered Dunkard preacher. Floyd Allen planned a bold stroke. He stalked before the grand jury, admitted beating Samuels, but denied doing it with the intent of releasing the prisoners.

"That thar Samuels was abusin' the boys," he told the jury. "He had them handcuffed and tied with a rope. I jes' can't bear to see anybody drug aroun'."

Allen's own statement settled his indictment. Massie admitted him to bail, and, the December term of court being at an end, set his trial for the beginning of the March term.

Early in January the news filtered down through the snows to Massie's home in Pulaski that the Allens had sworn, come what might, that if Floyd were convicted he would never go to gaol.

"Only the law is supreme, and it must be unafraid. No lawlessness can make it afraid," was Massie's answer.

As the winter loosened its grip on the mountains, the wind seemed to carry the snarl of the Allens. The sheriff of Pulaski urged Massie to go armed. Massie answered: "No man would be fit to sit on the bench of Virginia or any other state in this land, who carried a deadly weapon to his task of administering justice." When another friend pleaded with him to arm himself he said: "When a judge must ascend the bench with his hand gripping a pistol, the day of the law is past. Civilisation is a failure."

From Samuels, "hiding out" in North Carolina, came a message that he would appear if the court would permit him and his brothers to come armed with rifles. Massie answered that no man or men would be permitted to come with rifles into any court over which he presided; that if Samuels entered the jurisdiction of the court he would command the sheriff to produce him by force. Came another message, pregnant with warning—from an unfurtored mountain woman—Peter Easter's sister:—

Mar. 2, 1912,  
Mt. Airy, N.C.

Judge Massy Pulaski Va.  
Dear friend I will write to inform you that the people in this country are expecting Peter Easter to be killed in the case against Allens Between now and Court or at Court. I had one brother killed 4 years ago by the out laws of this country J. A. Easter, please look after my brother, P. D. Easter that is witness against Allens, we think he will be killed.

AMANDY LEONARD.



A MOONSHINE STILL TAKEN ON THE FARM OF FLOYD ALLEN.

For many years the revenue officers barked at, but did not bite, the Allens.

Massie had never carried his worries and cares into his family's threshold. So he left his home in peace on the morning of Monday, March 12, when he went into the mountains. Armed only with his faith in the law, he walked into the jaws of death like a knight of the Grail.

Floyd Allen's case went to the jury on Wednesday evening. The trial had consumed most of the day. The hour of adjournment came without an agreement, and the twelve men who were going to prove that good could come out

of Carroll County were excused till morning. No one will ever know the conflict between duty and cowardice which went on in their souls that night. All day the sheriff and his deputies had gone armed. Dexter Goad, clerk of the court, carried a new automatic. Will Foster, Commonwealth's attorney and fearless prosecutor, was armed.

Court convened at eight o'clock Thursday morning. The jury retired. For half an hour Massie drove along the routine of the court with his usual calmness. An attorney handed him an order

bar's rear railing, facing Massie. Friel Allen, Jack's son, sat at Sidna Allen's right. In the background Sidna Edwards slotted uneasily on a foot scalded in an illicit still. Strangely, Jack Allen and his constable's badge were missing. Goad, the clerk, sat in his well on the judge's left. At the well gate stood Sheriff Lew Webb.

That is the stage as men who came through the hell of the next five minutes remember it.

The jury filed in to its twelve rough chairs string along the front of the judge's seat. Their faces were pale and their eyes glistening. They were polled. The foreman rose, gulping, at the request for the verdict.

"We—we find—we find the defendant guilty," he read, "and—fix the penalty at imprisonment for one year at hard labour."

Every eye sought Floyd Allen's black face. A mutter came through his heavy moustache as he drew it in with his teeth.

"Guilty as charged," Massie corrected the verdict, and with trembling hand the foreman leaned over to correct the form. Floyd Allen started as if to stand up. His glance swept the court-room like a flash of lightning. Bolen, his principal attorney, twenty years earlier a judge where Massie now sat, put out a restraining hand and rose. Every eye bent to Massie's face now. Bolen played every card of the law, even claiming "newly discovered evidence."

"I will hear you to-morrow," ruled Massie.

Bolen asked for a continuance of bail. "The sheriff will take the prisoner into custody," was the command that answered this plea.

The sheriff started. Floyd Allen heaved out of his chair, his hands tearing at the sweater which covered his mailed chest and abdomen.

"I won't—I—I—"

"None of that!" cried the sheriff, drawing.

"I—I—jes'—jes' can't go to gaol! I won't!" yelled the old wolf.

Massie leaned forward to speak. Sidna Allen, standing now on a bench against the wall, fired three at him with the swiftness of a rattler stinging. The half hundred onlookers who crowded the room were surging through its two doors, trampling one another like cattle going

## For Sale

£2,000, of the £100,000 issue of 6% first lien Debentures issued by the Taupo Totara Timber Company, Ltd., and the Wellington Industrial Development Company, in lots of £500, £1000 or as a whole. These are secured over all the assets of both Companies both present and future except uncalled capital, stocks, book and other debts. The security is stated to consist of 56,000 acres freehold, including 7000 acres of untouched Totara bush, also the rights over 6,000 acres of bush of which only half has been cut out, as well as 56 miles of railway line and the sawmilling plant. Provision is made for a sinking fund and for redemption before maturity, at the option of the Companies, on payment of a premium of 5%.

The Trustees for the Debenture holders are Messrs J. N. Williams and F. G. Dalziel.

ANDREW GRAY,

Smeeton's Building,  
Queen Street, Auckland.

into chairs. Thornton Massie slid out of his chair, choking for breath. At the same moment Sidna Allen fired Floyd had fired too. The Sheriff lay at his feet. From behind Floyd, where Claude Allen had been standing, a stream of lead had sped into Will Foster's back. Foster, with five bullets in him, staggered into the jury-room to die. Goad, shooting at Floyd, came out of his well. A juror dropped from a bullet which sped from where Sidna Allen, wounded twice, led the pack out from the court into the street and away from the cross-fire of a boy deputy sheriff.

With the lust of the kill upon them, the Aliens fired wherever head or hand raised itself in their vision, and Hillsville holted its doors and hid as they fled. Behind the Confederate monument in front of the court-house, Sidna came to a stand. One of the Edwards cubs gave him a fresh weapon. An unarmed man, discovering him suddenly, turned to flee behind the court-house for shelter. Allen dropped him with a shot in the back.

It was Andrew Howlett, brother of the man who was murdered in the gaol-yard twelve years ago. Then Sidna was off.

Last of all Floyd Allen, wounded three times, dragged himself into the street under the renewed fire of Goad, who fought on, jaw and legs pierced by bullets, until he held an empty pistol. Floyd raised a leg to mount a horse, and his thigh, shattered by a bullet, crumpled under him. He had run his last with the pack.

As he lay where he fell, cursing God for making men out of flesh and bones and not steel, Thornton Massie was breathing his last fifteen minutes of life. His death bullet passed through the pocket in which was found the pathetic note of Amanda Leonard asking him to "please look after" her brother.

"I did only my duty," he whispered to a friend who held his hand. "I could not have done otherwise." There was a word for his brother and then: "Mamie, my wife—my— " and he was dead—a priest of the law at his shrine, with his acolytes round him.

The law is justifying Thornton Massie's faith even as he justified his life. Men like him will solve the mountain problem. Men like him can solve any problem.

### In the Matopos.

(From "The State" of South Africa.)

Far as the eye can see they lie, those granite hills, low lengths of spellbound earth waves that rear their domed heads up to the horizon in range beyond range of dim blue crests, a Titan's stepping-stones linking earth and heaven. On the north and south, on the east and west, they stretch in their arrested undulations, holding in their rocky fastnesses the secrets of a thousand years. On every side are tossed mammoth granite boulders, gay with the scarlet and orange and brown of lichens that trail thickly over them; heaving their pale blue out of valleys standing thick with trees, waving masses of green and yellow foliage that gleam and dance in the sunlight; whilst here and there a spectral fever-tree, shaking in the wild sweet air that riots over hill and valley, stands gauntly out, a woeful ghost-tree.

And deep held in the heart of the land is the Hill of the Grave, the hill that holds in its grey embrace him who living "was the land" and dead whose "soul shall be her soul." "In the shadow of a great rock" he lies, with the wind crying out for him, and the grim bombers standing sentinel over him, and that band of heroes of whom was written that epitaph that holds an epic—"There were no survivors."

### THE MISSES WRIGLEY HAIR AND FACE SPECIALISTS.

WATSON'S BUILDINGS, WELLESLEY ST., E. (Phone 1566), AUCKLAND. Consultation Free.  
Miss Wrigley is prepared to treat all scalp diseases and teach patients Home Treatment and Scientific Massage of Head and Face, after only preparations suited to each case. Electrolysis, Hair-removing, Pedicuring, Shampooing, Manicuring, Treatment for Blackheads, Electrical and Vibro Massage. Lessons given in Hairdressing. Hairwork of every description. Combings made up, 2/- per ounce. Human Hair made specially. Business carried on as usual at 89 KARANAHAE ROAD. (Phone 870.)



# The Largest Ship Yet Constructed.

## The Launch of the 65,000 Ton Liner Imperator.

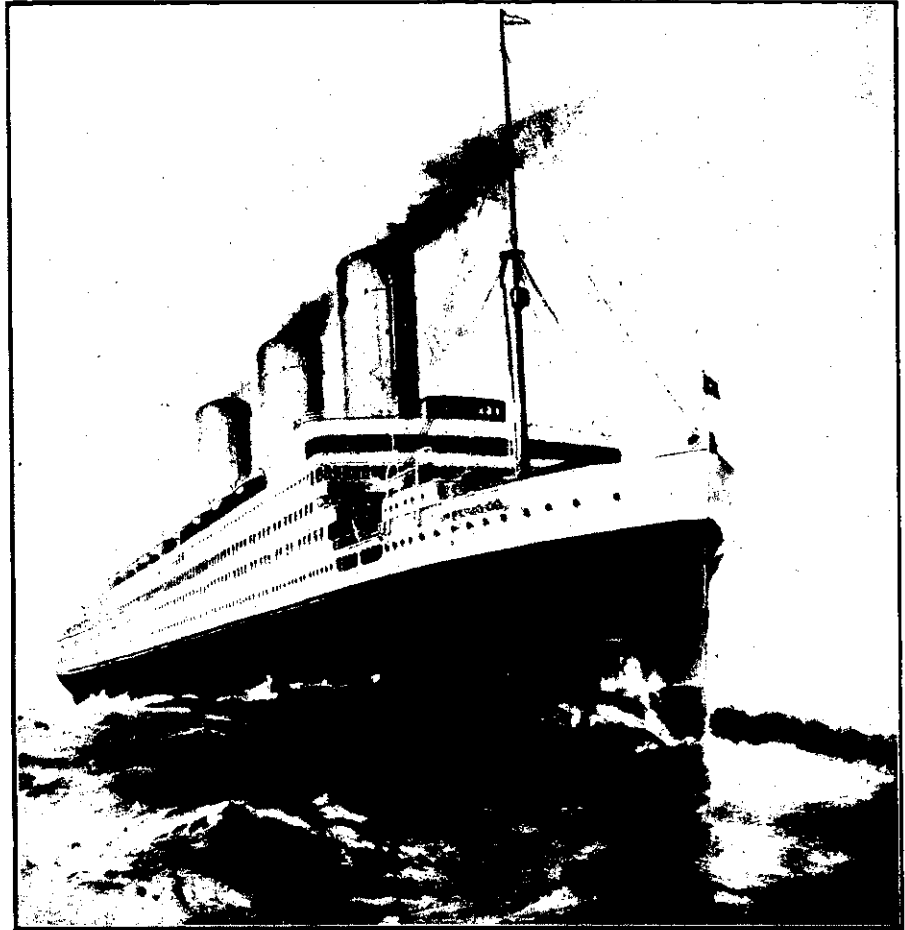
WITH the loss of the Titanic fresh in the public mind, special interest attaches to the recent launch of the Imperator, which exceeds that huge vessel by some 5,000 tons. The ship is being built for the Hamburg-American Company at the Vulcan Yard at Hamburg, and the

she will be equipped with water-tube boilers.

A feature of the ship which will be appreciated by passengers is that she will be fitted with the Frahm anti-rolling tanks, otherwise known from their shape as "U" tanks. This device consists of tanks of large capacity, built on opposite sides of the vessel and con-

nected by an inclosed waterway, through which the water can flow from side to side of the ship as she rolls, its flow being subject to control by valves. Experience in the few passenger ships which have been thus equipped has shown the Frahm tanks to be the most efficient anti-rolling device yet tried.

With the Titanic disaster so recent a fact, the questions which at once arise with regard to the Imperator are those relating to her internal construction and particularly her construction below the water line. What provision has been made for meeting such a devastating accident as that which sent the huge Titanic to the bottom in two hours and thirty minutes? The sub-division of the Imperator below the water line has been carried out under the supervision of the Germanic Lloyd's and the Immigration authorities. It consists of a series of intersecting transverse and longitudinal bulkheads.



THE IMPERATOR—LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT TO-DAY.

Length, 900 feet; Beam, 90 feet; Displacement, 65,000 tons; Horse-power, 70,000; Speed, 22½ knots; Passenger Capacity, 4,100; Crew, 1,100.

ceremony of naming the ship at the launching was performed by the Kaiser, whose interest in the German merchant marine is second only to that which he has shown in the upbuilding of the German navy.

The length of the Imperator is 900 feet, and she thus has the distinction of being the first ship to come within 100 feet of the 1,000-foot ship of which naval architects have been wont to speak in late years in naming the possibilities of length which might be reached before many years have passed. Her beam is 96 feet and her moulded depth 62 feet. From the keel to the bottom deck will be 100 feet and the distance from the keel to the trucks of the masts will be 246 feet. The three funnels will be oval in section, measuring 18 feet on the smaller and 29 feet on the greater axis. The rudder will weigh 90 tons and the diameter of the rudder stock will be 2½ feet.

The ship will be driven by turbines of 70,000 horse-power which will be developed on four shafts, and the estimated speed of the ship is 22½ knots.

# EYES!

If your Eyes are troublesome, we hold a large stock of SPECTACLES to suit all Sights at about ONE-SIXTH of the usual prices charged.

Real Pebble Spectacles ... 3s 9d pair  
Rolled Gold Spectacles ... 3s 9d pair  
Crystal Spectacles, 1s, 1s 6d, 2s, 2s 6d pair

Cases Free, and Post Free

## AT MILLER'S

Fancy Repository,

100 Victoria St., AUCKLAND.

Transversely, the ship is subdivided by twelve bulkheads, which are carried two decks above the water line, with the exception of the collision bulkhead forward, which extends four decks above the same level. These bulkheads are intersected by longitudinal bulkheads, which subdivide the boiler and engine rooms, the under water portion of the ship being divided altogether into twenty-four separate watertight compartments. There are four boiler rooms, containing the water-tube boilers, the type used on this ship. The coal bunkers are placed above the boiler rooms, and along the sides of the ship, in the latter case being known as wing bunkers.

Because of its great size, special interest attaches to the turbine installation. We present illustrations of one of the low-pressure turbines, from which one can gain a vivid impression of the great size and weight of the various parts. The rotor, or rotating part, contains 50,000 blades, and is capable of developing over 22,000 horse-power. The shafting of all four propellers is 1 1/2 feet in diameter. The propellers, which are made of turbadium bronze, are 16 feet 8 inches in diameter. Although the engines are spoken of as being of 70,000 horse-power, it is probable that on test they will develop from 80,000 to 85,000 horse-power.

The German government, in its supervision of the construction of passenger-carrying ships, pays as much attention to the question of fire-protection as it does to that of protection against sinking at sea. The tiers of passenger decks on a huge ship of the size of the "Imperator" are filled with a great amount of material of a highly combustible character, such as wainscotting, passenger stateroom partitions, paint, varnish, and general architectural embellishment. This material would afford highly inflammable fuel, should a fire once obtain a strong hold upon the ship; and the long alleyways if they were not shut off at intervals by the screens, would afford an easy means for the spread of fire throughout the full length of the deck. To prevent this, light steel bulkheads are run from side to side of the ship throughout the passenger accommodation spaces. They are provided with fire doors and drills are held at regular intervals, in which the fire mains are in full service, and the work of closing the smoke doors is carried through by such members of the crew as are detailed for this work.

The Imperator will probably make her maiden trip to New York in the early summer of 1913.

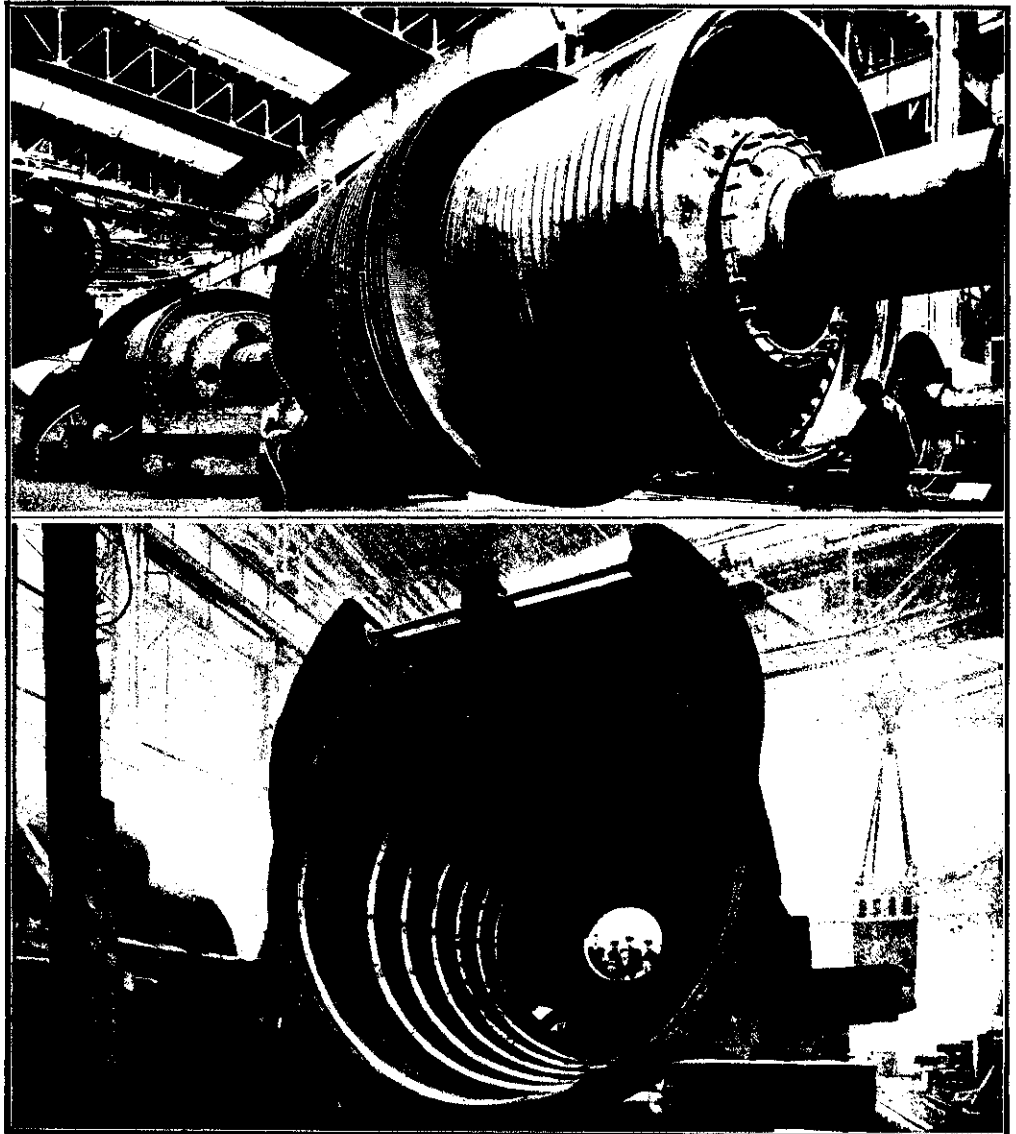
**Lifelike but not Living.**

Several years ago the papers announced that a physicist working in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge had succeeded in producing living things by the action of radium upon bouillon. At that time much less was known about radium than is known to-day, and we were ready to believe almost anything unbelievable about this wonderful substance; but (says the "Scientific American") even then it did not take the scientists long to discover that Burke's "radiobes" were not living things at all. Indeed, the very same phenomena had been observed over a year previous by the French physiologist Dubois, who recognised that they were not living things. Dubois had obtained his radiobes without the use of radium, and he has since shown that they do not depend upon radium in Burke's experiments. Being a biologist, Dubois saw that although there are many things that behave in certain respects like living things, they are not on that account to be classed as living; and when we can at will reproduce certain of the phenomena of life, we are not to claim that we have created artificial life. By placing some barium chloride upon the surface of an organic jelly, there are made to appear a large number of tiny corpuscles which undergo peculiar movements; these enlarge to a certain size and then stop growing, resembling in this respect the behaviour of microbes.

These corpuscles divide and form groups resembling a mulberry; sometimes corpuscles fuse together. At the point where a corpuscle is in contact with the jelly, there appears a growth made up of a mass of very minute roundish bodies which he calls "microbioids," or little life-like bodies. These he has obtained in jellies that were created with various antiseptics. In some preparations the use of

lime soap has brought out the development of structures resembling cells with nuclei in the process of division. Prof. Dubois does not claim that he has created artificial life, but he points out that these microbioids resemble living things in their manner of growth, in the character of their movements, in the appearance of cell-division, in their general structure, and even in the manner of fusing or conjugating. Finally

they become crystallised, passing from the active state to the dead condition. In laying emphasis on the complexity of life and on the fact that each characteristic of life is duplicated by well-known non-living processes, Dubois guards himself against the charge of sensationalism, and his work thus receives more serious consideration from other scientists than the work of such experimenters as Barke or Ledue.



THE LOW-PRESSURE TURBINE OF THE IMPERATOR.

The rotor contains fifty thousand blades. The casing is eighteen feet diameter and twenty-five feet long.



**Look after your teeth!**

If you don't they will fall into decay, and you will lose them, and probably your health as well. There is no excuse for neglect, when for a small outlay they can be kept in good condition.

Odol is unique as a mouth-cleansing preparation, for it exerts its antiseptic and refreshing influence not only whilst using it but for hours after. Being liquid it penetrates all cavities in and between the teeth, which cannot be reached by powders or pastes; and being antiseptic it provides a perfect safeguard against the processes of decomposition which destroy the teeth.

# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society and Auckland Horticultural Society.

By Veronica.

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graph" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send short reports of their proceedings, and also any items of interest to Horticulturists. Photographs of Flowers, Fruits or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcome.

## NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

We would urge upon secretaries of all Horticultural Societies the importance of sending us the dates of their shows. Neglect to do so means loss to their Society in the end.

All schedules forwarded to the Garden Editor of "The Weekly Graphic" will be acknowledged, and a sketch of same published in these columns.

## COMING SHOWS.

**Johnsonville Bulb Show**—September 11 and 12.—Rev. S. H. D. Perryman, Secretary.

**Hamilton Horticultural Society**—Spring Show, Town Hall, September 17; Summer Show, November 21; Autumn Show, April, 1913. Wm. H. Paul, Secretary and Treasurer.

**Hutt Valley Horticultural Society**—Spring Show, 18th and 19th September; Rose Show, 20th November; Sweet Pea and Carnation Show, 18th December; Autumn Show, April, 1913.—T. E. Barker, Wellington, Sec.

**Cambridge Spring Flower Show**—Town Hall, Cambridge, September 20 and 21.—N. C. Marshall, hon. sec.

**Horowhenua Horticultural Show**—Town Hall, Otaki, November.

**Wellington Rose and Carnation Club**—Rose Show, November 12, Town Hall, Wellington. H. A. Fox and J. E. S. Lord, joint hon. secretaries.

**Auckland Horticultural Society**—Grand Summer Exhibition, Town Hall, December 6 and 7. W. Satchell, Managing Director, Swanson Street.

**Wellington Rose and Carnation Club**—Carnation and Sweet Pea Show, December 11, Town Hall, Wellington. H. A. Fox and J. E. S. Lord, joint hon. secretaries.

## GARDEN NOTES.

SEPTEMBER is one of the busiest months in the garden during the whole season, and every effort must be made to cope with the numerous important crops demanding attention. All plots where crops have been grown should be dug over; weeding must not be neglected, and crops planted last month will require thinning out and earthing up as they advance in growth.

Potatoes for main crop can be planted whenever the soil is in a dry and workable state. Kumera tubers can be started on a hotbed of fresh stable manure, over which six inches of fine soil, with plenty of sand should be spread. Plant the tubers in this, and they will soon start away, vigorously giving abundance of cuttings.

Continue sowings of peas every two weeks. Those already through the ground may be lightly mounded up and staked. Don't sow Kidney beans until the end of the month. Nothing is gained by sowing these too early.

Broad beans may still be sown where required.

Saladings.—Sow every ten days when a succession is required. Continue to transplant lettuce, and sow some more seeds of good summer varieties, such as Big Boston and Webb's Wonderful.

Cabbage and cauliflowers continue to plant out, also onions. Onion seed may still be sown in drills.

Sowings of carrot, beet, turnip and parsnip may be got in.

Sage, marjoram, thyme, and other herbs can be lifted and subdivided where required.

Keep strawberry beds free from weeds. Tomatoes, cape gooseberries, cucumbers, egg plants and peppers can be sown under a frame or glass house.

## The Flower Garden.

In the flower garden ten-week stocks must be got in without delay, in order to secure a good show. Annual plants, raised under glass and hardened off, may be set in their flowering quarters. Old roots of dahlias may be divided and planted out, or these may be started in heat, and cuttings taken off later on.

Roses should not be longer delayed in pruning where this operation has not been attended to.

should off-sets from bulbs be cut off or pulled off. Wait until off-sets come away in the ordinary course. Bulbs thus treated would be weak and liable to take any disease going.

A suitable soil for Bouvardia is a mixture of about equal parts of good loam and leaf soil with about half a part of silver sand. Nip out the points of strong shoots, so as to form bushy plants.

An excellent remedy for mildew on roses is sulphide of potassium, dissolved at the rate of rather less than 1oz. to 1 gallon of soft water. Syringe well in the evening, and do not miss the undersides of the leaves. Be careful in using this mixture near white painted woodwork, as it leaves a stain which is not easy to remove.

branches in order to admit more air and light. Black currants are pruned by cutting away the older branches near the base, their place being taken by young growths, which should not be shortened.

The reference in the "Journal" of the Irish Department of Agriculture to the fact that a second crop of potatoes had been planted at one of the centres has created some interest among potato growers, and the opinion has been freely expressed that the production of two crops of potatoes on the same land in one year is impracticable. In a general way it is so, but under the conditions favourable to this method of intensive cultivation, it has been found both practicable and profitable. Some of the more enterprising of the Irish growers of po-



A BASKET OF THE LYON ROSE.

Shown at the National Rose Society's Exhibition. The blooms are finely developed, but too crowded.

Gladiolus bulbs can be planted in deeply-dug soil. If animal manure is to be applied to these, it should be rotted and dug in before planting the bulbs. On no account should fresh manure be given. Bone and blood fertiliser is a good artificial to use. Gladiolus seed may also be sown. This is best done in rows, as the young seedlings are easier to attend to in the way of weeding, hoeing, etc. There is no difficulty in raising these beautiful flowers from seed, and they flower the second year. Provided really choice hybrid seed is secured, many fine flowers of great vigour and very long spike will result.

Lawns should be frequently rolled when the weather is dry.

At the annual conference of daffodil growers, Mr. Barr said: "On no account

If you cannot find out what insects are troubling you, place lettuce leaves about the garden at night, and you will find slugs on them in the morning. Empty matchboxes hung on the plants (slightly open) will trap earwigs, and slices of raw potato will, if buried just under the soil, trap a good many pests. But the best remedy for all pests is to water about twice a week with a solution of permanganate of potash. This solution will not injure the blooms if used very weak, while buds should be well syringed.

Gooseberries and red and white currants should have the side shoots cut back to two buds. In the case of young bushes the main growths are left about 9 inches or 1 foot in length; older trees that have reached their required size are cut back closer. If the bushes are too crowded, remove a few of the main

tatoes have succeeded in obtaining two profitable crops from the same land in one season, but the first crop is grown for the supply of the market in the usual way, and the second for the production of immature potatoes for seed purposes.

## BASKETS OF ROSES.

Within the past ten years or so the Council of the National Rose Society has, with commendable wisdom, devoted special attention to the introduction of new methods of staging roses with a view to improve the exhibitions, and to ensure the blooms being presented to public notice in as varied and interesting a manner as possible. There has, from the first, been a general agreement among the members of Council that in

the case of exhibition blooms there is really no method of staging to surpass the long-existing practice of presenting them to the notice of both judges and visitors in boxes with sloping tops. This manner of exhibiting roses is characterised by a greater degree of formality than some authorities would wish, but it is acknowledged by all who have had experience in competing at exhibitions that in no other way can roses in a high state of development be carried long distances with the same degree of safety, and that the orthodox exhibition boxes afford the fullest possible opportunity for enjoying the distinctive claims of the individual blooms. These facts having been admitted it was seen that the sameness which characterised the older exhibitions should be avoided by breaking up the long lines of tables with arrangements of roses of a quite different style to the exhibition boxes.

Bamboo stands were requisitioned for the twelve blooms shown in distinct colours, and if these were not quite so satisfactory as one could wish they served a most useful purpose. Then came vases of various kinds for both exhibition and decorative roses, and the entries in the classes for roses staged in vases form a pleasant feature, and are of special interest for the diversity of charm they afford. The Council have also greatly developed the decorative side of the society's exhibition, and the large marquee devoted to the decorated dinner tables, ornamental baskets, bowls of roses, and other arrangements, is an endless source of attraction to the visitors.

It is not, however, the ornamental baskets of roses that are to be found on the occasion of the annual exhibitions within the Metropolis in the tent devoted to the various examples of decorative art, that we have now in view, but the plain baskets that have been brought into use within the past few years. The introduction of these baskets has been one of the most praiseworthy changes the Council has yet made in their endeavour to obtain as great a diversity as is practicable in the society's shows. It

has proved popular with both exhibitors and visitors. The use of plain round baskets is extending at various exhibitions in the provinces as the result chiefly of the illustrations we have given of the winning baskets at the National Rose Society's shows. Such baskets are light to carry, and when placed on the exhibition stage the blooms can be readily seen provided they are not over-crowded.

For the first two or three years the exhibitors of roses in baskets were very careful to avoid overcrowding, but for some reason, not easy to understand, they have not this season shown a full appreciation of so arranging the blooms that they stand quite clear of each other. This year the basket classes were considerably increased, and the competition was keen throughout, but unfortunately, in the classes in which there was no limit to the number of blooms, overcrowding was rather prevalent, and it would be interesting to know the cause. With a view to demonstrate the desirability of moderation in filling baskets of this description we selected one for illustration that contained too many flowers. Finer specimens of the Lyon Rose have not been staged, and the colour effect, as seen from a distance, was such as not to be readily forgotten; but, unfortunately, the blooms were too closely arranged to admit of their individuality being seen, and when close under the eye the basket suffered in consequence. G.

**THE DANGER OF FLOWER SHOWS.**

**FASHION IN ROSES.**

(From the "London Times.")

After the International Flower Show one of the gardening papers published a warning against the evil effects of flower shows upon the art of gardening. The opinions expressed we find very strongly confirmed by a professional florist who was speaking lately of the effect of



SWEET PEA, DECORATOR.

Colour, cherry red. Gained an award of merit at the National Sweet Pea Society's Show.



GLADIOLUS.

Some interesting and useful hints concerning the culture of this beautiful flower will be found under "Garden Notes."

fashion on the sale of roses. He said it was not worth his while to stock some of the best garden roses, because they were seldom seen at flower shows, and so were never asked for by his customers.

It is easy to understand how this happens. A flower show always tends to be a show, not of plants, but of flowers; and naturally every nurseryman, since he is competing with other nurserymen, shows the most conspicuous flowers he can bring together. He has to catch the eye of the public, and he employs all his horticultural skill to do so. But in the case of roses it is often not the most vigorous or the most beautiful which produce the most conspicuous flowers for show purposes. There are certain roses, like Mildred Grant, which bear enormous blossoms but are quite useless for garden purposes. If the flowers of an excellent garden rose like Lady Waterlow are shown beside the flowers of Mildred Grant, the very excellence of the former is against it. For Mildred Grant puts whatever vigour she has into the production of one or two gigantic blossoms, whereas much of the far greater vigour of Lady Waterlow goes in a growth proportionate to the size of her flowers. No one can tell from a flower show that in the garden Mildred Grant is a deformity and Lady Waterlow a beautiful shrub. And as it is with size of flowers so it is with colour. At a flower show, as at a large picture show, the eye is caught by violence rather than by beauty of colour; and exhibition flowers have been evolved, like exhibition pictures, with the one object of catching the eye. There is a peculiar pink found in other flowers besides roses, in sweet-williams, for instance, and sweet peas and snap-dragons, which has a strong dash of yellow in it and which utterly outshines the softer pinks inclining to blue. This is now a most popular colour in all flowers we have mentioned, and at shows, especially in the half-light of a tent, it is most effective. But tents are not gardens; and in the garden it has this fault, that it kills other colours near it, not by superior beauty but by greater sharpness; while used alone and in masses it is often lurid. There are now, especially among the hybrid teas, a number of lurid roses produced by the crossing of pink and yellow varieties, that is to say, by the

fusion of two colours that are rather discordant in contrast; and the discord is latent even in the fusion. Indeed, it is this latent discord that makes them conspicuous. The eye is caught by them more than by purer colours, as the ear is caught by discordant chords in music. If, for instance, the new rose Juliet were shown in a tent beside Mrs John Laing, no one would notice the latter. Yet in the garden Mrs John Laing has the beauty of a flower, whereas Juliet has the force of an outrageous toilette. She draws all eyes to her, but does not satisfy them. She is a bad neighbour to every other colour through violence, not through superior beauty. And the worst of it is that each new exhibition wonder of this kind suppresses the best. Juliet overerows the Lyon rose, and soon, no doubt, something will overerow Juliet.

It does not matter much that a coarse flower should have a short vogue, but it does matter that the skill of florists should be wasted in producing these monsters when it might be employed in improving the race of garden roses. Yet we cannot blame the florists. It often takes many years for a fine garden rose to establish its reputation; and a florist profits most by the immediate popularity of a novelty before every nurseryman has a stock of it. The fault is in the public, who run after novelties without asking whether they are really beautiful or vigorous, and whose demand encourages the supply of show prodigies.

Yet we must have flower shows, and it is not easy to suggest any cure for their evils except in preaching wisdom to the public. But wisdom is much easier to preach than to practise. The most experienced gardener is apt to have his head turned by a flower show. He forgets all his caution and all his principles when he enters a tent filled with flowers of incredible size and brilliance. Though he may know that many of these flowers have been grown for the show and by methods quite incompatible with garden beauty, yet he is possessed by the ambition to have flowers like them in his garden, and gives orders which he probably regrets in the cold light of autumn when the plants arrive and have to be planted and paid for. It is usually the novelties, roses, phloxes, larkspurs, pentstemons, or what not, that are grown

with most pains for the show. A single flower or a single spike of bloom has been developed at the cost of all the others; and the gardener in his heart knows this. Yet he judges the novelty, as he sees it at the show, by contrast with his own home-grown flowers; he persuades himself that it will be as much larger in his garden as it is at the show; and next year he is undeceived, only to be deceived again by another novelty. That is his fault, and only he himself can find the remedy for it. It is easy to say that whole plants, and not merely flowers, should be shown at flower shows, but in many cases that is impossible. The plants would have to be pot-grown if they were not to suffer by removal to a flower show, and the larger plants often could not be well grown in pots. In the case of rock plants one can see the whole plant at a show, but even they have often been grown in frames, and the nurseryman who has grown them so may not know himself how to grow them as well in the open.

There is nothing for it except to preach and practise caution, and above all to insist that a garden is something very different in all its conditions from a tent at a flower show. When you see a new flower, make all due allowances for the florist's art and ask yourself how it will look among your other plants. Experiment, for the art of gardening only advances both aesthetically and technically by means of experiment; but do so on some system, and have your own taste and your own principles of judgment. What is called bad taste, in flowers as in other things, is the absence of any genuine taste. It is the gardener who does not know what he really likes himself who is at the mercy of fashion in colour and other matters. He very likely expresses a disgust of magenta and an admiration of those yellow-pinks which are far more difficult to harmonise with other colours and far more luridly conspicuous; and he does so because magenta is mid-Victorian and the yellow-pinks are new, not because he dislikes the former or likes the latter. We cannot expect the florists to provide us with a taste; their business is to give us the flowers we like, and our business is to know what flowers we do like and not to be hypnotised by flower-show fashions.



PYRETHRUM, QUEEN MARY.

A very fine double pyrethrum, with large rose-pink flowers. A.M., R.H.S., May 22, Royal International Horticultural Exhibition, Mr G. W. Miller, Wisbech.

VEGETABLES FOR HEALTH.

Emerson once said that "a weed was a plant whose virtues were undiscovered." Nearly every plant has a medicinal value of its own. In this article I propose to give a few of these "virtues" possessed by our common garden vegetables. Living nearly altogether on potatoes will cure catarrh, provided the blood is free from acid. Potatoes contain a certain amount of alkali, which would otherwise have to be got from a chemist. Celery is specially good for rheumatism, as well as for nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia. It should be eaten raw or stewed. When stewed, a small quantity of water should be used, to be used as a sauce, so that the valuable salts that are dissolved in the process of cooking may not be wasted. Tomatoes are specially good for the liver. On this account they get the name of "Vegetable Calomel." They should always be eaten raw.

Onions and mushrooms are good for nervous people. Several cases of nervous prostration have been cured by persons feeding principally on onions.

A well-known French nerve specialist orders his patients to eat plenty of mushrooms, at least twice a day.

Carrots and beetroots strengthen and improve the blood. They should be finely chopped or grated and then eaten raw.

Lettuce is valuable for sleeplessness, as it contains a substance akin to opium in its soothing qualities, but without any of its harmful properties.

Several kinds of fruit are also possessed of good medicinal qualities. The value of the apple has given us the saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

For biliousness and liver troubles generally, as well as rheumatism, lemons are of immense value. They will also clean the blood and keep it pure, especially when little or no vegetable food is taken. Pears contain a large percentage of iron, which is valuable when the blood is deficient of the same. Taken in this form, it does far more good than when taken in the form of drugs.

A.M.



UNDER THE SHADE OF THE BEECHES—A CORNER OF A BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH PARK.



**THE DOUBLE STANDARD IN THE SWEET PEA.**

The following interesting letter, with the Editor's comments thereon appeared in the "Garden" for July 20:—It would be interesting to know from what point of view the National Sweet Pea Society regards the presence of the twin or duplicated upper petal to which the phrase "double standard" has been given. Judged by the numerous, almost sensational, disqualifications at the recent show from this cause alone, it would appear that it were regarded as a defect, something to be discouraged, were it not for the fact that in at least three classes such flowers were admissible—were, indeed, asked for by the society. Hence the point of view is not a little obscure. If, as some appear to imagine, this duplication of petals is wholly the outcome of excessive feeding, a stepping-stone to grossness and the spoliation—partial or otherwise—of a graceful and beautiful flower, then I think the majority of sweet pea lovers would back the society up in a rigid adherence to a condition—however sweeping and drastic that condition might be—in any endeavour to stem the tide of any such catastrophe. But the fact that this same duplication of upper petals is more or less prevalent in flowers grown in the poorest of soils, and is seen in sprays with not more than two flowers thereon, would appear to suggest that it is but a stage, a phase, in the evolution of a flower which has hitherto displayed a tendency to variability in its floral parts. Already the waved flower has become quite a craze, and has done not a little probably to create that greater popularity which the flower now enjoys. The coming of the duplicated standard may be but a move to more complete doubling of all the parts of the flower, and, if so, who can gauge the end? What saddened one most of all at the recent show was to see the finely-grown, well-displayed groups disqualified one by one, though it was some satisfaction at least to know that big men and little men—top-sawyers and pitmen—all suffered alike.—E. H. JENKINS. [We think the position of the National Sweet Pea Society over this matter is perfectly clear. The committee recognised that the double standard had come to stay and provided three classes for it, but rigidly, and we think rightly, excluded it from the other classes. Whatever the merits or otherwise of the double standard may be, the judges were bound, on the terms of the schedule, to disqualify the exhibits they did.—Ed.]



**DIVIDING AN ASPIDISTRA.**

(1) The old aspidistra growing in a pot. (2) Releasing the contents of the pot. (3) Cut into three or four portions. (4) Repot in smaller pots.

They may be used at the rate of 4oz. per square yard, being finely ground before application and then mixed with soil in the ordinary way of preparing ground for crops. The dressing will certainly be useful where there is a deficiency of lime in the soil and in no case is there likely to be any harm resulting, but possibly more benefit than may result from lime alone.

**EGG SHELLS AS MANURE.**

Egg shells are for the most part lime, though, from other matter adhering, they may possess some other fertilising value.

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# Counsel.

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE.

Where no counsel is the people fall,  
Prov. 11. 14.

WHEN Mrs. Jeffries had gone the round of luncheons, teas and dinners that a fortnight's invitations apportioned as her share of the world's amenities, and had not found Margery Cressler at any of them, she unceremoniously cut her Thursday morning Ibsen lecture and rang the Cressler doorbell. Mrs. Jeffries had been the only one of the Cressler women who had not prophesied disaster from putting a motherless girl like Margery at the head of her father's household, but Mrs. Jeffries' friendship for Margery went back to the days of dolls and jacks and skipping-ropes, and she knew better than the other Cressler women that Margery was made to keep a man's house in order and any number of male relatives content.

Mrs. Jeffries had to wait in the library some minutes before she was hidden to come up to Miss Cressler's dressing-room. She closed the door behind her with a quickly hidden surprise in the colourless face and listless fingers that confronted her. "It is a wonder you would not get up some time before noon, Margery," she said. "What's the use of there being a lady-of-the-house if you find her negligé at this time of the morning?"

The girl gathered her silken gown across her shoulders. "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him," she said. "Take off your hat, Lucy, and help me find the quotation of Keats that has kept me from dressing."

Mrs. Jeffries pulled the hatpins from her hat and sat back in a low wicker chair. "Margery," she said, "I have not the least confidence in your quotations. You make them up and then father them with any old writer your listener is not apt to know. As for Keats, I don't know a thing about him, except that your truly literary person always puts a 'poor' before his name. What do you want out of poor Keats?"

The girl looked down at the book in her hand, and turned eyes, in which a sudden sullenness had crept, on her guest. "I was looking for the line about effort and failure. I wanted to see if that was not what Keats called—hell."

Mrs. Jeffries sat up. "Well, upon my word," she said, "Why didn't you apply to Sherman?"

"Oh, Dante and Swedenborg come first, I suspect, however, that we can all lay our hands on our own particular brand of matches and sulphur for the making of our very particular hell."

Mrs. Jeffries' face had become acutely observant, but her voice was light. "Well, mine will not be any poor-Keats kind. It will be ripping out an endless stream while somebody fills my teeth; as for yours, I'd like to lay a wager for somebody to tell you something you are easy to know and never likely to find out."

The girl gave her a look of such sud-

den surprise that Mrs. Jeffries leaned toward her. "You might as well tell me about it, Margery. You know perfectly well that I will stay right here with the handle of the pump until you do. Has anything gone wrong with the house or the family?"

Margery shook her head: "I haven't a thing to tell you, Lucy."

Mrs. Jeffries abandoned the lightness of her tone. "Well, then, it is some man. And if it is, there is no such thing as failure with you, if you have made any effort at all; so you might as well give Keats up and take to the telephone. You know Keats did not have a telephone."

The girl turned on her with sudden exasperation. "Effort!" she exclaimed. "It is only the man who is allowed to make an effort, to choose the woman

he wants and go out and get her. What can a woman do—when she—likes—a man? She cannot even tell him so, she cannot even say that she would like to know him better. She cannot do a single little thing."

"Ah," said Mrs. Jeffries thoughtfully. "Are you sure you—like him?"

The girl made no answer, but the colour that had begun to creep into her cheeks deepened and spread, lending her face real beauty.

Mrs. Jeffries began to pull off her gloves. "Because," she said, "if you are sure, there are a good many things you can do. It is one of the recompenses of being a woman, like not having to shave or being able to fly in the face of Providence or reason."

The girl moved restlessly about the room: "And having to be amiable and beguiling instead of honest and executive," she said. "I am sick of the sound of 'indirect influence.'"

Mrs. Jeffries held her peace. Presently she saw anger deepen the grey of the troubled eyes. Margery came across the room and stood in front of her. "You presented him to me," she said. "And you have known him since he was a boy, so doubtless you know that he is a poseur and an egotist, and that he doesn't care in the least how much trouble

Mrs. Jeffries gave the girl's arm a sudden pull that brought her down to the window seat beside the wicker chair. "Margery," she interrupted, "it is not possible that you are talking about John Russell?"

The anger still smouldered in her grey eyes: "I see you recognised my description at once."

"Oh, nonsense. Any man that leads the public life Jack Russell does can get accused of posing. The man is sincerity itself. As for his egotism, no man succeeds without it. I confess, however, that I cannot for the life of

me see where you come in. If ever two people seemed to resent the very existence of each other it was you and Jack Russell."

"Yet in spite of that, a week ago today he did me the honour to tell me that he loved me."

"What?"

"Just that."

Mrs. Jeffries pushed back her chair. "Well, wherefore Keats and hell then? And what on earth ails you? Why, if Jack Russell had told me that he loved me in time, I am quite sure I should never have married Cressler Jeffries. He is one of the ten men I should like to be cast away on a desert island with—or be willing to have marry my daughter if I had one. What then?"

"There wasn't any then. That's all." "All! Do you mean to tell me that this incoherent prelude is merely your method of announcing that you have refused the nicest man in town and are sorry? Serves you right!"

The girl looked down at the floor: "I was not asked," she said.

Mrs. Jeffries took this in with apparent difficulty. Then she leaned toward the girl: "Margery," she said, "don't you think you could tell me about it? Why, we were here a week

"But," I objected, "you are not going to be there. That is the reason I am coming."

"Then change your reason, dear lady," he said. "For I will certainly be there if only to prove to you how ill-advised it is of you to plan to come to see me when I am not expected to be at home."

"By this time it occurred to me that I might possibly have the wrong number, so I said what I should have said at first: 'Is this Dr. John Cressler?'"

"No, it is not," he answered.

"Why didn't you say so?" I asked, and he said I had not given him a chance. I told him that I had distinctly called him Jack and he said yes that was his name and that he sometimes came when he was called.

"I hung up the receiver but even then it did not occur to me for some moments who it was." The girl paused, staring at the telephone on the low table at her side.

"What did you do then?" prompted Mrs. Jeffries.

"I don't know."

"Well, I know. You went to the mirror for the next five minutes and you would not have stayed away from your sister-in-law's that night for the world. And you probably wore the violet cape that makes your hair look like spun bronze and a bunch of violets some other man had given you."

The girl's listlessness was being driven away under the excitement of her narration. "No," she said, "I bought my own violets. I could not very well wear Mr. Russell's as he had never sent me any. We have never been very amiable with each other."

"I am by way of concluding that that is part of your attraction to him. You are probably the only woman he knows who is rude to him. Doubtless he thinks it originality in you; perhaps even the mark of temperament."

"Our friend, the ancient fable again. If you had said he regarded it as a mark of intelligence!"

Mrs. Jeffries shrugged. "My dear, do men ever love us for our intelligence? You know as well as I do that they love us in spite of it. As for you, with your appealing prettiness you have no need for brains at all. I have seen you look at a man with that divine promise of understanding in your eyes, and it has not needed to be explained to me why you were pursued for the fulfilment of the promise. Understanding is too rare. When I presented Jack Russell to you I did it with the easiest of consciences, feeling that for once you had found your match, and what did you do? You did nothing but look so bored that you impressed your image everlastingly upon him by way of sheer contrast. It was



"You might as well tell me about it, Margery"



"Then change your reason, dear lady, for I will certainly be there"



"You are not going to be there. That is the reason I am coming."

as bad as the time all the women were gazing over Dubois and his poetry and you told him you could tell him nearly every place where he had plagiarised and he left all the flatterers and followed you around waiting to be told. I do not believe to this day that you know what he had written, let alone what he had stolen.

"Don't you know that you are near calling me a very ugly little name?" "I am not reproaching you with it at any rate—it is almost as ancient a resource in woman's dealings with men as the indirect influence you were reviling. You recall I was standing with you when you gave His Reverence a text for his first sermon. If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee how vainst thou contend with horses? And he asked you how you happened to know your Jeremiah so well, and you had come on the quotation heading the last chapter of Kipling's 'Gaulboys.' No wonder you have not cared for any of them. But Jack Russell is different."

"Yes, I should say he was perfectly capable of realising your amiable hope of out-matching me."

"Margery, your voice differentiates him from every man I have ever heard you mention. You have a different look too when you speak to him. How can you speak of 'out-matching' if he has fallen in love with you?"

"I have no idea whether he has fallen in love with me or not."

"But you said—"

"He said he loved me yes. But he did not ask me to marry him. There is no other way for me or any other girl to measure a man's love—save just that way."

Mrs Jeffries gave her a wistful look. "But you, yourself, Margery—would you marry him if he asked you? It is rather a serious thing—marriage. Are you so sure of this thing you call love?"

"The girl looked at her fearlessly. "No, I am sure of nothing, but that does not help me to reason the thing out. I only know how I feel about it. It is not even moderately psychological as love ought to be, these days. It is like the Heine we used to laugh over: 'Er war Liebenswurdig und sie hielt ihn.' I like everything about him. I like the way he walks, the way he looks and talks, the way he thinks. I like his eyes and his hands and—"

"And the egotism that you complained of earlier and the posing—"

"Yes, even that, in spite of my complaint."

Mrs Jeffries sighed. "It is one of the very good ways of loving, dear," she said softly. "Mrs Browning, who enumerated almost all of the good ways, says it is the best, for if you love for no special reason you have no reason for ever ceasing to love. I suspect in this case there are more reasons than you know of—he is—almost all even your mother, if she were living, could ask for you to have."

"The girl let a faint smile lighten her face. "But I haven't him," she murmured.

"Go back, Margery, won't you, to the dinner with your aunt and tell me the rest. Perhaps even with your extended experience I know the signs of possession better than you."

"The smile still lingered in the girl's face: "I did not say a word to Mary about it. We had scarcely seated ourselves at the dinner table, however, when Mr Russell came in and stopped to talk to both of us. He asked where Jack was and when Mary said Jack was in Washington he just boldly obtained Mary's permission to eat his dinner in Jack's place. It would have gone through all right but he gave me such an I-told-you-so look that I could not stand it another minute. I told Mary she was a dear; that Mr Russell and I had planned to have her chaperone us at dinner; and that I was really his guest."

"You said that to Mary? She isn't that sort at all. She would not fall in with a jest for anything if she could help it."

"She did not appear to enjoy this one. She asked niftily why we had chosen the Madison when we might have had a good meal at Sherry's and I answered that that was the trouble with dining with any man as well known as Mr Russell, you had to choose an inconspicuous place. I wish you might have seen him while I spun this yarn, he looked as if he thought I had gone quite crazy; as for Mary she was downright disagreeable. We really had quite an uncomfortable dinner instead of the pleasant one Mr Russell had perhaps anticipated. At the end of the dinner Mary did not ask him

into her apartment at all. Mary did not like the idea of being used."

"Oh, come! Mary was just vexed because the man probably pays no attention to her when you are not there."

"Well, she was vexed about something; so when we got to her door I turned to Mr Russell and said quite as if we had previously and privately made the arrangement: "I have to go home, Mr Russell, an hour earlier than I expected to, for father has some friends in for bridge. You may call for me at half after nine. Good-by for an hour." He gave me the oddest look, Lucy, but he only said that he would be there and made excellent adieux to Mary, who was as stiff as her New England conscience. When I got inside I was in gales of glee, but Mary never did see the fun of it though I explained volubly. She has always said that I would come to grief the way father lets me run things. She thought this was just plain bold. I explained to her that Mr Russell probably had a dozen engagements, none of which he could keep if he came for me at half-past nine, and she said that I behaved like a servant girl and that she failed to see why I wanted a man to come for me—she appeared to hate that phrase or that necessity—when I had my own automobile to take me wherever I wanted to go."

"This reminded me that I must tele-



"I am going to be a man now. I am going after what I want!"

phone that the machine need not come for me and I went to the telephone. When I lifted off the receiver there was a silence and nothing to indicate that I had broken in on a conversation or I would have hung up the receiver at once. But as I held it, waiting for central's number, I heard a very angry voice say: "You say you cannot come this evening. You must have a very sudden reason. I think you will have to offer me a life-and-death reason if you wish to be excused."

"And then, Lucy, I had to hear that reason if I destroyed my character eaves dropping."

"Yes," said Mrs Jeffries. "I think you would have had to hear it. What was it?"

"You see, you have to hear it yourself. Mr Russell replied that he was more than sorry, but that one of his best friends had suddenly gone crazy and nobody would do but him; that he was absolutely needed. I dropped that receiver like hot cakes, but even then I was not ready to take Mary's view of it. It still seemed very much of a lark to me. You see this man and I have—well, he could not have expected—at any rate I did not expect—"

"A little incoherent, Margery. You might as well omit your expectations. With your peculiar quality of intelligence it is not impossible that you may have carefully calculated what you might expect. Did your cavalier come for you in a nice slowansom? I would have had a one-hour slay that would have taken three hours to take you home."

"No. He came for me in a taxi," she panted.

"Well," said Mrs Jeffries, with her first show of impatience.

"Well, I was quite determined that I would not be called crazy for nothing. Besides I think I will never be crazier. And—"

The girl paused again and into her face crept a rosy shyness. Mrs Jeffries endured the silence as long as she could.

"Do go on, Margery," she pleaded.

The girl came back from her reverie with a startled little look of distress. "I cannot tell you any more about the ride home than to say that it was quite mad enough to satisfy any alienist. Mr Russell was—was superb. I think that it was entirely my fault that—I was—finally gathered up in his—arms—and—"

"And kissed, of course," said Mrs Jeffries. "You need not tell it. It is sufficient to see you now—and to see him any time."

Margery did not seem to hear the interruption. "And—told—that he loved me," she said softly.

"And then?" said Mrs Jeffries. "There wasn't any then. The taxi stopped at my house the moment he had said it, and Hawkins came out and threw open the door and some of the party were in the library playing bridge and the rest of you were in the drawing-room and would not go away."

"Well, upon my word, couldn't you find some place to talk to him?"

"Yes, with Hawkins on our trail. Besides, it would have taken more than

waiting for its denouement. What are you doing?"

"I am going out. It's time I did, after a week's waiting. I have been womanly quite long enough. I am going to be a man now. I am going after what I want."

Mrs Jeffries caught at the girl's hand. "Margery," she said, "don't be reckless."

"I am not. I am just going to be direct and honest. A woman is a fool who sits at home getting nervous prostration waiting to know what the simplest of questions could decide one way or the other."

Mrs Jeffries sprang to her feet. "Margery, what are you going to do? You father—"

Margery pinned on her hat. "My father brought me up to make just this decision. All my training, yes, and all the understanding of the questions women have to solve in their relations with men that you have credited me with have led me to just this. This is the man I love love deeply, and oh, just love! There is nothing in the world as important to me as this man, not conventions, nor my own sensitiveness, nor your possible disapproval. I will not wait another minute. He has told me that he loves me. He is ill. If he has told me the truth I will know it. If he has not I will know that. I am going straight to him."

"But they may not let you in."

"I will arrange that before I start."

"May I go with you? It will look better."

"I do not care how it looks. But you may go if you like."

"I will not stay in your way."

Margery rang the bell beside the door. "Nothing shall stay in my way."

Hawkins knocked on the door. Margery opened it. "Hawkins," she said, "tell me a taxi on the downstairs phone. I am going to use the upstairs one."

"She closed the door and paused before the telephone, while every vestige of colour ebbed from her face. Then, with a little convulsive movement, she took the receiver from the hook. She had to repeat the number twice, struggling to steady her voice. There was a pause that gave her an instant's chance to snatch at self-control, then she spoke: "Is this Miss Russell? This is Miss Crossler. Yes, Margaret Crossler, Mr Russell—"

"There was a moment's silence that Mrs Jeffries seized on. "Margery," she said hurriedly, "use my name with Miss Russell."

"I am glad," said Margery at the telephone, "that he is better. Will you be kind enough to deliver a message to him from me?"

She took a quick breath. "Will you say that Mrs Jeffries and I are coming to the Madison and that I am coming up to see him for a few minutes? I will hold the line until you find if that is convenient. Yes, I know he is not seeing anybody, but this is an especial occasion. Miss Russell, I will get the doctor's permission if you like, provided—Mr Russell—approves." As the girl waited at the telephone, Mrs Jeffries saw every muscle of her body grow tense. The minutes passed like hours.

"This is unspeakable," said Mrs Jeffries in a whisper. Margery leaned her head down on the telephone table with the receiver still at her ear. Her colorless face grew tragic. Then a quiver flashed through her body from head to toe and she sat up suddenly, trembling in every limb.

"Yes, Miss Russell," she said softly, and covered her face with her hand.

"There was a tense silence, then Margery's voice, very low and very sweet: "Tell him," she said, "tell him—that I am—coming to answer him—now."

a minute, hastily contrived for. And I was so astonished as to be utterly idiotic and I just could not gather myself together. All I could say was 'good night, good night'—and I haven't seen him since."

"For a week I have stayed home listening for every ring of the bell; starting with excitement at every summons to the telephone; holding my breath at every visit of the postman; trembling over every box of flowers until it was undone; afraid to go out for fear of missing—what? well—just nothing. If he cared at all, in all this time he would have come, he would have written—"

"Come! Speak!" Mrs Jeffries ejaculated. "How could the man do either when he is in bed with pneumonia that threatens to deprive him of his voice for weeks?"

"What?"

"Do you mean to say you did not know John Russell had pneumonia? He was probably ill the night he came here. The next day he was in bed. They sent for his sister. If you had spent some of the time you wasted waiting to be telephoned to, on telephoning yourself it would have been more sensible."

But Margery was not listening. She had thrown open the closet door and taken out a sweet dress and hat, and then she stopped in front of her visitor long enough to say: "Lucy, why in the world did you not tell me this half an hour ago?"

"I thought you knew it. It is week-old news. I came to find out if you were ill, and you certainly looked as if you were when I came in, and that drove the news out of my mind, and then I was entirely absorbed in your story, and

I have a song to sing O!  
Sing me your song O!  
It tells of a citizen noble as he,  
Whose throat was sore and whose head was a throb,  
Who slipped a sup from a conical cup  
Of a medicine pure (Woods') Great Pepper  
mint Cure;  
And who felt quite well, 'Yon glad to tell  
And who sent, to his toil in the morning.

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# Over the Wires.

By MISS L. EASTGATE, Auckland.

This story was awarded first prize in the Original Story Section, (amateurs only) at the recent Auckland Competitions.

WELL? The operator's voice was a trifle sharp as she answered the call, for it was after closing time for the country bureau of Narahora, and she worked long hours without relief. Betty Somers was inclined to make short shrift of the peremptory voice which summoned her. "Don't you know it is after hours?"

Something in the answering voice startled her. Her eyes dilated, and she raised her head with the instinctive movement of one whose breath has been taken away. Her voice had altered when she spoke again. "Who is speaking?—David Graham—David Graham!" She put the receiver down gently for a moment, and said the name over twice in a whisper. Then she picked it up again and went on in that altered voice: "Yes, I am here. What number do you want? You don't want a number—What did you say? Yes, I can hear in spite of the storm. A big flood coming down—No there is no one here but myself—Yes—Yes, I know Mr. White's house, up on the hill. I must get up there at once—I am sure I shall manage all right. Thank you for thinking of me. Can't I warn some others—You are going to; are you really—Oh, surely it is too risky to ride down the valley in a storm with a flood behind you!—Why, some of them have wires—I will ring them—Surely I have time, and then I

shall be able to reach White's—Do say yes, and give up the idea of riding—Are you there?—Are you there?" He was not. He had left after his last hasty peremptory order, and the girl's face was white as she realised it.

For a few moments she forgot flood and everything else in the amazing fact that David Graham had called up this country bureau, where she had been sent from the city to relieve the local operator, who was ill. David, with whom she had quarrelled two years before, and who had shaken the dust of her dwelling-place from off his angry feet, vowing never to see her again—and so far he had kept his word, and because she knew she deserved it sometimes she hated him, and sometimes, with all the impotent longing of a sore heart, she thought if only she knew where he was, and what he was doing, she would send for him. And instead, with one of Fate's queer tricks, she had been sent to the very place where David Graham was living unknown to her. She laughed at the recollection of his orders to her ten minutes before—it was so exactly like David, though he did not know to whom he was speaking. The laugh passed in the realisation of what the night promised of risky work to David and probably all the men of the district.

The flood would mean peril and suffering to the women and children, who had to leave their homes for shelter on the high lands. Probably many of them

would not have sufficient warning. David had gone down to the valley. She could warn those further off before he could possibly reach them, if he ever did. He had told her she had no time to lose in getting to a place of safety. She concluded that he meant that the roads would be impassable shortly, but if they were—she was one against perhaps a dozen families that she could warn over the wires that were in her charge. In another minute she was at work.

One after another she called up the settlers who had 'phones, and in brief, clear words told them of the threatening flood, asking them to warn others if possible. Some of them were anticipating the danger, others wasted precious minutes in horrified lamentations and demands for details to verify the news. Poor wretch! It was a prospect to make women quail on such a night of bitter storm. Betty's face was full of the gravest pity and concern as she went on with her work, and it was only when she had done all she could that she remembered that she was in the same case as everyone else. It was time she obeyed David's orders, and made her way up the hill. The people with whom she lodged lived a mile away, and were not on the telephone, and she had no means of communicating with them, and wondered whether she would find them up at White's, which was the nearest house on high ground. She donned her cloak and cap, and, shivering a little at the prospect, went to the entrance. As she reached it, she stopped short—had the rain beaten in? Oh, surely it must be only the rain. Mustering all her courage she opened the door, and was met by the icy, driving wind and rain, and something that washed in and left her feet wet. She was too late. In sudden blind terror she used frantic strength, and closed the door against the storm. She was a city-bred girl—just an ordinary, little girl, who faced her daily work sanely and bravely, but who had had no experience of country, hardships and risks.

The horror of the darkness, loneliness, and rising water gripped her, and for a few minutes her nerve completely failed.

Shivering from head to foot, she ran into the office. As she entered a call came over the wires, and, with a gasp of relief, she answered, and recognised Graham's voice. Some voices kept their quality through a telephone—Graham's did. Anyone knowing it could recognise it. Betty had purposely used hers before in a way to mislead him. Now for the moment she had forgotten; and answered as though he knew to whom he was speaking. She said only "I am here!" but the tone was assured as speaking to someone who would not let harm reach her.

There was an instant's pause, and then he spoke sharply. "Who is it speaking?"

Like a flash came the thought to Betty that she wanted to see his face when he discovered who she was, and she replied in that altered voice, "The operator at Narahora Bureau."

Silence—while Graham recalled the tones of the voice which had startled him—and then: "Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you get up the hill?"

"I didn't try."

"Were you afraid?"

"I had something to do first."

"What was it?"

"Warn the telephone subscribers."

She heard his ejaculation, though it was to himself, and smiled. His voice had steadied her nerves. He went on rapidly. "Whom did you ring?"

She ran over the list of names, and he said quietly: "It means a lot to them—the road has given way down here—I can't get on. I rang just to make sure that you got away all right. I should have come to the bureau in the first place, and used the wires, but it was a long mile from my own place, and then I should have missed all the people who have no 'phones."

"Yes, I guessed that."

"Well, about you. Don't attempt to go out by yourself now—no knowing where you would end. I would come right away but I am just looking after a woman who is alone with three small children—her husband is away. Do you think you'll be all right for a while?"

"Betty looked down at the floor awash with water and shivered. But there was no help for it. At the other end was that mother and her three helpless children. It would have been a relief to feel David of her need of him as soon as he had put the others in safety, but it would have added to his anxieties, and she knew quite well that he wasted no time over his work, so she replied, "Yes, I can wait quite well until you have put the others into safety."

"Right, I'll be as quick as I can."

He was gone, and Betty, though her face was white, turned to meet the waiting with all the courage she could muster. She needed it, for it was no light thing for an inexperienced girl to face. The building seemed to rock with the fury of the storm, and in her ignorance she could form no idea how rapidly the water would rise. She perched herself on a table and tried not to look down where the water on the floor made little gurgling sounds as of triumph, but again and again her eyes were drawn to it as if fascinated, and it would seem to her deeper than when she had last looked. There was a clock on the wall, and she would wait a long time before looking at it and then find that only five minutes had passed. So slowly they crept away, and with every gust of wind and rain the water surged in under the door, gaining in volume with all the swiftness that the minutes lacked.

It was bitterly cold, too, and her hands and feet were soon numbed, and her limbs cramped from her uncomfortable position on the small table. She listened to the tearing wind which whistled and battled with the wooden building, and wondered how anyone could stand against such storm outside and whether David had managed to rescue the three little children and their mother. A little stray smile touched her cold lips as she thought of what he might have done had he known who was in charge of the bureau. She was glad he hadn't, but when she thought of his coming and seeing her perched where she was—the floors awash with water, the ludicrous side suddenly struck her and she laughed then grimaced with the knotting pain of cramp. It was a small table, no room to ease cramped limbs, and she had to bear the pain as best she could.

The next hour was one she did not care to remember afterwards. She was faint with pain and cold, and desperately afraid that she would fall and be unable to use her cramped limbs to save herself. She knew that David would have some distance to ride to the bureau



REMINISCENCES OF A BACHELOR.

# The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

## FEUILLETON.

### The Making of Newspapers. Behind the Scenes.

THE average reader receives his daily newspaper or journal wet from the press with little realisation of the enormous amount of strenuous mental, artistic, literary, imaginative, mechanical and manual effort that is daily swallowed up in the making, illustrating and printing of their favourite newspaper, journal, or magazine. Never, perhaps, has the story of what strenuous and painful effort goes to the making and issuing of a great London daily been so realistically told as by Mr. Alphonse Courlander in his "Mightier than the Sword." It constitutes a splendid, if a tragic, record of the working lives of the numerous body of men and women engaged in the production of a great newspaper. It tells of their struggles and ambitions, their failures and successes in the mysterious world of the Press. Here is a graphic picture drawn by Mr. Courlander of Fleet Street, that Mecca, as well as that Waterloo, of many a literary and journalistic aspirant. "The interior of the grey building was an unexplored mystery for Humphrey (Mr. Courlander's hero). He passed along the corridors by half-opened doors, which gave a tantalising glimpse into the rooms beyond, where men sat writing. These were the sporting rooms, where the sporting editor and his staff worked at things quite apart from the reporters. Nothing seemed to matter to them; the greatest upheavals left their room undisturbed; football, cricket, racing, coursing, and the giving of tips were their main interest, and though a king died, or was declared, they still held their page, the full seven columns of it, so that they could chronicle the sport and the pleasure. The sporting men and the reporters seldom mingled in the offices; sometimes Asks, the sporting editor, nodded to those he knew coming up the stairs. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a heavy face, and the appearance of a clubman and a man of the world.

### The Process Department.

Close to the sporting room was a strange room lit with an extraordinary pale blue glare. Humphrey, satisfying his curiosity, prowled about the building one evening, and ventured to the door. The men who were there did not question his presence. They just looked at him and went on with their work. One of them, in his shirt-sleeves and a black apron, was holding a black, square of glass to the light, from which something shining was dripping. A pungent smell of iodiform filled Humphrey's nostrils. He knew the smell; it was intimately associated with the recollections of his youth, when he had dabbled in photography with a low-priced camera, using the camera room at the top of the house as a dark room. And he saw that another man was manipulating an enormous camera, that moved along a grooved base. This, he knew, was an enlarging apparatus, and he realised that here they were making the blocks for "The Day"—transferring a drawing or a photograph to copper or zinc plates. There was something real and vital about this office, where each day was active with a dif-

ferent activity from the day before; where each room was a mirror of life itself.

### The News Department.

Next door to the room where the blue light vibrated and flared intensely he found a smaller room, where two men sat, also in their shirt-sleeves, tapping at telegraph transmitters. A cigarette dangled loosely from the lips of each man, and neither of them glanced at the work of his fingers. They looked always at the printed proof, or the written copy, held in a clip before them. This was the provincial wire room. They were tapping a selection of the news, letter by letter, to Birmingham, where "The Day" had an office of its own. Humphrey noticed with a strange thrill that one of the men was sending through something that he himself had written.

### Sub-editorial Sanctum.

Downstairs in a long room, larger than the reporters' room, and just as utilitarian, the sub-editors sat at two broad tables forming the letter "T." Mr. Selsey, the chief sub-editor, sat in the very centre of the top of the "T," surrounded by baskets, and proofs, and telephones, and, at about seven o'clock every evening, his dinner. He was a gentle-mannered man, whose face told the time as clearly as a clock. From six to eight it was cheerful; when he began to frown it was nine o'clock; when he grew restless and spoke brusquely it was eleven; and when his hair was dishevelled and his eyes became anxious it was eleven-thirty, and the struggle of putting down and rejecting the masses of copy that passed through his hands was at its climax. At one o'clock he was normal again, and became gentle over a cup of cocoa. Humphrey was never certain whether Mr. Selsey approved of him or not. He had to go through the ordeal every evening of bringing that which he had written to him, and to stand by while it was read. It reminded him of his school days, when he used to bring his exercises up to the schoolmaster. Selsey seldom made any comment—he read it, marking it with a capital letter, indicating whether its fate would be three lines, a paragraph, or its full length,

and tossed it into a basket, whence it would be rescued by one of the sub-editors, who saw that the paragraphs, punctuation and the sense were right, cut out whole sentences if it were necessary, to compress it and added a heading to it. Then it was handed back to Selsey, who glanced at it quickly, and threw it into another basket, whence it was removed by a boy and shot through a pneumatic tube to the composing room. The sub-editors' room was the heart of the organism of "The Day" between the hours of six in the evening and one in the next morning. It thrived with persistent business. The tape machines clicked out the news of the world in long strips, and boys stood by them, cutting up the slips into convenient sizes, and pasting them on paper.

### The Telephone Room.

The telephone bells rang, and every night at 9.30, Westgate, the leather-lunged sub-editor disappeared into a telephone-box with a glass door. Humphrey saw him one night when he happened to be in the room. He looked like a man that was about to be electrocuted, with a band over the top of his skull, ending in two receivers that fitted closely to his ears. His hands were free so that he could write, and through the glass Humphrey saw his mouth working violently until his face was hot with perspiration. He was shouting through a mouthpiece, and his words were carried under the sea to Paris, though no one in the sub-editor's room could hear them, since the telephone-box was padded and noise proof. And Humphrey could see his pencil moving swiftly over the paper, with an occasional pause, as his mouth opened widely to articulate a question, and again he felt that delightful and mighty sensation of being in touch with the bones of life, as he realised that somewhere, far away in Paris, the correspondent of "The Day," invisible but audible, was halting the sub-editor's room across space and time. Six other men sat at the long table that ran at right angles to the top table, and Selsey was flanked by Westgate (who dealt with Paris) and Tohill (who did the police court news)—the stub of a cigarette stuck on his lower lip as though it were some strange growth.

### The Spell of it All.

This sub-editor's room held him spell-bound as none other did. It was the main artery through which the lifeblood of "The Day" flowed. He saw the boys ripping open the russet-coloured envel-

opes that disgorged telegrams from islands and continents afar off; he saw the sorting out of stacks of tissue paper covered with writing, "bimsy" mangled copy—from all the people who lived by recording the happenings of the moment; the stories of people who brought law suits, who were born, married, divorced; who went bankrupt; who died, who left wills; stories of actors who played parts; of books that were written; of men who made speeches; of banquets, of funerals. The little grubby boys were handling the epitome of existence, and this great volume of throbbing life was merely paper with words, scrawled over it to them. . . . It was only in after years that Humphrey himself perceived the significance and the meaning of the emotions which swelled within him during those early days. At the time he glanced right and left, down the long table, where the sub-editors bent their heads to their work, and he saw this man dealing with city news, making out lists of the prices of stocks and shares, and that man handling the doing of Parliament, something moved him inwardly to smile with a great unbounded pride. He was like a recruit who has been blooded. "I, too, am part of this," he thought. "And this is part of me."

### A Novel Subject for Poetical Expression.

There is an "Ode to a Skylark" and also "An Ode to a Nightingale" which are two of the most exquisite things in English poetry. There are also minor odes that have been addressed to sweet bird songsters. We also recollect a piece of exquisite prose that constituted an epic on salmon. But a "meditation on a dried haddock" appears to be unique in the annals of poetry. Appended is some not indifferently good verse addressed to that succulent member of the finny tribe that is so familiar a dish on English breakfast tables. It is to be feared that the poor poet must have been sitting up over late the night before; imbibing, and partaking, perhaps not wisely, but too well, of the flowing bowl, and the aristocratic lobster, or the porridge-fed Colchester. Here is the meditation, the graceful rhythm of which is worthy of a more ideal subject:

"Oh, full of bones and yellow as the sand  
That bounds thy native element, the sea!  
Victim of what insufferable decree  
Wert thou pursued with nets and  
brought to land,  
Until at last, presented now to me,

when he had completed his task, and there was no calculating the hindrances he might meet with. She kept her eyes on the door, and with blue, set lips endured what seemed an endless vigil. . . . The time came when she seemed to have reached her limit—then outside, sound and movement that were not those of the storm. The door burst open, torn almost from the hand of the man, who, on entering, set his strength against the wind and closed it. There was contemplation in the swift glance he threw on the flooded floor, and then his eyes fell on the little twisted figure on the table. His face turned white, then with an exclamation he reached her side. "Betty—my God! Is it you?" And then for Betty, flood, and storm, and pain passed into oblivion.

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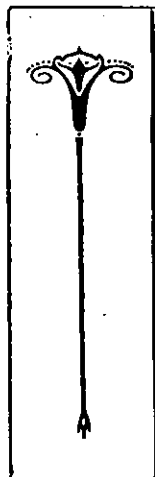
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"I raised the cover with expectant thrill,  
Forgetting it was Tuesday, and behold!  
Not Sunday's sausage fragrant from the grill.  
Nor Monday's scrambled eggs, all white  
and gold,  
But only thou, more unattractive still  
To-day, when I am late and thou art  
cold!"

Hansard Watt.

**Some Hubbardisms from the June "Fra."**

Everybody is entertaining when he writes about himself, because he is discussing a subject in which he is vitally interested, whether he understands the theme is another thing.

Satire is a giant wasp playing in and out of the mouth of a sleeping clown. It is the humour which stings. It is a Medusa with mischief in her eye. It is part Puck, and part Mephistopheles; and it is sometimes Isaiah. But it is never Jeremiah, because it never is guilty of feeling sorry for itself.

When you accept a present you have dissolved the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation.

Life is everywhere, and it is all one life; we are particles of it.

Man's idea of God is the pattern he makes for himself, when he has attained it, it expands and moves ahead a peg.

Wholesale condemnation is usually a subtle form of flattery.

No man is in such danger from strong drink as the man who has just sworn off.

To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you.

**REVIEWS.**

**A Man from the North:** by Arnold Bennett. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

Though it is fourteen years since this book was first published, this is the first time it has fallen into our hands for perusal and review. And we like it very much indeed; more so, in fact, than Mr Bennett's more matured work, though this story, as all his stories do, falls short of being perfectly ideal. But it is very human. To say that "A Man from the North" is purely autobiographical would be perhaps to overstate the truth. But it is far too realistic not to be pronounced as largely autobiographical. The hero of the story is one Richard Larch, a native of one of the "five towns" that Mr Bennett has made so famous, who goes up to London in the hope of gaining a reputation as a writer. Having in the meantime to live he enters the office of a firm of lawyers as clerk. Here he soon rises on account of his business ability and general trustworthiness. But, though he woos the goddess that presides over literary fame, he fails to win her ear, and in the end he woos and wins a commonplace wife, and settles down to the snug existence of a fairly well-to-do business man. This is but a very poor outline of a story of which the interest does but increase with each succeeding chapter. Whether Mr Bennett's hero would, under any circumstances, have succeeded in becoming a writer will be a moot point with most readers. To us the moral of the story would seem to be that the man who seeks to win fame must not be hampered by feminine influence. This novel was originally published by Mr John Lane in 1898. But since Mr Bennett achieved fame, it has been thought well worth reproduction, and since March of this year it has run into a second edition. Messrs Methuen acquired the colonial rights of publishing this new edition. "A Man from the North" is decidedly a book that must not be missed.

**Tante:** By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (London: Edward Arnold. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

"Tante," which is in its third edition, is a remarkable study of the artistic temperament. Madame von Marwitz is a pianist whose genius is so transcendent that she has taken captive the musical heart of the whole of Europe. Traveling in Madame von Marwitz's train is Karen Woodruff, a Norwegian girl, whom Madame von Marwitz has adopted, and who, in common with most of that great artist's intimates, can see no day but her. But while in London Karen strives to win the love and approval of one Gregory Jardine, who intuitively dislikes and mistrusts Mad-

ame, and is not diplomatic enough to hide that mistrust from Karen's guardian. But for purposes of her own, Madame von Marwitz gives her consent to Karen's marriage with Jardine, and the story hereafter is concerned with the methods used by Madame von Marwitz to separate the married lovers. But the story must be read, for though the plot is light, "Tante" is a veritable triumph of characterisation.

**The Prelude to Adventure:** By Hugh Walpole. (London: Mills and Boon. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

Like Mr Oliver Onion's "According to the Evidence," Mr Walpole's task has been to justify a murder committed by an undergraduate of Cambridge on the ground that the murdered man is a menace to society at large, having openly boasted, not only of being ruined a woman, but of being guilty of other base things towards society. Now, in this story, as in Mr Onion's, the weak point is that the murderer was anti-pathetic towards his victim from the beginning of their acquaintance, and so the act could not by any means, even if such action could be justified, be held justifiable as being an act of retributive justice. And while we concede that Mr Walpole is a distinctive and a splendidly descriptive writer and that his pictures of University life are absolutely correct, we class the book as mischievous, and the more so since as in Mr Onion's story it may lead indiscriminating readers into apotheosizing private vengeance as public justice. The psychological novel is rarely pleasant

assist by leading his man Jim, upon keeping the "Walk" as trim as his late quarter-deck. Now, it can very easily be imagined that, isolated as the inhabitants of Pomander Walk were from the rest of their kind, they must agree to live either as one happy family or very much the reverse. Well, they chose the happy family way, and Mr Parker has woven a very pretty old world romance indeed about the dramatic personae of this dainty and entertaining comedy. "Pomander Walk" is, in short, the most recent story that has passed through our hands for many a day. And although the story is mostly sentimental it is sentimental of the most wholesome kind, and pre-eminently human besides.

**My Lord the Felon:** By Hendon Hill. (London: Ward, Lock, and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

Though we have a strong distaste for stories of "My Lord the Felon" type, we confess that Mr Hill's book held our rivetted attention from start to finish, for like most melodramatic stories it is very strongly human and satisfactorily moral. Lord Zoyland in his youth deserts his wife and child, and as the years go by repents his dastardly act and would make amendment where it possible. But though he discovers that his wife is dead, he fails to discover any trace of his child, a boy. Years after, he surprises and holds at bay a burglar in the act of burgling a safe at Zoyland Castle, and



THE CHOIR, DURING THE SERMON.

reading. Mr Walpole's description of the "Craven" home filled us with nausea. Can anything normal or wholesome come out of this? We queried as we read. Imagine, if you can, a young, refined girl, flushed with the delicate rapture of a first love, condemning, when he first makes confession, the fact that her lover is a murderer, nay, glorying in the fact because it gave her a chance to prove how much she loved him. The whole story is morbid and nauseating, the more so on account of its diabolic, plausible reasoning.

**Pomander Walk:** By Louis X. Parker. (London: The Bodley Head. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

To turn from "The Prelude to Adventure" to "Pomander Walk" is to emerge from the dark, tortuous labyrinth of modernity into the safe, flowery, old-fashioned paths of seldom to be really despised convention. "Pomander Walk" was, in the years of Trafalgar, set on the banks of the Thames, close to Chiswick. Parallel with this "Walk" stood six houses, the architecture of which is known as Queen Anne. Now the very name of "Pomander Walk" is reminiscent of powder and patches and silks and broadsides and high gentility. But though this was not actually the powder and patch period before alluded to, the name was still so high-sounding as to have frightened any but the most genteel from occupying the once beautiful old houses on Pomander Walk. Not that the "Walk" was not kept as spick and span as the age of the houses permitted, for did not the King of the Walk, Admiral Sir Peter Autrobin, insist, and materially

while closely scrutinising the features of his prisoner, whom he has covered with a revolver, he discovers upon his forehead the identical birthmark his own child had borne at its birth. He then and there acknowledges the burglar as his long-lost son, and proclaims him as heir to the Zoyland title and estates, blaming himself alone for the disgraceful profession his erring son had adopted. The rest of Mr Hendon Hill's thrilling story is taken up with a recital of this burglar-herd's villainies after he becomes Viscount Redpath, which include theft, abduction, murder, and brutalities and social subterfuges innumerable, so innumerable, indeed, that the reader will breathe a sigh of relief when the villain is done to death by villain number two of this truly gruesome story, which is as highly improbable as it is clever in conception. But Mr Hendon Hill has long enjoyed an immense popularity as a finished weaver of thrilling and intricate plots;

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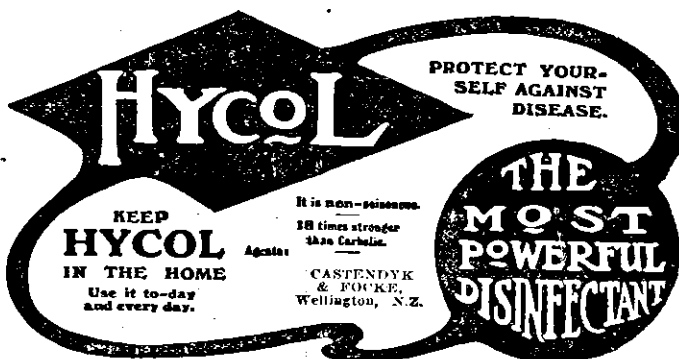
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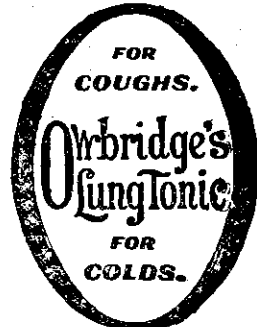
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# Audrey.

He Tells His Wife Just Exactly How the Monkey Wrench, Sponge, and Nursing Bottle Came In His Dress Suit Pocket.

By FRANK CONDON.

THE annual banquet of the police sergeants of New York City, U.S.A., is, take the word of an honest man, some banquet. It starts in annually at five minutes after eight, and the last ambulance arrives at the door of the restaurant 25 hours later and removes the sole survivor. Therefore, when Mrs Audrey Gilbert heard what Audrey was saying, she was interested.

"To-night, my dear," Audrey remarked in his kindest, gentlest voice, "I shall attend the annual banquet of the police sergeants."

"You had not mentioned it before," said his wife.

"I forgot to, my dear, but I will get home early. You had better not wait for me if you become sleepy."

"Inasmuch as you are now a total abstainer," continued his wife, "it seems a pity to attend a banquet where there will be much champagne, and sit there, turning down your glass, time after time."

"It is nothing," said Audrey testily. Mr Gilbert had vplanned to the top of the water-wagon on the first of the year, and it was now March. He was the time clerk in a wholesale hardware concern on East Broadway, and he had decided to abstain from all beer, light wines and other mischievous beverages until his salary had been increased to four thousand a year.

So that night Audrey went to the annual banquet of the police sergeants, leaving his spouse before the imitation fireplace with a book on carpet-weaving among the ancient Hindoos. Flora Mrs Gilbert, of course—retired at twelve after ten, and nothing of any special consequence happened until the following morning.

Now it happens that a book on ancient carpet-weaving is a great inducer of sound slumber, and that night Mrs Gilbert failed to awaken when Audrey returned from the annual banquet of the police sergeants; but when the dawn came into the flat, she observed him sleeping peacefully and breathing through his mouth, which was in a state of complete openness.

Then Flora locked around the house, the same as any good wife locks about the house in the morning, and she discovered, almost the very first thing, that Audrey had, for some reason, folded his suit of evening clothes into a neat and compact bundle, in the form of a square, and had stuffed it into the umbrella holder in the hall.

This, in itself an occurrence bound to provoke mild wifely curiosity, led to immediate further investigation, and after extracting the evening clothes from the umbrella holder, Flora Gilbert held them up in a spirit of scientific research, and after going through the various pockets she brought to the light of day the following trinkets:—

- One large monkey-wrench.
- One sponge.
- One baby's nursing-bottle.

"This is passing strange," Flora averred, looking at the objects and trying to figure out their portent. "I will awaken Audrey and question him." Audrey responded slowly to Flora's gentle awakening, and after a long time he felt his way into the bath-room, and then felt his way into the dining room, where he sat down and observed that it looked like a fine day.

"It's very funny, Audrey," Flora said, in her kind voice, "but see what I found in the pockets of your dress-suit—a monkey-wrench, a sponge, and a baby's nursing bottle."

Audrey gazed at the three articles as Flora shook them in the light, and his brow wrinkled in deep reflection.

"Well, well," Audrey said after a time, and then he said nothing for several more moments.

"Where did you get them," Flora asked, "and why?"

Audrey laughed heartily and shook with mirth.

"It's a most remarkable thing," he said, "and I'm awfully glad you found them, because now I can tell you the

story; and if you hadn't found them, there is an outside chance that the circumstances might have slipped my mind. I was going to throw them away last night, but then I thought: no, I'll take them home with me and Flora will find them, and that will remind me of the story, so I can tell it to her. I wouldn't have you miss this story for the world."

"I am very very much interested," Flora said.

"You see, Flora, while the annual banquet of the police sergeants was interesting, and while the food was very fine, I gradually ceased to be amused, largely, I presume, because I continued to turn down my glasses, in spite of the repeated protests of my hosts. I could not be persuaded to touch the champagne, and in a mixed company, such as police sergeants are, the person who sits by and refrains from drinking champagne, is more than likely to be bored by the conversation of those about him, edifying and entertaining as it may be.

"So I left the annual banquet shortly before eleven o'clock, intending to come directly home, and, if you were still awake, to amuse you with little stories I had heard during dinner.

"On the way up-town, while I was walking swiftly along Broadway, I suddenly encountered a man, who seemed interested in me, and who addressed me in a respectful, but insistent, manner. This man, whose name I totally neglected to write down in my note-book, had in his possession a large cloth bag, and after assuring me that what he had to say would interest me, he paused beneath an electric light and opened the bag; which contained, strange as it may strike you, a monkey-wrench, a sponge, and a baby's nursing bottle, the very same you now hold in your hands.

"Of course, I could not see for the life of me how these articles would be of interest to me, but the man speedily explained. You know, Flora, how indignantly I am of trout fishing, don't you? And the moment the man mentioned the word trout, I was all attentive eagerness.

"This man, it seems, had a friend who lived on a small farm on Staten Island, and this friend has in his possession a Mexican trout hound—rather, I will qualify that, by saying that he had in his possession, a Mexican trout-hound. Subsequent events proved that the hound was elsewhere; but to continue.

"The man informed me, after he had found out how intensely interested I was in trout fishing, that this Mexican trout hound could be purchased for a comparatively trifling sum of money and so I was more interested than ever. Then, when I was still in the dark about the monkey wrench, the sponge and the baby's nursing bottle, the man went into the subject in detail and made it perfectly clear to me that while owning the Mexican trout hound would be a necessity, the dog alone and unaided would do me but little good if I were to go without the sponge, the monkey wrench and the baby's nursing bottle.

"You see, Flora, it may be that you are not aware of the customs of a Mexican trout hound. It is a rare specimen and its value lies in these facts. You start out with the trout hound and select a brook where you think there may be trout. The intelligent Mexican trout hound wanders along the bank with you, looking intently into the water and as soon as he approaches an unsuspecting trout, he turns suddenly and points it. You see, that makes it immediately manifest that a trout is concealed beneath the flowing waters.

"Well, with trout waiting below the swirling waters, the man made it easily apparent to me that one would be helpless unless equipped for the capture of the trout. A trout is the most easily frightened fish in the world and great caution must be observed in catching it."

"I don't see yet," Flora interrupted, "why you came home with a baby's nursing

bottle, a monkey wrench and a sponge."

"I am about to tell you, my dear," Audrey continued. "When the Mexican trout hound has located the trout and is pointing at it steadily with his mobile tail, you reach down into your kit and take out the sponge. This sponge you hold up and again reach into the kit, obtaining a small phial of chloroform, which you spill over the sponge until it is thoroughly soaked. You then lie down on the edge of the rushing stream and reach out very carefully until your hand, holding the sponge is directly over the spot at which the trout hound is pointing and then you squeeze the sponge and the chloroform pours out over the water. Of course the result is immediately apparent. The powerful drug instantly affects the trout, throwing it into a state of unconsciousness and when this has happened, usually in a second or two, the inert trout rises to the surface, its eyes closed in a deep sleep, and there it floats."

"I see," Flora said.

"Then," said Audrey, "you reach back into your kit, which you have placed on the bank directly beside you before you stretched out on your stomach, and you extract the monkey wrench. You look at the floating trout, which is still insensible, and mentally calculate the width of its neck. Then you twist the monkey wrench, which operates on the screw principle, as you may know, until the jaws are wide open. After that you reach again toward the trout, which by this time is slowly regaining consciousness and you place the monkey wrench directly around the trout's neck, back of its ears. You then deftly twist the wrench until it tightens up and as it tightens the trout is choked fast and is almost immediately caught to death. In this manner, one avoids cruelty in any form and consequently the method is much to be preferred over the old brutal fashion of catching a trout on a hook, thereby causing it much suffering.

"After that, and when the trout is dead beyond the peradventure of a doubt, you place it in your bag, speak to the trout hound and resume your walk down the stream until the intelligent animal again points another fish."

"What has the baby's nursing bottle to do with it?" Flora asked, indicating that object in her hand.

"I was coming to that," said Audrey.

"It so happens that this particular Staten Island Mexican trout hound was injured in its early youth during a violent encounter with a cat fish which had leaped from the bag and attacked the animal before its owner could come to the rescue. This cat fish it was the ferocious West Minister type of cat fish, than which there is no fish so deadly—sprang at the trout hound, who at the time was owned by a man named Saunders. Saunders bravely attacked this savage fish and killed it with a scantling, but not before the trout hound had suffered. The poor beast had attempted to defend itself, but had lost its entire set of upper and lower teeth and of course, from that day forward, it has been necessary to feed the trout hound from a baby's nursing bottle.

"After the man had made all these

points plain to me, I acceded to his request and purchased from him the baby's nursing bottle, the sponge and the monkey wrench. Placing these articles in the pockets of my evening suit, I accompanied the man at once to Staten Island, where he began to look about for the owner of the Mexican trout hound. This man—his name is Cuthbert Durant—no longer is interested in fishing of any kind, because not long ago his only child, a young man of twenty-nine, was eating a piece of broiled shad and a bone stuck in his throat and the young man died before medical relief could be summoned. Of course Mr Durant hates the very thought of fish, and much as he disliked to give up his faithful trout hound, he had determined to do so.


"Well, you may not believe it, but we searched all over Staten Island and when we finally found Mr Durant in the quaint waterside village of Stapleton—a most picturesque and old-fashioned community, populated by plodding peasants and commuters—we learned to our disappointment that he had already succeeded in selling his trout hound to a plumber who resided in Flushing, Long Island. Thither we bent our steps, although the hour was growing late and after a diligent search we discovered the plumber. He was somewhat irritated at being awakened at that hour and informed us of the fact in no uncertain tones and he added that a billion dollars wouldn't buy the left leg of a dying flea on his trout hound's back. So, of course, grieved beyond measure, the man and I returned to New York and that practically covers the entire story. I still have hopes of approaching the Flushing plumber when he is in a more receptive and amiable frame of mind and purchasing the trout hound. Then I came home to you, intent upon relating the incidents of the evening and feeling that you would be deeply interested and what was my further disappointment, but to find you slumbering peacefully. So I said nothing. And now, my dearest Flora, would you mind allowing me a thin, dainty bit of weak toast and boiling a cup of weak tea. I find that I don't care this morning for a regular breakfast. Just something appetising."

So Flora went into the kitchen and prepared Audrey's breakfast, humming a soft Southern ditty or other.

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# The Hand That Riles The World.

By O. HENRY.

"ANY of our great men," said I (apropos of many things), "have declared that they owe their success to the aid and encouragement of some brilliant woman."

"I know," said Jeff Peters. "I've read in history and mythology about Joan of Arc and Mme. Yale and Mrs. Caudle and Eve and other noted females of the past. But, in my opinion, the woman of to-day is of little use in politics or business. What's she best in, anyway?—men makes the best cooks, milliners, nurses, housekeepers, stenographers, clerks, hairdressers and laundresses. About the only job left that a woman can beat a man in is female impersonator in vaudeville."

"I would have thought," said I, "that occasionally, anyhow, you would have found the wit and intuition of woman valuable to you in your lines of—er—business."

"Now, wouldn't you," said Jeff, with an emphatic nod—"wouldn't you have imagined that? But a woman is an absolutely unreliable partner in any straight snaffle. She's liable to turn honest on you when you are depending upon her the most. I tried 'em once."

Bill Humble, an old friend of mine in the Territories, conceived the illusion that he wanted to be appointed United States Marshal. At that time me and Andy was doing a square, legitimate business of selling walking-canes. If you unscrewed the head of one and turned it up to your mouth, a half-pint of good rye whiskey would go trickling down your throat to reward you for your act of intelligence. The deputies was annoying me and Andy some, and when Bill spoke to me about his officious aspirations, I saw how the appointment as Marshal might help along the firm of Peters and Tucker.

"Well," says Bill to me, "you are a man of learning and education, besides having knowledge and information concerning not only rudiments but facts and attainments."

"I do so," says I, "and I have never regretted it. I am not one," says I, "who would cheapen education by making it free. Tell me," says I, "which is of the most value to mankind, literature or housewifery?"

"Why,—er,—, playing the po—I mean, of course, the poets and the great writers have got the call, of course," says Bill.

"Exactly," says I. "Then why do the master minds of finance and philanthropy," says I, "charge us two dollars to get into a race-track, and let us into a library free? Is that distilling into the masses," says I, "a correct estimate of the relative value of the two means of self-culture and disorder?"

"You are arguing outside of my faculties of sense and rhetoric," says Bill. "What I wanted you to do is to go to Washington and dig out this appointment for me. I haven't no ideas of cultivation and intrigue. I'm a plain citizen, and I need the job. I've killed seven men," says Bill. "I've got nine children; I've been a good Republican ever since the first of May; I can't read or write, and I see no reason why I ain't illegible for the office. And I think your partner, Mr. Tucker," goes on Bill, "is also a man of sufficient ingratiation and connected system of mental delinquency to assist you in securing the appointment. I will give you preliminary," says Bill, "a thousand dollars for drinks, bribes and cabfares in Washington. If you land the job I will pay you a thousand dollars more, cash down, and guarantee you impunity in boot-legging whiskey for twelve months. Are you patriotic to the West enough to help me put this thing through the White-washed Wigwam of the Great Father of the most eastern flag station of the Pennsylvania Railroad?" says Bill.

"Well, I talked to Andy about it, and he liked the idea immense. Andy was a man of an involved nature. He was never content to plod along, as I was, selling to the peasantry some little tool like a combination steak-beater, shoe-horn, israel-waver, monkey-wrench, nail

file, potato-masher and Mullum in Parvo turning fork. Andy had the artistic temper, which is not to be judged as a preacher's or a moral man's is, by purely commercial deflections. So we accepted Bill's offer, and strikes out for Washington.

"Says I to Andy, when we get located at a hotel on South Dakota Avenue, G.S.S.W.: 'Now, Andy, for the first time in our lives we've got to do a real dishonest act. Lobbying is something we've never been used to; but we've got to scandalize ourselves for Bill Humble's sake. In a straight and legitimate business,' says I, 'we could afford to introduce a little foul play and chicanery, but in a disorderly and heinous piece of malpractice like this it seems to me that the straightforward and above-board way is the best. I propose,' says I, 'that we hand over five hundred dollars of this money to the chairman of the national campaign committee, get a receipt, lay the receipt on the President's desk, and tell 'em about Bill. The President is a man who would appreciate a candidate who went about getting office that way instead of pulling wires.'"

"Andy agreed with me, but after we talked the scheme over with the hotel clerk we gave that plan up. He told us that there was only one way to get an appointment in Washington, and that was through a lady lobbyist. He gave us the address of one he recommended, a Mrs. Avery, who he said was high up in sociable and diplomatic rings and circles."

"The next morning, at ten o'clock, me and Andy called at her hotel, and was shown up to her reception room."

"This Mrs. Avery was a sallow and a balm to the eyesight. She had hair the colour of the back of a twenty-dollar gold certificate, blue eyes, and a system of beauty that would make the girl on the cover of a July magazine look like a cook on a Monongahela coal barge."

"She had on a low-necked dress covered with silver spangles, and diamond rings and ear-bobs. Her arms was bare; and she was using a desk telephone with one hand, and drinking tea with the other."

"Well, boys," says she after a bit, "what is it?"

"I told her in a few words as possible what we wanted for Bill, and the price we could pay."

"Those western appointments," says she, "are easy. Lemme see, now," says she, "who could put that through for us. No use fooling with Territorial delegates, I guess," says she, "that Senator Sniper would be about the man. He's from somewhere in the West. Let's see how he stands on my private menu card." She takes some papers out of a pigeon-hole with the letter "S" over it.

"Yew," says she, "he's marked with a star; that means 'ready to serve.' Now, let's see. 'Age 55, married twice, Presbyterian, likes blondes, Tolstoi, poker, and stewed terrapin; sentimental at third bottle of wine.' 'Yes,' she goes on, "I am sure I can have your friend, Mr. Bummer, appointed Minister to Brazil."

"Humble," says I, "and United States Marshal was the berth?"

"Oh, yes," says Mrs. Avery, "I have so many deals of this sort I sometimes get them confused. Give me all the memoranda you have of the case, Mr. Peters, and come back in four days. I think it can be arranged by then."

"So me and Andy goes back to our hotel and waits. Andy walks up and down and chews the left end of his mustache."

"A woman of high intellect and perfect beauty is a rare thing, Jeff," says he.

"As rare," says I, "as an omelet made from the eggs of the fabulous bird known as the epidermis," says I.

"A woman like that," says Andy, "ought to lead a man to the highest positions of opulence and fame."

"I misdoubt," says I, "if any woman ever helped a man to secure a job any more than to have his meals ready promptly and spread a report that the other candidate's wife had once been a

shoplifter. They are no more adapted for business and politics," says I, "than Algeon Charles Striburne is to be floor manager at one of Chuck Connor's annual balls. 'I know,' says I to Andy, "that sometimes a woman seems to step out into the kalsomine light as the charge d'affaires of her man's political job. But how does it come out? Say, they have a neat little berth somewhere as foreign consul or record to Afghanistan or lock-keeper on the Delaware and Raritan Canal. One day this man finds his wife putting on her overshoes and three months' supply of bird-seed into the canary's cage. 'Sioux Falls?' he asks with a kind of hopeful light in his eye. 'No, Arthur,' says she, 'Washington. We're wasted here,' says she, 'You ought to be Tandy Extraordinary to the Court of St. Bridget or Head Porter of the Island of Porto Rico. I'm going to see about it.'"

"Then this lady," I says to Andy, "moves against the authorities at Washington with her baggage and munitions, consisting of five dozen indiscriminating letters written to her by a member of the Cabinet when she was 15; a letter of introduction from King Leopold to the Smithsonian Institution, and a pink silk costume with canary-coloured spats."

"Well, and then what? I goes on. 'She has the letters printed in the evening papers that match her costume, she lectures at an informal tea given in the palm-room of the B. & O. depot and then calls on the President. The ninth Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labour, the first aide-de-camp of the Blue Room, and an unidentified coloured man are waiting there to grasp her by the hands—and feet. They carry her out to S. W. B. Street and leave her on a cellar door. That ends it. The next time we hear of her she is writing postal cards to the Chinese Minister asking him to get Arthur a job in a tea store.'"

"Then," says Andy, "you don't think Mrs. Avery will land the Marshalship for Bill?"

"I do not," says I. "I do not wish to be a septic, but I doubt if she can do as well as you and me could have done."

"I don't agree with you," says Andy. "I'll bet you she does. I'm proud of having a higher opinion of the talent and the powers of negotiation of ladies."

"We was back at Mrs. Avery's hotel at the time she appointed. She was looking pretty and fine enough, as far as that went, to make any man let

her name every officer in the country. But I hadn't much faith in looks, so I was certainly surprised when she pulls out a document with the great seal of the United States on it, and 'William Henry Humble' in a fine big hand on the back."

"You might have had it the next day, boys," said Mrs. Avery smiling. "I hadn't the slightest trouble in getting it," says she. "I just asked for it, that's all. Now, I'd like to talk to you a while," she goes on, "but I'm awfully busy, and I know you'll excuse me. I've got an Ambassadorship, two Consulates, and a dozen other minor applications to look after. I can hardly find time to sleep at all. You'll give my compliments to Mr. Humble when you get home, of course."

"Well, I handed her the \$100, which she pitched into her desk drawer without counting. I put Bill's appointment in my pocket and me and Andy made our adieus."

"We started back for the Territory the same day. We wired Bill: 'Job landed; get the tall glasses ready,' and we felt pretty good."

"Andy joshed me all the way about how little I knew about women."

"All right," says I, "I'll admit that she surprised me. But it's the first time I ever knew one of 'em to manipulate a piece of business on time without getting it bungled up in some way," says I. "Down about the edge of Arkansas I got out Bill's appointment and looked it over, and then I handed it to Andy to read. Andy read it, but didn't add any remarks to my silence."

"The paper was for Bill, all right, and a genuine document, but it appointed him postmaster of Dade City, Fla."

"Me and Andy got off the train at Little Rock and sent Bill's appointment to him by mail. Then we struck north-east towards Lake Superior."

"I never saw Bill Humble after that."

## FRENCH WOMEN'S PROGRESS

An announcement that gives pleasure to all those interested in women's development comes from France, where the Minister for Public Works, M. Leon Bourgeois, has not only allotted an important post in his department, usually held by a man, to a woman, but has also declared himself in favour of opening many other public posts to women.

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# The Mesmeric Lady.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

**H** ALLOA, Broughton, you are a swell!" cried Dr. Webley, one Sunday afternoon at Kearsborough, in the middle of August, as he came face to face with an old fellow-student of his at one of the big London hospitals.

"A change for the better, eh?" chuckled Dr. Broughton, a good-looking young fellow of two or three and thirty, as he stepped out of a smart motor-car which was standing in front of one of the best hotels and shook hands with his old friend.

When they last met, three years before, Broughton, unable to afford to buy a practice, had been practically starving in London.

"Awfully glad, old chap. How did it come about?" asked Webley.

"I married," explained Broughton, with a satisfied smile.

"Oh, I see. Married money?"

Broughton smiled still more and nodded.

"And what are you doing?"

"Oh," replied Dr. Webley, "I'm taking a practice up in Lancashire. Big population. It ought to be all right."

Dr. Broughton shook his head.

"I don't know enough about it," said he. "Those licensing millions are no good to a doctor. They go to quacks, to whom they pay sixpence for a bottle of coloured water and a bread pill. Come and dine with us this evening. I want to introduce you to my wife."

But Dr. Webley excused himself, knowing that "money," when you have married it, has a habit of growing exceedingly unattractive.

This meeting and this warning went right out of his mind until, having taken up the Lancashire practice and found it very disappointing, he was suddenly reminded of Broughton's words when, as he crossed the market-place one autumn evening, he found himself wedged in the middle of an excited crowd, all pushing and squeezing to get to a large tent, rigged up in a corner, in front of which a brass band was playing.

He had already had thrust into his hand a glaring handbill which informed him that the MESMERIC LADY (in large capitals and followed by six notes of exclamation) was in the town for that night only, and would give advice to all sufferers "while under the influence of a mesmeric trance." Advice only, half-a-crown; advice and medicine, five shillings.

Dr. Webley was indignant. Out of curiosity he went inside the tent with the rest of the drugging crowd, and found that the stream waiting for treatment, and all ready with their crowns and half-crowns, vastly exceeded in number the patients that a whole month brought to await themselves of his own properly-qualified skill.

On a stage at one end of the tent was a large gilt arm-chair, in which a woman, dressed in fantastic Oriental costume, was sitting, with her head back and her eyes closed. A voluminous veil of white silk, embroidered in gold, was fastened on her head with a bandeau, from which a barbaric ornament of gold and pearl beads hung down to the middle of her forehead. This silk veil went all over the chair and hung down on each side of her head, but did not cover her face or her neck, which was hung with gold beads. Over this silk veil was one of some shimmering transparent material, which covered her face without concealing it.

As far as one could judge, the woman was young and hand-some, and her right hand, which held a glittering pencil, was white and delicate.

At each end of the stage was a flight of wooden stairs, and the stream of "patients" followed each other up the one and down the other as fast as they could be dealt with.

The procedure was as follows:—A hoarse young man, dressed in shabby red velvet and spangles, whom Dr. Webley took to be the husband and accomplice of the Mesmeric Lady, led the deluded victims, one by one, up to the lady's right hand, made him or her sit in a chair placed for the purpose, take up one brass-mounted end of a speaking-

tube which came through a small hole in the white silk veil, and describe his or her "symptoms" in a low voice, which was supposed to reach the Mesmeric Lady by means of a brass-mounted bell at the other end of the tube, conspicuously bound to her right ear by gold cords passed round her head and chin.

Each person was warned to be brief, and on being jugged at the elbow by the man in velvet as a warning that time was up, dropped the speaking tube or had it taken away from him, while the Mesmeric Lady, without opening her eyes, scrawled something upon a paper on the little gilt table in front of her.

Then the man in red advanced to the

him, someone knocked his hat off, and he would have stood a chance of some rough handling if the young man in the red velvet and spangles had not yelled out a hoarse threat to turn the lights out, and dashed the tumult with promptitude which spoke of experience.

His nearest neighbours, however, still continued to gibe at the doctor, though without any renewed attempt at violence.

"A fine one to talk of poisons!" cried one lad, in answer to an injudicious remark of Dr. Webley's about quacks and the harm they may do through ignorance. "I'll warrant, doctor, you'd like for to 'poison' 't lot of us, for coomin' to 't lady, instead o' coomin' to you!"



"He suddenly looked up, and the amazed Dr. Webley recognised the handsome features of Wilfred Broughton, M.D., Lond."

table, wrote a number on the paper, which he then gave to the "patient" in exchange for his money, and directed him to go down by the one staircase while he beckoned to the next sufferer to come up by the other.

When Dr. Webley reached the tent the five shilling patients were being treated, and they were to come round to the tent at an hour appointed to receive their medicine on giving their number.

To his rage and disgust, he reckoned on the takings during one half-hour, and found that the amount exceeded five pounds.

Then came a batch of half-crown patients, who brought money in at a rate even faster, since each sat no more than a minute, and was not accorded the privilege of having his pulse felt.

The doctor was amazed at the credulity which allowed these swarms of invalids, real and imaginary, to be satisfied when they got for their hard-earned silver nothing but two written lines of advice, with which, however, all appeared perfectly content.

At last his anger got the better of his prudence, and he broke out, to a sturdy-looking Lancashire man of forty or so who stood beside him in the crush, into invectives against the folly of the crowd, the inaction of the police, and the obviously fraudulent nature of the whole affair.

"Nay, nay, mister," said the man, good-humouredly. "it can't be fraud, seein' 't lady does us good. I've been treated myself by her a twelvemonth comin' Christmas, and no doctor never did me half the good as what she did. And so, says I, fraud or no fraud, it's all one to me, and when there's eight anis with me I waits till 't lady comes again to the market-place and away goes my half-crown."

But all his neighbours did not take the doctor's expostulations so good-humouredly; and when a group of rough lads recognised him, and tried to shout down his protest against the proceedings, there arose a jeering chorus around

"And if 'twas poison what 't lady give us, why aren't we all dead? I'd like for to hear him answer me that," said another.

The doctor thought it wiser to say no more, and presently the crowd shifted, and he found himself surrounded by fresh groups. By and by, braving the gibes of those who might recognize him, he mounted the platform himself and took his place in the patients' chair as one of a five-shilling batch.

Thrusting his hand through the hole in the white silk veil pointed out to him by the man in red, Dr. Webley felt his wrist held with a grasp which convinced him that, whatever might be the limitations to her medical knowledge, the Mesmeric Lady had felt enough pulses in her time to know the way to do it.

He proceeded to describe his symptoms through the speaking tube in the following manner:—

"I suffer from blood to the head and a violent acceleration of the heart's action when I see crowds of ignorant and foolish people trusting themselves and their ailments to unqualified persons. I suffer also from an inclination to call in the police to stop what I know to be a vulgar and impudent fraud upon the credulous."

Dr. Webley uttered these words in a low voice, but with great deliberation, and watched to see what effect they would have upon the woman.

To his surprise and disappointment, there was no change in the hoarse look of indifference which her handsome face had worn throughout the evening.

A thought struck him, and he gave the tube a jerk, the result of which convinced him that, in spite of the apparatus so ostentatiously attached to her right ear, the words uttered at his end did not reach hers at all.

He was intensely interested, and anxious to find out how the thing was worked. But the man in red was looking curious, and he now abruptly cut short the patient's sitting, with the intimation that time was up. He at the same time



"He walked suddenly out of the shade into the light cast by the little lamp that hung outside the carriage, and the woman uttered a scream."

gave the doctor a rather ungentle push across the stage, and, calling out "Number six hundred and thirty nine," handed him a folded piece of paper and told him to call for his medicine after eleven.

The doctor got down from the stage and opened his paper. It contained the following words, written in a small, neat hand, and headed with the printed word, "Advice":—

"Refrain from poking your nose into other people's business and the symptoms will at once subside."

The doctor burst out laughing. But the honour of the rogue did not change his determination to get to the bottom of the business.

In the first place, he exerted himself to get hold of such of the papers of advice as he could induce the patients round about to let him see.

He found that the charlatan's wit had stood him in good stead, and as, one after the other, he read instructions which, in the circumstances indicated by the sufferers, were much as he would have given himself, Dr. Webley became convinced that the Mesmeric Lady and her accomplices had, by some means or other, become possessed of the rudiments of a medical education, or at least that they had mastered the contents of a work dealing with a certain number of common ailments.

And it occurred to him as possible that one at least of the confederates, of whom there were probably several, might turn out to be a chemist's assistant.

But these facts did not diminish his disgust that these crowds of fools should be ready, under the influence of a brass band and brightly-lighted tent and a little childish mimicry, to give their half-crowns and crowns for commonplace advice given in circumstances of uncomfortable publicity and with too much haste to be anything but superficial, when they would not, for an even smaller fee, put themselves into the hands of a highly-qualified man who could examine and advise them at leisure.

He went out of the tent, and hung about until the clock of the town hall struck the half-hour after eleven, when the man in red shouted that the lady's trance was over, and that the people must "clear out."

They obeyed like a flock of sheep, the more readily that the man in red velvet began to turn the lights out.

Ten minutes later those persons whose numbered tickets entitled them to medicine were filing in and out of a smaller tent where a perspiring man in a cloth cap and shirt-sleeves was handing out bottles, ready corked and labelled, as fast as he could.

The doctor was much interested to know what would be prescribed for his ailment. And once again his sense of humour almost got the better of his annoyance when he had handed out to him, not medicine, but a small bottle of Lass's bitter ale.

Nevertheless he smothered his feelings of rivalry, as before, and waited until the crowd had melted away and the tents were deserted by all but the two men in charge.

Then he sauntered towards the living van, a brightly-painted affair, which stood at a short distance from the tents. As he approached, taking care to do so under cover of an empty stall, he saw that a woman was sitting on the steps of the vehicle, and in spite of the fact that she had divested herself of her fantastic finery and was wearing a long rug coat and a close motor-hood, he had no difficulty in recognizing the handsome young woman before him as the Mesmeric Lady of an hour before.

He walked suddenly out of the shadow into the light cast by the little lamp that hung outside the carriage, and the woman uttered a scream.

"Don't be alarmed, pray, madam," said Dr. Webley, in a dry tone. "You are, I believe, the lady who prescribes for patients suffering from all kinds of ailments; and, as I am a medical man myself, I shall be glad if you will give me, in confidence, of course, some details as to your qualifications."

The woman, who was looking very tired, stared helplessly into his face.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, hurriedly. "There's some mistake. I don't know what you mean."

"Then I'm afraid I must put it more plainly than I like to do in speaking to a lady," said the doctor, instinctively assuming a less aggressive tone when he noticed that her voice was perfectly refined, and that she glanced at him with the shy, helpless perplexity of a great baby. "You pretend to prescribe for ailments, and you use such strong

remedies as raw venica in your medicines. Such things cannot lawfully or safely be done by unqualified persons."

"Oh, I'm qualified—I'm qualified," said she, hurriedly.

"I'm afraid you would have a difficulty in showing me your diplomas, madam," said Dr. Webley. "No; I know more than this. I know that you are a mere cipher, a dummy, in this fraudulent business. The tube which is attached to your ear brings no record of symptoms to you. The tube has two working ends, one into which the patient speaks, and the other which leads, not to your ear, but to someone else's. It is to that someone else, the prime mover in this fraud on the public, that I wish to speak."

The woman hesitated, stammered, turned very red, and burst into tears.

Dr. Webley felt very uncomfortable but he was determined to find out the principal of the infamous business, and to warn him as to the consequences of persisting in his dangerous career. He murmured some apologetic words, and then the woman suddenly looked up on hearing a man's rapid footsteps approaching. Dr. Webley turned, but even before he did so he heard a muttered exclamation, and the other man, with a smothered ejaculation, took to his heels. "Hi!" cried the doctor, as he fled in pursuit.

Across the market-place they ran, down one street, up another, into the churchyard and out again. At last the man pursued stumbled and fell, and in an instant the doctor was upon him.

For a minute the other tried to hide his face. Then realising that he was beaten, he suddenly looked up, and the amazed Dr. Webley recognised the handsome features of Wilfred Broughton, M.D. Lond.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Webley. "What are you doing here? Surely you don't mean that you—"

Broughton was on his feet, brushing the mud off his clothes.

"That I—am making a hundred a week by unprofessional conduct, instead of starving in respectability? Yes, that's the case," said he, coolly.

"You must give it up," said Webley, sternly.

"And starve again? Not me!" said he.

Dr. Webley's anger flashed up within him at this contented degradation.

"Then I must expose you," said he, sternly.

The other turned to him quickly.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," he said, earnestly. "I do no harm. My wife is only the figure-head, as you guessed. I hear the complaints, prescribe, make up the medicines. She scrawls—nothing on one paper, and my red velvet assistant substitutes another paper, on which I have written the advice. I hide behind her chair, and it's I who feel the patient's pulse."

"I know that. It's a disgraceful business. I must put an end to it."

"For mercy's sake, don't!"

Broughton's tone was tremulous with feeling. But the other stood firm.

"I must. I owe it to the profession. I shall report you to the Medical Council."

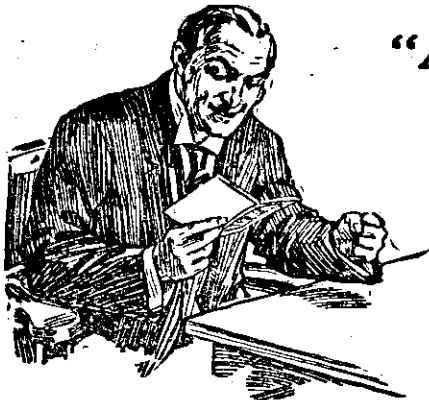
Broughton's agonised countenance grew clear in a moment.

"Oh, you can do that, and welcome," said he, contentedly. "If you report me to the Medical Council for unprofessional conduct my public will never hear of it, and it will do me no harm. But for Heaven's sake don't expose me to my public as a qualified medical practitioner. My receipts would go down to zero to-morrow, and even the brass band and the red velvet and spangles wouldn't save me. For the sake of my wife, come, Webley, be merciful. You go and cure all the wise folk your way, and leave me the fools. The game's a better one than yours, though it's beneath you to play it."

Dr. Webley allowed himself to be persuaded, and retreated—thoughtfully.

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# Fallacies of Golf.

By P. A. VAILE.—Author of "Modern Golf."

ONE is frequently asked to account for the remarkable difference in the quality of the game of the professional and the amateur at golf. The answer which is usually given, namely, that the professional plays much more, is no doubt to a certain extent the correct explanation of the great difference, but there is a much deeper cause than this. As a matter of indisputable fact, the leading professionals, and, indeed, some of the most prominent amateurs, in their published works, teach the game on lines quite opposed to their own practice.

Now, we may accept the statement that the published works of the greatest players do affect the game of a multitude of players. It stands to reason, then, that if their tuition is wrong the game of the amateurs who follow their teaching must suffer. I say unhesitatingly that the game of golf is suffering severely on account of the false teaching which is unfortunately associated with some of the most famous names in the history of the game. It is easy to make general statements of this nature; so to be specific, let us take three portions of the game which are absolutely of fundamental importance, and deal with them particularly.

The three I shall select are: (1) The distribution of weight in the drive; (2) the power of the left hand and arm as compared with that of the right hand and arm; and (3) the study of putting. It is my intention to analyse the teaching of Harry Vardon, James Braid and J. H. Taylor. We must admit that these names stand for all that is sound and good in golf, and their published advice to players should be of the same nature. No good golfer will believe that if it be shown to be otherwise any one of the famous triumvirate would desire it to remain uncontradicted. I do not think that anyone deserving the name of golfer could imagine one of these players giving false instruction to a pupil whom he was coaching; yet, if my criticism be just, that is what each one of them is doing in his published instructions.

We shall take first the matter of the distribution of weight in the drive. Vardon, Braid and Taylor all state emphatically that at the top of the swing the weight should be almost all on the right leg. This, I maintain, is utterly bad golf, and not in accordance with their own practice. I shall quote them.

At page 68 of "The Complete Golfer" Harry Vardon says: "While this is happening, it follows that the weight of the body is being gradually thrown on to the right leg, which accordingly stiffens until at the top of the swing it is quite rigid, the left leg being at the same time in a state of comparative freedom, slightly bent in towards the right, with only just enough pressure on the toe to keep it in position."

At page 56 of "Advanced Golf," James Braid says: "At the top of the swing, although nearly all the weight will be on the right foot, the player must feel to distinct pressure on the left one, that is to say, it must still be doing a small share in the work of supporting the body."

At page 207 of "Taylor on Golf," J. H. Taylor says: "Then, as the club comes back in the swing, the weight should be shifted by degrees, quietly and gradually, until when the club has reached its topmost point the whole weight of the body is supported by the right leg, the left foot at this time being turned and the left knee bent in toward the right knee."

Now, these men have accounted for 11 Open Championships between them; but I say, without any hesitation whatever, that in this statement they are spreading false tuition, which is fatal to the rhythm of the swing and utterly opposed to their own practice.

Harry Vardon himself is the most striking refutation of this false doctrine. From the moment his club leaves the hole his weight begins to go forward, until at the top of his swing it is mostly on his left foot. It is this perfect management of his weight which to a great extent accounts for the wonderful rhythm and accuracy of his strokes; for in it lies the great secret of the golf-

drive, the preservation of the "centre," if one may use the word, of the golf-swing.

The truth of this fundamental point will readily be seen on looking at plates xxiv. and xxv. of "Great Golfers."

Two things have led all writers astray in dealing with this matter. Firstly, the player pivots on the inside of the sole of the left foot. This makes his contact with the earth look light, although it does not require much mechanical knowledge to know that that is no indication of the strain thrown upon it. Secondly, the right leg is stiffened and twisted, and this torsional strain is by many, not unaturally, mistaken for weight.

Vardon's adjustment of his weight at the top of his swing is very marked. Many years ago I saw a statuette of him at the top of his stroke, and speaking from the fulness of ignorance, I said, "Look where his weight is, all on his left foot. Surely that is very bad form." It was not long before I found out that it is of the essence of sound driving to get the weight on to the left at the top of the drive.

Vardon, Braid, and Taylor are unanimous in this mis-statement. They are also unanimous in saying that in the stance and address the weight is practically evenly distributed. They are, of course, unanimous in saying one must not move the head by the fraction of an inch in the upward swing. We shall therefore tie them down to this last well-known golf axiom by stretching a wire taut across the line to the hole, at right angles to it, and within a quarter of an inch of their necks, or the side of their faces. This will not hamper them in driving, but as they must not sway away from the hole we shall require them to drive, putting their weight on the right foot and without touching the wire, which is, of course, on the side further from the hole. Following their instructions it should be feasible, but they would require to be comforters, or suffering from abdominal hyper trophy, to execute the manoeuvre.

It seems that in this matter there is what the lawyers will call a *prima facie* case for the prosecution. It will be interesting to know what the defence consists of, because Vardon is not alone in showing by his perfectly-executed strokes the best condemnation of his fundamentally unsound teaching.

We now come to the old, old story of the power of the left, the father of more slices than all the bread-knives in the golf clubs of the world. This wonderful delusion has received some very severe knocks during the last few years, but with the assistance of such great names as Vardon, Braid, and Taylor it is small wonder that it lingers on.

Right through "The Complete Golfer," Harry Vardon, by implication, supports this utterly unsound idea. At page 126 he says: "This is one of the few shots in golf in which the right hand is called upon to do most of the work." And again at page 92: "It is necessary that in the making of this stroke the right hand should do more work than the left, and therefore the club should be held rather more loosely by the left hand than by its partner."

Nowhere does Vardon explicitly uphold the idea of the left hand and arm being the dominating factor in the golf stroke. It is merely by inferential references such as those quoted that we can gather that he gives his adherence to this time-honoured fallacy; but it is interesting to notice that in the whole of "The Complete Golfer," although there are "few shots in golf in which the right hand is called upon to do most of the work," the famous author does not specifically describe any one stroke in which the left hand is called upon to do most of the work. Neither, so far as I can remember, does either Braid or Taylor.

We must, however, see what they have to say on the subject, for it is of scarcely less importance to the game than the all-important matter of the distribution of weight.

Taylor, at page 193 of "Taylor on Golf," says: "My contention is simply this: that the grasp of the right hand upon the club must be sufficiently firm

in itself to hold it steady and true, but it must not be allowed on any account to overpower the left. The idea is that the latter arm must exercise the predominating influence in every stroke that may be played. As regards my own position in the matter, my grip with either hand is very firm, yet I should hesitate before I told every golfer to go and do likewise."

Well, if taking a very firm grip with both hands had won me four open championships, and innumerable other prizes, I should have faith enough in it to tell others to "Go and do likewise." Even without these trifling incidents I have no hesitation in supplying what Taylor leaves, and saying most emphatically, "Go then and do likewise." If it is good enough for Taylor it will be good enough for you. It is the only proper way, and you may observe, although he "plumps" plainly for the time-honoured fetich, it is evident that he does not carry it out in his own play.

Speaking of the grip, Braid says: "I advise a very pronounced tapering of the grip—thick at the top of the handle and thin at the bottom, for it is the left hand that has to grip hard and tight, and the right which has to hold the club delicately to guide it."

The truth is that the grip, as in Taylor's case, should be very firm with both hands, and, as a matter of the very best golf, should never relax until the ball has gone on its way. The correct apportionment of power would never have entered into anyone's head but for the mischievous fetich of the left. Dame Nature in all other games and sports attends to that with unerring discretion. If we trust her, she will do the same in golf.

Braid is much less pronounced in his adherence to the fetich of the left than

That is where it does most of its work, but the right is in almost the same position, and is always master of the stroke.

Here is a question or two which one may ask disciples of the professors who preach the power of the left—

"If the left hand is the more important, why do the naturally left-handed not retain their advantage?"

"Why do they get left-handed clubs and reduce themselves to a level with their right-handed brethren?"

Of course, the mere idea, when it is analysed, is stupid, but it still obtains with countless golfers, and undoubtedly does much to injure the game of thousands of players.

A famous professional once tried the relative power of the left and right by driving a number of balls with each hand separately, but in exactly the same manner as they fall to the input in the ordinary drive. He found that with the left he was comparatively useless, both as to length and direction, while with the right he could drive nearly as far and as straight as with both together. Any golfer who has been a slave to the fetich of the left will be well-advised to follow Taylor's method—grip hard with both hands, and leave Dame Nature to apportion the work.

We have now to consider the question of putting, a matter of the most vital importance. Let me again quote the triumvirate.

Harry Vardon says: "The fact is that there is more individuality in putting than in any other department of golf, and it is absolutely imperative that this individuality should be allowed to have its way. I believe seriously that every man has had a particular kind of putting method awarded to him by nature, and when he puts exactly in this way



OUT OF BOUNDS.

Golfer (who has taken to riding and been landed among some hinds): "Confound you! That was a rotten shot! Why the dickens couldn't you put me on the green?"

many other writers. At page 55 of "How to Play Golf" he says: "A word about the varying pressure of the grip with each hand. In the address the left hand should just be squeezing the handle of the club, but not so tightly as if one were afraid of losing it. The right hand should hold the club a little more loosely. The left hand should hold firmly all the way through. The right will open a little at the top of the swing to allow the club to move easily, but it should automatically tighten itself in the downward swing."

This, in effect, subscribing to the fetich of the left, and in "Advanced Golf" in one place Braid almost does it again. In a matter of opinion such as this one hesitates a little to put one's own ideas against Braid's. It is quite different in a serious error such as our first point—an error which can be demonstrated beyond the possibility of refutation; but if this really is Braid's method of using his hands on his club, all I can say is: "Give me Taylor's, and let me grip firmly with both hands."

This fetich of the left is really, when one considers it seriously, quite an astonishing delusion. Why in golf alone should the inferior hand be promoted to the captaincy? What mysterious power does it possess in golf which it lacks in cricket or hockey or any other two-handed game?

As a matter of fact, the left hand at the moment of impact is in a singularly ineffective position so far as regards the development of power. The back of the hand is towards the hole. The real power of the left comes in at the beginning of the downward swing when the weight of the club is across the wrist in the direction in which it bends least.

he will do well, and when he departs from his natural system he will miss the long ones—and the short ones, too."

If Vardon holds this belief, we can readily understand that there is much individuality in the putting of his pupils.

J. H. Taylor (page 83 in "Taylor on Golf") says: "And here I may say at once it is an absolute impossibility to teach a man how to putt."

Again (page 243) he says: "In all other departments of the game I am of opinion, as I have previously stated, that the strikes may be taught, but in putting, never."

Braid, in "How to Play Golf," at page 119, says: "It happens, unfortunately, that concerning one department of the game that will cause the golfer some anxiety from time to time, and more often when he is experienced than when he is not, neither I nor any other player can offer any words of instruction such as, if closely acted upon, would give the same successful result as the advice tendered under other heads ought to do. This is in regard to putting."

Again, on the same page he says: "It is impossible to tell a man what to do in order to put the ball into the hole. He must find out for himself, and make himself into as good a putter as he can by constant practice"; and "really great putters are probably born, and not made."

If we allow two strokes on every green, and it is a good player who keeps that average or below it, it will be quite evident that putting is quite *not* the game of golf—and it is the most important part. We are then confronted by the confession of the three greatest players in the world that they

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are quite unable to teach half of the game which they play so well. Worse than this, indeed, is their statement. They say that putting, the very foundation of golf, and the half of it, cannot be taught.

I am sorry to have to say it, but this, to put it quite shortly, is sheer nonsense. It is more than nonsense. It is very wrong to publish such discouraging and false doctrine. Putting is the easiest thing in golf to teach. I would take many a man or woman who never could play golf, let alone ordinary golf, and convert them into deadly putters. It is so simple and so easy to teach.

This is no mere effort of journalism. I am always prepared to stand by what I say. I have had many cases, and shall have many more. Let me give an instance.

People who read my books somehow seem to think they have a personal claim on me as well. I like the idea, although it means a considerable amount of lost time. Some time ago a member of the Hendon Golf Club, Mr. Philip R. Thornton, came to me. He had read "Modern Golf," and was in trouble about his putting. He told me that his professional, certainly shining in the very best of company, had said: "Don't come to me for putting. I can't teach you how to putt." I gave him a putter and a ball, and said: "Putt."

He putted, and I show him his faults and explained the utter simplicity of the putt. He tells me that now when he takes more than two he is seriously annoyed with himself, whereas formerly it was the usual thing. He also says that his proportion of "ones" has gone up very considerably.

Any good professional should be able to teach putting. There is no harm in allowing one's pupil to assert his individuality. If he is any good he is bound to do that, but it must be done through and in obedience to the fixed and innumerable laws which govern such a simple mechanical operation as rolling a ball over a green into a hole. I can assure golfers and would-be golfers that the mystery and difficulty of putting has been, and is, most stupidly and unaccountably exaggerated.

Braid himself is the living refutation

of the silly fable. The first time I saw him putting he was trying a "Vaile" putter for me at Wallon-on-leath. He came right down on the ball, and finished on the green well forward of where it lay—a veritable chop or "push" putt. Without a moment's thought, I said: "Do you always putt like that?"

"Aye," said Braid, in his deliberate way, "and it's the best way."

By this time I had remembered about those open championships, so I said nothing, but put in a lot of thinking instead. In those days Braid was, not immaturally, a very bad putter for a man of his class. His methods were wrong. There is only one correct way to putt for all practical purposes and that is to roll them up. Braid has now found this out. Listen to what he says in "Advanced Golf," page 146: "But it is also the fact that a man who was not a born putter, and whose putting all through his golfing youth was of the most moderate quality, may by study and practice make himself a putter who need fear nobody on any putting green. I may suggest that I have proved this in my own case"; and he has. He has given up the utterly unsound delusion about putting with drag, and rolls them up sweetly and truly. That is about all there is "to it," as our American friends say; but it represents a "whole heap of strokes." Braid taught himself how to putt. I for one refuse to believe that he cannot teach others. So can Vardon and Taylor, but in this idea, as in the other important matters which I have referred to, they have in their published work followed the thought expressed in other works too closely instead of taking care merely to express their own personal convictions.

The result in any case is the same. These great players are committed to many unsound statements, calculated to seriously retard the development of the game. I maintain that as a matter of duty to the game they love and adorn so well, it is "on them" to justify their teaching or to withdraw it. This is not a matter of Vardon, Braid, and Taylor versus Vaile. None of them matters a pin's point in comparison with the importance of the issue involved, which, simply put, is the truth as regards the

absolute fundamental principles of the game, and, after all, nothing matters but the truth.

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# NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

The Editor desires to state that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, are published on this page regularly. The page is open to any contributor, and all accepted stories will be paid for at current rates. Terms bright sketches of Dominion life and people, woven in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories." Stamps for return of MS. must be enclosed

## Billy Billington, Matchmaker.

By V. AUGUSTA ROCHE, Auckland.

I HAVE just had a bad attack of appendicitis, but am getting well now. At first, the only person I saw besides the nurse and doctor, was the mater, who was frightfully worried, but as soon as I started to pick up, they allowed other people to come and see me. All the form fellows came, also old Blinker, let's the master at the second form at Prince Edward College. He was most fearfully nice to me, and thought it very hard luck for a fellow of ten to have such a serious illness. He brought me some illustrated "Punches" and some jelly from his wife. The best part of being sick is getting well—everyone makes a point of being so decent to you.

They allowed me to go home from the hospital after I had been there five weeks, and after I had been home a fortnight, the mater decided to send me to Hamilton, to recuperate, as she called it, the doctor having said the country air would do me up. Aunt Mary wrote down from Hamilton that she would be delighted to see me, so the next Saturday I left Auckland by the express. The mater and mater both came to see me off. A lot of fellows from the college were going home for the term vacation, and I had Wallace L., Wallace H., Morrison, and Foxy Whittaker, who all lived in Hamilton, for company.

At Hamilton, Cousin Letty met me. I recognised her at once, although she had put her hair up since I last saw her. She was always pretty looking, but when I saw her at the station I thought she was prettier than ever; she's a sensible sort of girl too—didn't go kissing me before all the form chaps, but just shook hands and said she was awfully glad to see me, like she would to any grown-up person. She helped me with my bag over to where the trap was waiting. Sitting on the seat in a very solemn sort of manner, was a big, fat pug, who was introduced to me as Abes; you pronounce it "A-bees." Cousin Letty seems to talk to him nearly as much as she did to me.

Aunt Mary gave me an awfully kind welcome. She is very like the mater, but not as pretty. They have a very nice home, right on the banks of the Waikato River, and sloping right down to the water's edge from the side of the house, there's a tip-top orchard. For the next few days I explored the place thoroughly, though I had still to be careful what I ate. Although there were only Aunt Mary, Uncle George, and Letty in the family, I did not find it a bit dull. Besides, they were always having lots of visitors. After I had been there about a week, I discovered a fellow named Kenneth Walton, was most frightfully gone on Cousin Letty.

He's really an awfully nice chap, but Letty doesn't seem to care much about him. Next to her father and mother, she loves Abes better than anyone, which is a shame. I think he's a most unlovable dog; he's fearfully greedy, and is that fact, that he cannot walk far without panting like an asthmatical engine—that's not my expression, but it is a great one of Foxy Whittaker's when any of the fellows are out of form or soft in sport. He Abes, I mean—lives for nothing but his Little Mary, and the fat simply hangs on him in rolls. He's very jealous, too, and if any children come to the house and are teased, he goes away and sulks in a corner. However, cousin Letty can see no faults in him; he's just perfect in her eyes, and would you believe it, half the spic bag chocolates that Mr Walton brings her go to the dog.

Well, the more I saw of Mr Walton, the more I liked him. He's a decent fellow and a great sport. He has been teaching me how to ride and has been very kind to me in lots of ways. He would often talk to me about Letty, and told me in great confidence that he wanted to marry her. That will show you how pally we had become. The thing I wondered at was why my cousin didn't marry him, and then one day I accidentally heard Aunt Mary say:—

"You ought to accept Kenneth, Letty. You are breaking the poor boy's heart."

"I'm not fond of him enough, mamma," said Letty.

"No," said Aunt Mary in a sharp sort of voice, "you waste all your love on that wretched dog. I have no patience with you."

I did not hear any more, but that was enough to make me think a bit. Now, if it weren't for Abes, Mr Walton ought to stand a very good chance. Then an idea came into my mind. I would get Abes out of the way for a time. Of course that would mean upsetting Cousin Letty, which I would be sorry for, but without the dog she would find more time to give to Mr Walton.

I took Tommy Hogwood into my confidence. He is a schoolmate of mine, and lives just two miles from Aunt Mary's, but he has been home for some time on account of his throat. He is getting better now, and often rides over to see me. He said he would take charge of Abes, and look after him for as long as I liked. So one afternoon, when Letty had gone off to play tennis, and Aunt Mary was lying down, I managed, after a lot of trouble and plenty of chocolates, to coax Abes off the verandah into the garden, and as soon as I had got him a little way from the house I grabbed him in my arms and hurried to the side gate, where Tommy was waiting in his little pony trap.

Abes struggled a good deal, but we managed to put him into the box which Tommy had underneath the seat, and then we drove off. Tommy had fixed up a nice place to hide Abes in, at the far end of their back garden. There was an old kennel, and a bit of a yard round it, which Tommy had fenced in, and he had put wire netting across the top, so that the dog could not jump out. Of course, I had promised Tommy a reward for doing all this.

Well, we shoved Abes into the yard, and he nearly bit me. We left him in a very bad temper, and growling like anything. Tommy drove me home again, and I found Aunt Mary still lying down, and everything quiet.

I will not dwell on Cousin Letty's grief when she could not find Abes that night. I never thought she would take it so badly, although I knew she would worry to a certain extent. I felt a frightful cad, and was nearly going to fetch Abes home, but I thought of Mr Walton, and of the good turn I wanted to do him, so I didn't. Letty must have cried all night, as her eyes were red and swollen next morning, and she had lost her prettiness. She sent for Walton, and the came riding over. Letty cried all the time she was telling him that Abes was lost, and that she thought he might have tumbled into the river, and got drowned. Walton said the dog would turn up all right, and that he would put an advertisement in the "Argus," and offer a reward. They scurried all round the place, and I had to pretend to look too. Mr Walton stayed until quite late that night to comfort Abes' mistress. As he was saying good-night, and telling her not to worry, Letty said:

"Oh, Ken, only fetch my Abes back, and I'll do anything for you."

"Do you mean that?" he said, in a quick, funny sort of voice, and he caught hold of her hand.

"Yes," said Letty.

"I'll remember that," he said, and went off.

Next day I biked over to Tommy's place. I am strong enough to ride a bike now. I thought Abes had been missing long enough, but I wasn't going to bring him back—that was for Mr Walton to do.

Tommy and I had arranged to drive over to Walton's place, which was just about a mile past Hogwood's, and I was to sneak up and leave Abes near the house. He knows the place quite well, as he often used to go with Cousin Letty when she went to visit old Mrs. Walton.

Well, we put Abes into the box once more, and started off. Tommy said he had been giving him plenty of grub, but that he would not eat much—he did more howling than eating. But, fortunately, he was too far from the house for Tommy's father and mother to hear.

We pulled up near Walton's place, and, once more grabbing Abes in my arms, I sneaked along the hedge until I came to the gate. Under the shelter of some bushes I crept up near the house, and then let the dog go. He knew the place at once, and went barking up to the front door. I didn't wait for anything more, but simply tore back to the trap, and Tommy whipped up the horses and we drove quickly away. I felt satisfied that Abes would be brought home all right. If Mr Walton wasn't home at the time, Mrs. Walton would be sure to know about his being lost.

When we got back to Tommy's place, I jumped on my bike, and was only home about ten minutes when Walton came driving proudly up the avenue, with Abes sitting beside him. Cousin Letty rushed out.

"Oh, Ken, you darling!" she said, and she took Abes in her arms and simply smothered him in kisses, Walton looking on as if he wished he were the dog. If I were a girl, I would far rather kiss a nice-looking chap like Walton than a beastly little pug.

Of course, they all wanted to know how Abes was found. Ken explained that the first thing he knew was the sound of Abes' barking, and when he opened the door, he found him on the mat. Cousin Letty said she could not understand why he had wandered so far from home. She said how then he was, and supposed he was starving, which was Abes' own fault, as Tommy had offered him enough food. He was very disagreeable to me, and growled so that I began to think he might give me away, but he was never very fond of me at any time, and Letty said he was cross because he was hungry. However, I decided to give the animal as wide a berth as possible.

That night, after Ken and Letty had been out in the garden for some time, Ken came in to the dining-room, where I was reading by myself.

"Congratulations, my Billy, old chap," he said. "Your cousin has made me the happiest fellow in the world—she has promised to marry me."

Of course, I was delighted, and told him so.

"That blessed dog settled the matter," he went on. "I have never had much time for him, but he has done me a good turn this time, bless him. If I had not been lucky enough to have loved him, and brought him home, I don't know when Letty would have said yes."

I did not say anything, but I was simply jumping with delight inside. My plan had worked successfully—it could not have been better. My holiday was drawing to a close, and a few days later, Walton and Letty came down to the station to see me off. Uncle George drove us all down in the big buggy. Abes, thank goodness, was not with us this time. While Letty went to speak to some other people who were also going away in the express, Walton strolled up to the carriage window that I was looking out of, and said, in a drawing sort of voice:

"By the way, Billy, can you explain the unusual antagonism Abes has displayed towards you during the past few days?"

Just then the train began to move, and, as Letty came hurrying up, I didn't say a word, but grinned for all I was worth. Walton must be a pretty cute chap.

"You young scamp," he said, laughing, and his eyes were twinkling like anything as he followed the train along the platform. Then, as the train began to get faster, he pressed something into my hand, and stood back, and I waved to him and Letty until they were out of sight.

When I opened my hand, there were two lovely bright sovereigns.

I always said that Walton was one of the best.

The "Bolton Chronicle" contained this week a letter from "J.H.G.," a gentleman apparently employed in the milk trade in some unstatic portion of the Dominion. Had to say, J.H.G. is of opinion that New Zealand is not a great country, because "it is ruled by the working man, who has no consideration for capital, and no capitalist will stop there to be dictated to as they are at the present time."

## WEAKNESS TO STRENGTH SCOTT'S EMULSION

The recuperative and strength-making powers of genuine Scott's Emulsion result, not in temporary improvement, but in the acquirement of renewed health and lasting strength.

Thousands of Doctors, in every part of the world, recommend SCOTT'S. Grateful mothers praise it. Here is an example:

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Mrs. E. Newell, 62, Regent St., Sydney. 31.8.11.

Mrs. Newell got the genuine Scott's Emulsion—hence the good results. Further reason why you should insist on SCOTT'S Emulsion should see the Scott trade mark on the package.



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OF ALL CHEMISTS & MEDICINE DEALERS.



# Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

## TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

**COUSIN KATE,**  
"The Weekly Graphic,"  
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

## LETTERS AND REPLIES.

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—May I become one of your cousins? I am eleven years old, and in the fifth standard. I am just recovering from an attack of pneumonia, so will you please excuse my writing. We have a lovely beach just a moment's walk from our house, where in the summer we have lovely fun swimming and boating all day long. We have not many pets, only a cat, which sings sweetly. Did you go to the Dickens festival? I was not allowed to go, but I have been reading "Oliver Twist," and think it very nice.—**COUSIN IRVING.**

**DEAR COUSIN DERRON,**—I am so pleased to enrol you as one of my cousins. I have indeed a glorious beach at Cheltenham. I have often enjoyed a swim there. I think

very interesting to see the men going to work in the locomotive truck to the forest to cut the timber. It is excellent to England in the apple season an enormous lot of apples are brought up from there by steamers. I suppose you already know that Tasmania is called Appleland, and the Switzerland of the South.—**COUSIN MONA.**

**DEAR COUSIN MONA,**—I was delighted to hear from you again. Your letter is very interesting. Half the fun is lost not seeing your letter in print. I looked up some back numbers and would have sent you one, but had not the one your letter was in. The only part of Tasmania I know is Hobart, only that I thought charming.—**COUSIN KATE.**

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—I expect you have forgotten me, as it is a long time since I wrote to you last. We had our examination last month, and I am in the first standard now. My age is seven years and four months. I like going to school, as we have lots of fun playing "I spy" and "King, King, Queen," and other games. My brother Walter and I are making a garden, and we are going to plant peas, beans, carrots, potatoes, and other things. A lot of boys and girls have got the games at our school, and I have got them also. I was sorry I got them, as I was trying for the attendance prize. I had not missed a day up till now, and I had two miles to walk to school. We have two dogs, named Woody and Mitty, and two cats, named Chino and Trix. It is very cold here, and I am glad when summer comes. My brother is writing this for me, as I cannot write very well yet.—**COUSIN GILBERT.**

**DEAR COUSIN GILBERT,**—"Better late than never." I am always pleased when the cousins don't quite forget me. I am wondering what sort of a game "King, King, Queen" is. I hope the garden will be a great success.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Tangowahine (N. Waikato).

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—Just a few lines to tell you all about myself. I am in the fifth standard at school, and my birthday is on the 25th of December, Christmas Day. I have a long way to go to school. A friend of mine and I ride seven miles to school every morning. The roads are very muddy at present, and we have a muddy ride to school. Of course, it gets a bit stale, the same ride every morning, but we soon get used to it. The ride usually occurs at an hour, but as we are fairly furious riders, and ride good horses, we can do it in less. I never see anything of Uncle Munn and Dot, or any other cousin piece.—**COUSIN WILLIAM.**

**DEAR COUSIN WILLIAM,**—I am glad you wanted to join our society. Boys are always welcome. We have so few of them, and those we have hardly ever write, such



"See here, Life Saver, I am accustomed to the water, but I have little fainting spells sometimes. Now I want you to stay near and take me in your boat if necessary."

your writing is very good for a boy your age. I think you are a bit young to read Dickens, but if you enjoyed the book, and understand it, that is all right. I hope you will write again.—**COUSIN KATE.**

lazy things they are. What a delightful day for a birthday. No fear of your people forgetting your birthday. You have indeed a long ride, but just think if you had to walk.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Palmerston North.

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—I have got my sister to write this for me, because I cannot write very well at present. Would you send me a blue badge? I have only one pet, a little dog just like a fox fur snuff. I used to have a pony called Dick, but father sold him, and in his place now I have not been well, so I came up here. I always get my sister Joan to read the cousins' letters to me, and I like them so much. Joan says she is going to write to you next time. I will give you a riddle. What made the pony steam.—**COUSIN NGARILL.**

**DEAR COUSIN NGARILL,**—I am delighted to enrol you as a new cousin. What a funny little dog your pet must be. Why don't you try and write a letter with a pencil. Perhaps you could arrange that. You must have changed your address. I have no cousin Joan on my list from Palmerston North. Send me your full name, and I will send you a badge. Can't guess the riddle.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Ohapou.

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—Excuse me for not writing before, but I have had the toothache for a week. It is very cold and wet here at present. My brother has a little

black cat. Will you please give it a name? We are starting sewing for a bazaar. It was my father's birthday on Wednesday. I was going for a ride on Saturday, and got wet through. Do you get many flowers down there. I can get a lot of violets and snowdrops. **COUSIN DELICIE.**

**DEAR COUSIN DELICIE,**—I am sorry to hear about the toothache. It is a horrid thing to be bothered with. You are having that weather now. Call the cat "Snowy." What is the bazaar for.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Rangitikea.

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—Please will you enrol me as one of your cousins? I like reading the cousins' letters very much. I have one brother. I passed my proficiency exam at Christmas, and I go to the High School at Feilding now. I am fourteen in October. I planted some violet seeds a few days ago. Which are your favourite flowers? Mine are the violets and roses, I think. Please will you send me a blue badge? Here is a riddle for the cousins: Why do you go to bed?—**COUSIN WINNIE.**

**DEAR COUSIN WINNIE,**—I am very pleased to accept you as a new cousin. I think my favourite flowers are roses and carnations. Violets are very sweet. You won't get any flowers this year. When the leaves grow big you ought to cut them right down, and then you get better violets.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Clifton (Summer).

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—I feel rather ashamed to write after this lapse of time. My original idea was to enter your competition list, but I had I have not so much time upon my hands as formerly. Thank you very much for sending me the badge; but I think I shall return it, as it may not be writing again, and it is a pity to waste it, as it may do for another child. Hoping I have done the right thing under the circumstances.—**COUSIN IRVING.**

**DEAR COUSIN IRVING,**—I am sorry to hear you won't have time to write, but you need not have bothered to return the badge.—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Pukekaterata (Kis Kio).

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—We are having very wet and cold weather just now. We had four or five fine days, but the wet weather has set in again. Did I say I was in Standard IV, in my first letter? If I did, I am not. I am in Standard V. I have one sister and three brothers. We all ride to school, two on one horse and three on the other. We play basketball at our school. It is a very nice game to play on cold days. My schoolmate and I have to watch the goal. It is very hard to score. We also play lives. Do you ever play it, Cousin Kate?—**COUSIN PIERRE.**

**DEAR COUSIN PIERRE,**—Basketball was not heard of when I was a schoolgirl. I think it is a fun game, and it keeps you on the go all day long. Do the three boys ride together, or how do you manage?—**COUSIN KATE.**

### Hawera.

**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—I was pleased to see my letter in last week's "Graphic."

## EAT AND BE STRONG

To be well and strong you must eat food, and having eaten it, you must digest it and so turn it into the material of your own body. You cannot be well if your body is not properly nourished, and it cannot be nourished if your food does not digest perfectly. Indigestion (imperfect digestion) will make you weak and ailing, subject to headaches, stomach pains—very likely constipation, and certainly discomfort after eating. Matters do not end there, for the poisons, formed in your stomach from the stagnant mass of food, will be drawn into your blood and carried to every part of your body, thus weakening your system and rendering you liable to more deadly diseases. Don't hesitate. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup. It so strengthens the stomach and liver that indigestion becomes impossible, and it cleanses your system of all impurities.

**STRENGTH COMES FROM FOOD BUT IT MUST BE WELL DIGESTED**

"My life was a misery. Everything I ate caused me more or less pain and trouble. I also had pains in the chest, together with a sense of great weight and oppression, as well as heartburn, wind, and other distressing symptoms.

"I tried all sorts of medicines, but with no good results. After a few days' use of Mother Seigel's Syrup I began to feel better. What I had begun to nourish me instead of causing pain and distress. Six bottles banished every trace of indigestion, so that I have not suffered since."—  
From Mrs. McDonald, 21, McDonald Street, Erskineville, N.S.W., 23.3.11.

# MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

**SHARPENS APPETITE, AIDS DIGESTION.**

**ENSURES GOOD HEALTH.**

**"Helen," Hobart.**  
**DEAR COUSIN KATE,**—I received your letter and badge with much pleasure. I suppose my other letter has been in the "Graphic" by now. I do not get it very often, only about once in a month, so of course I don't see my letter always. I would like to tell you about New Norfolk and Geelong, New Norfolk, which is situated 22 miles up the River Derwent, is a very pretty little place. Going up to New Norfolk by steamer the scenery is picturesque. In the summer time, on arrival at the jetty, claretines and traps are waiting to convey the people to the different places for lunch, then after lunch they drive out to the various ponds, about five miles out of the township. The autumn is time. The township is very small, but there are a few nice buildings. The library and post office are very nice buildings. I have an uncle who lives at New Norfolk, so I usually spend my school holidays up there. My studies have two steamers running there, the Marana and the Tarana. I christened the Marana when I was eight years old. It is in the Tasmanian native name, and it means war. Geelong, which is on the (Hull) Huon River, is not so large as New Norfolk. It has numerous timber mills. It is

# For the Young Folk.

## RUPERT AND THE MERBABIES

(By ELSIE C. DILL.)

It certainly was a hot day. Rupert sat on a stone, swinging his feet slowly backwards and forwards in a large pool that joined the sea by a deep channel, but at last he grew tired of this, and, with a mighty yawn, sighed.

"It's awfully hot, I wish I were a fish and could swim down to the bottom of the sea. I'd sure to be cool there?"

"So it is," agreed a voice. "As cool as an iceberg."

Rupert looked up in astonishment, for he had not seen any children playing near him. But was that a child sitting on the opposite side of the pool, smiling at him?

He sat staring at him, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, I say, where are your feet?"

"Haven't any and don't want any, either," said the other with a laugh. "I'm a merbaby."

"A what?"

"A merbaby, of course! I shall be a merman when I grow up."

"You are just like me to the waist, and then you are like a fish's tail," said Rupert. "What's your name? Mine is Rupert."

"Seafoam" was the answer; "Foam for short. I know your name quite well. I've often seen you and the other merbabies playing on the shore and paddling in the water. But didn't you say you wanted to go down to the bottom of the sea? If you do, I'll take you."

"Will you really?" cried Rupert. "That will be fine."

"Come along then," and Seafoam slipped into the water and began to swim along the channel that led from the pool to the open sea.

Rupert followed on the sand and wished with all his heart that he, too, could have a lovely green tail that turned all kinds of colours when it caught the sunshine.

"Here we are," said Seafoam when they were at the edge of the water. "Walk into the sea with me. Now take hold of my hand (I'm afraid you won't drown, as you are with a merbaby. Ready? One, two, three, dive!)"

Down they both went, down to the bottom of the sea, and Rupert found himself sitting on the hard yellow sand under the water.

"We shall just have time to see the King on his way to the palace if we swim to that rock over there," remarked the merbaby.

"Have you a King down here?" asked Rupert.

"Oh, yes. We call him His Majesty the King of the Merfolk."

"Perhaps he wouldn't like to see me," objected the boy.

"The King is my uncle," said Foam, "and always welcomes my guests. Come on!"

So they rose to the surface of the water and made for the rocky islet far out in the sea.

On coming closer to the isle Rupert saw that the rocks were covered with merbabies of all sizes, who were standing on the tips of their tails viewing the King's approach. The two swimmers climbed up the rocks and turned to watch the King. Rupert thought he looked like a grown-up merbaby, but he had a very long beard, which waved about in the water, and on his head he wore a golden crown. A beautiful mantle of fine purple seaweed, decorated with large pearls, hung from his shoulders and trailed away behind him. As he came nearer the rock he saw Rupert with Seafoam by his side.

"Ha! Seafoam, whom have you there?" demanded the King.

"May it please your Majesty," said Foam, "this is a lam-baby I heard wishing to go down to the bottom of the sea."

"Were you not afraid to come here?" asked the King, turning to Rupert.

"No, sire," answered Rupert, holding himself very stiffly and saluting as his father had shown him. Then he added politely, "I hope you will let me stay here, for it's jolly."

"I am very pleased to see you," said

the King, kindly. "You must go to the palace and see my little son, Seafoam, take your friend to the Prince Merbaby, and see that he enjoys himself. What is his name?"

"Rupert, sire," said Foam; and then the King, with his bodyguard of sword-fish, swam on.

"Who is the Prince Merbaby?" asked Rupert as they plunged into the water again.

"He is the King's youngest son, and, of course, my cousin. But now he can't swim."

"How's that?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Seafoam, as they swam along. "One day not long ago the Prince Merbaby was playing in the mud at the bottom of the sea. He didn't look where he was going and banged right into an electric fish which was nearly buried in the mud. The electric fish was in so bad a temper at being disturbed that it gave the Prince Merbaby's tail such a severe shock that he couldn't move it the least little bit, but could only scream with pain. It was like sticking fish-bones into him. We had to carry him home, and now he lies still all day—can't swim or do anything."

"Can't the doctors cure him?"

"No," returned Foam; "the King's doctor, the Court Physician, can't, but he says the Weird Witch can."

"Who's she?"

"Hush!" whispered Seafoam. "All the merbabies swim away home if they only hear her name, she's so dreadful, and so very fond of doing people harm."

By this time a beautiful white coral palace rose before them, and, on entering it, Foam led his companion to the Prince Merbaby's room.

On a red coral couch, lined with mother-of-pearl and padded with golden sponges, lay a sad-looking little creature with a ring of red seaweed thrown over his poor little tail. Rupert looked down at him very pityingly.

"I'm awfully sorry for you," he began, without waiting for Foam to introduce him.

"Thank you; I am very sorry for myself, I can tell you," answered the Prince.

"This is my friend Rupert," said Seafoam. "I found him on the shore and he wanted to come here, so I brought him. Then we met the King, and His Majesty told me to bring him here."

"I'm tired to death of lying on this couch," yawned the Prince.

"I should think so!" declared Rupert, and at once did his best to make the invalid a little more cheerful.

During supper Rupert was seized by a fine cold.

"I say!" he burst out, "if you'll tell me where the Weird Witch lives, I'll go and get that cure for your tail!"

"Thank you very much," said the Prince Merbaby; "but you may get killed if you even go near her."

"No fear!" laughed Rupert. "Let's ask the King."

So the King and Queen were consulted, and the end of it all was that the Court Physician made Rupert a lovely green tail which fitted him so perfectly that nobody could dream of thinking he was not a real, live merbaby. Rupert was immensely pleased with his new possession, and felt sure he would deceive the Weird Witch in his new disguise. So, with the good wishes of the whole Court ringing in his ears, he set out.

Outside the palace gates Rupert met the Court Physician, who at once gave him the directions for his journey. A

great whale was floating on the water near him, and Rupert, obeying orders, climbed on his back.

"Now, my dear young friend," said the Court Physician, "listen carefully to what I am going to say. This whale will take you almost as far as the Witch's cavern and will wait for your return. But beware! Three horrible cuttlefish guard the entrance to the cavern, and if they once catch you they will never let you go, even if you chop them into pieces. When they see you coming they will throw out a black liquid to conceal their movements, but if you dash in after them you will easily find the old Witch. Remember that you are a merbaby—to be seen—and keep your eye on the cuttlefish. Now, my dear young friend, good speed!"

The whale swam on steadily until, on the morning of the third day, Rupert woke up to find his strange steed floating on the water in front of some huge cliffs. A black hole yawned just above the sea, and Rupert guessed that this must be the cave of the Weird Witch. The whale was a creature of very few words, so he merely remarked:—

"Journey's ended. Straight ahead, and be here at the third sunset from now."

Rupert dropped into the sea and swam towards the cave. Sure enough, there were the cuttlefish, three frightful objects with their feet or arms. Rupert was not positive which—growing out of their head. As soon as they saw a stranger they disappeared under cover of an inky cloud, and Rupert, rushing after them, the next instant found himself facing the Weird Witch.

On the ground sat the ugliest-looking creature he had ever seen—the Weird Witch herself. She was a very old mermaid, with green hair like tangled seaweed, and green eyes that glared like the eyes of an angry cat. Her face was as wrinkled as a cockle-shell, and her voice sounded like the rattling of a crab's claws. She glared at Rupert with a wicked little green eye as she demanded:—

"What do you want?"

"The cure for the Prince Merbaby's tail," answered Rupert.

The Weird Witch stared at him with the other eye, which looked greener and more wicked.

"Who are you?" she went on.

"I'm a merbaby," said Rupert, giving another name.

"Can't I see you are a merbaby?" snapped the Witch.

Rupert chuckled inside of him to think he had so far deceived her.

"Well," growled the witch, "I'll give you the cure if you perform three tasks for me. If you fail in one you lose the remedy."

"What is the first one?" asked the new merbaby.

"This," said the hag. "By sunset you must bring me a whole starfish. If one arm be missing your labour is vain. Now go!" And he went gladly.

Out in the open sea the charms in his tail led him to a starfish floating on the water, with its arms trailing after it like serpents.

"Hurrah!" cried Rupert, and seized one arm. But behold! no sooner did his hand touch it than the starfish began flinging off its arms from its body in a most reckless manner, until not one arm was left. Rupert looked at the armless body in blank amazement.

"How ever are I to get a whole starfish if it throws away its arms when I take hold of it?" he exclaimed, and swam sadly on until his attention was attracted by a shoal of flying-fish who were being chased by a troop of dolphins. He noticed one flying-fish especially, who was making a valiant effort to escape; but just as it sprung out of the water to free from the jaws of a dolphin a huge seagull swooped down to seize it.

"Two to one isn't fair!" cried Rupert, and snatched the fish away from them.

Immediately a beautiful mermaid appeared before him. Her golden hair was

yards long, and flowed away behind her like a streak of sunshine. She smiled on Rupert most bewitchingly, who, speechless with amazement, just looked at her.

"I must thank you very much for breaking the spell," she said, "and so enabling me to resume my natural shape. The Weird Witch turned me into a flying-fish because I refused to give her my hair. She said that I should remain a fish until a mortal saved me from death. But you are a merbaby after all, so how ever has the spell been broken?"

"That's all right," returned Rupert. "I suppose I can tell you. I really am a mortal, but I am trying to earn the cure for the Prince Merbaby's tail. So, to deceive the Witch, the Court Physician has dressed me up like this. But I can't catch a whole starfish for her, and that is my first task."

"Tell me all about it," said Coralie, the mermaid.

So Rupert told her everything, and Coralie promised to help him. Following her directions, Rupert went to a little island where he found a stream of fresh water, and, filling a huge shell to the brim, he swam carefully back to his companion.

"Now," said she, "if we can plunge a starfish into this fresh water it will be killed before it has time to throw away its arms."

Coralie was right, for before long they had a magnificent starfish in the shell, safe and sound, dead but whole.

The Weird Witch was very disappointed when Rupert brought her the starfish. She counted the arms to see if they were all there, and then popped it into a pot hanging over the fire.

"Come to-morrow to learn your second task," she said, and Rupert lost no time in rejoining Coralie, who showed him a snug place in the rocks in which to pass the night.

Next morning Rupert returned to the cave.

"The starfish is stewing in the pot for the cure," said the old hag. "It must be stirred with the black feather from the head of the King of the Seagulls. Go and get it!"

"With pleasure!" answered Rupert, and he straightway went to Coralie and told her his second task.

"That is very easily done," said Coralie, and blew three shrill blasts on a conch shell. In a short time the King of the Seagulls alighted on the rock beside them, and on hearing what was required, at once gave Rupert the black feather.

Back again to the cave went Rupert. The Witch took the feather and harshly bade him to be sure to present himself at the cave the next morning.

The third day came, and for the third and last time Rupert asked the Witch to appoint him his task.

She laughed mockingly.

"I am going to prove your devotion to the Prince Merbaby," said she, sneeringly. "One thing yet remains to complete the cure, and that is—the end of your tail!"

Rupert sat down on the floor of the cave and curled his tail round within reach. The Weird Witch gave him a knife, and watched him in displeased surprise as he lucked off the end of his tail without the slightest sign of pain. After a minute or two he handed her the piece of tail. She looked at it curiously, but the charms in it prevented her from discovering that it was not real. So she added it to the contents of the pot, stirred it about vigorously, and then poured the magic cure into a bottle and gave it to Rupert.

"Much obliged. Good afternoon!" said Rupert.

The loss of the end of his tail made it rather hard for him to swim, but at length he managed to reach the open sea, well out of reach of the cave and its owner.

The Weird Witch had followed him to the mouth of the cave, for she was certain that the injury to his tail would kill him, or at least prevent him from arriving at his goal. Besides, the end of his tail was not really needed. She had only asked for it out of her wickedness of the heart, in order to kill the "merbaby."

Rupert turned round and looked at her. Then, slipping off the remains of his tail, he flung it in the direction of the cavern, shouting:—

"A present from C.H.H. the merbaby!" and kicked up his two feet in the air.

As for the Witch, she threw herself about in such a rage that she fell into the clutches of her cuttlefish, who promptly ate her up.

At sunset the whale appeared, and Coralie and Rupert reached the palace on



THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

# How to Bring Up Baby.

(By HYGEIA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

*"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."*

## The Babies in Europe.

AN important addition to the honorary staff of the Central Council of the Society was made at the annual meeting in May by the appointment of Mr W. Jenkins to the position of foreign correspondent. In reality, Mr Jenkins had been virtually filling this position for some time previously and had for years taken an intense personal interest in what was being done in New Zealand.

During a recent visit to the Old Country he had taken stock of the practical work being carried out by England and on the Continent in the interests of motherhood and babyhood; and he was particularly struck by the progress made in Vienna through the agency of a private society subsidised by Government and also by the Municipality, and having many points of resemblance to our New Zealand Society, though not established on the same broad basis in regard to all-round mutual helpfulness.

## Work in Vienna.

The result of the work of the Vienna Society has been to bring about a considerable and progressive reduction in the infantile death-rate. Mr Jenkins, who keeps in touch with the latest developments in Austria by corresponding with the wife of one of the professors of Vienna University—a director of the Austrian Society—says that, apart from New Zealand, which now holds a unique position, Vienna is pre-eminent in its solicitude for the proper care of infants as Hungary is for that of older children. The recognition of what New Zealand has been doing is, of course, very gratifying to our Society, but we think many of our readers will be surprised to learn how in some respects what we have been aiming at has been largely foreshadowed in work which has been in actual progress in a district on

the third morning, and at once made their way to the Prince Merbaby, who was the first to see them enter the room. "Oh, Rupert!" he called. "Have you brought me the cure?"

The boy rushed forward and emptied the contents of the bottle over the poor little tail. The effect was wonderful. Up sprang the little Prince and hugged Rupert for joy, until Rupert cried:

"Here, that's enough, old fellow! You'll choke me!"

Then the King and Queen came up and thanked the hand boy for his brave deed. Rupert declared that it was all owing to Coralie, and that without her he could have done nothing to win the cure. At this the King told Rupert that Coralie had been going to marry. It's eldest son long since, only the marriage had been stopped by the Weird Witch changing the mermaid into a flying fish.

The wedding of the Prince and Coralie took place that very day, and no one enjoyed the festivities more than the Prince Merbaby, as he went about with Rupert and Seafan. And then, as the twilight was falling, the Princess Coralie sang to them. Rupert could never remember what she sang, but the baby rattles rocked to the music of her song, and a delicious feeling stole over the boy and he seemed to be floating away on the billows to some strange, wonderful country, when—

Suddenly he came to himself. Where was he? He looked round drowsily, and to his great surprise he found he was sitting on the very stone near which he had first seen Seafan. But not a single merbaby was in sight, and, after waiting a while, he went home.

Rupert often went down to the sea to try and find his friends again. He called them by their names, and sometimes he thought he could hear their voices in the shells on the shore. Or now and again he fancied he saw their faces peeping through the masses of the white horsetails as they came charging up the beach. But never did he forget his adventures in the Land of the Merbabies.

the coast of Bohemia for some 80 years.

A remarkably interesting account of this is given in the July (1911) number of the Contemporary review, to which we refer our readers. The article is on "The Remediable Defects in our Conception of Elementary Education," by Canon Wilson, who was headmaster of Clifton College. As, however, there must be many who cannot consult the original, we give the following extracts:—

## A Bohemian Ideal.

The district to which Canon Wilson refers has a population of about a quarter of a million; is mainly agricultural, but has one mining and one mountainous and wooded region, and one considerable town, Tseuan, on the coast, with about 40,000 inhabitants.

nally established, and still small improvements were going on.

## Fundamental Principles.

The duty of the Kinder Bureau, or Board of Education, is briefly defined (officially) to be "to produce the healthiest, most intelligent, and best materials for the nation that are possible."

It was this conception of elementary education which struck me as most novel.

MEMO BY HYGEIA. Canon Wilson's remark, "this conception of elementary education struck me as most novel," is surely the most astounding commentary on the lack of logical purpose and foresight displayed in the whole conception and system of modern education. What on earth can be the aim and end of education if it be not to produce the healthiest, most intelligent, and best possible materials for the nation?

Surely the first question to ask in the framing of any education system is: What is our goal—what do we want to arrive at? What kind of men and women do we want to produce? After all, the definition of the Bohemian ideal is practically only another way of stating the ideal of the ancients—to build up sound, capable minds and personalities in sound, enduring bodies. If this seems strange and novel to us nowadays, it only shows how far we have strayed from the paths

to be tolerated amongst us. The children and young people are, with the rarest exceptions, as I can testify, well grown, vivacious, intelligent and well-behaved. None look neglected. There is no doubt that the aim of the Bureau has been achieved. The materials for the nation are excellent. The old people all testify to the change in the children, and in the whole population, is very great. They have it been effected!

## Thieving a Railroad.

No stranger theft, writes an Englishman, was ever committed than the "lifting" of an entire railroad, twelve and a half miles in length, which once connected Birr and Portlanna in Ireland. The line had cost £300,000, and for years it did service for the Great Southern and Western Railway Company until the year 1876, when the company, which had been running it at a loss, washed its hands of it. The line was derelict. Nobody wanted it. For a few years it stretched its useless length through North Tipperary; then its neighbours began to turn covetous eyes on it. Rails and screws and other portable trifles began to vanish. A few prosecutions were instituted, but the charges were withdrawn. Nobody seemed to care. The thieves, thus encouraged, grew bolder. Farmers brought their carts and horses and loaded them with spoil of rails, sleepers, switches, and semaphores. The gaudy station vanished, to its last brick and door, in a single night. They were great times for Tipperary. Boatloads of booty, hundreds of tons of rails, were sent away from Portlanna by unlicensed "contractors," and the work of spoilation went on until not as much as a turntable was left.

## UP-TO-DATE JAPAN.

According to statistics published in an English journal recently, there are at the Tokio Women's Medical School, several hundred candidates for the degree of M.D.

## "SHERWOOD TOWER."

A MODERN NURSING HOME FOR MATERNITY CASES, STANMORE-ROAD, GREY LYNN, COUNTY DUBLIN, specially adapted for every possible convenience and home comfort. Moderate terms. Write: MISS NEIRSE FLEMING, Sherwood Tower Nursing Home, Stanmore-road, Grey Lynn. Phone 2792.

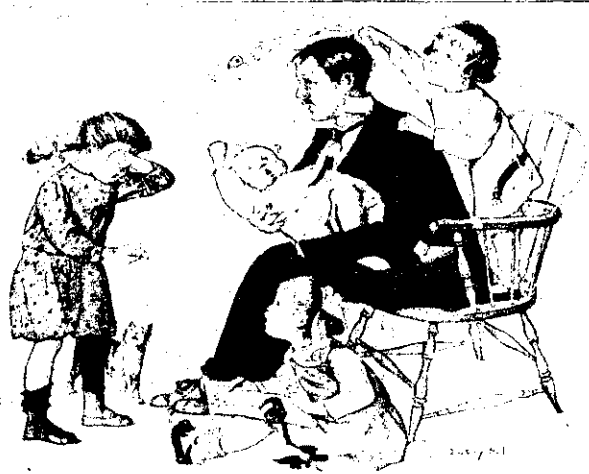
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PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO MARRIED A "HIGHBROW."

## History.

The educational principles and system, now firmly established, were introduced about 80 years ago. They involved great changes, which were brought about by a small body of men and women of immense enthusiasm for national and individual welfare. These enthusiasts gradually fired the whole nation with their ideals; as did the Japanese nobles two generations ago. (Twenty years, I gather, suffice to revolutionise education in the villages; Tseuan was far harder to deal with; it was only within the last 20 or 30 years that they considered their new principles to be irrevocably and univer-

sally established, indeed, from the paths of ordinary common sense.

In discharging this duty the Board were now supported by the feeling, even by the enthusiasm, of the whole province. It had become a passion with the people to produce and rear the handsomest and most active, capable, courteous, and good children. A new lady was an excitement and a joy to the village or the street. At first, in the villages, and finally in the city, the sight of a grubby, neglected, half-fed and rude child became, so I was told, unthinkable. It would no more be tolerated than brutal cruelty or open flogging of a naked child would

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The 'Allenburys' Foods are based on scientific certainties. Used as directed, they are exactly what a baby needs to develop into a healthy and robust child. The 'Allenburys' Foods are easily assimilated; digestive and kindred disorders are avoided by their use.

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Infants fed on these Foods are neither Fretful nor Wakeful. A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

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# Orange Blossoms.

## NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication, in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

### BELCHER—ROGERS.

A VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at the Stratford Primitive Methodist Church on August 29, by the Rev. H. Metson, the contracting parties being Miss Lillian Ellen, sixth daughter of Mr William Rogers, of Pembroke Road, Stratford, to Mr Andrew Belcher, second son of Mr J. T. Belcher, of Cardiff. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful white silk dress trimmed with silk insertion and fringe, and wore the customary veil and orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet, the gift of the groom. The bride was attended by Miss Bertha Rogers, her sister, who was attired in sage-blue velvet made in Russian style, with black picture-hat, as well as by two little flower-girls, nieces of the bride, Nita Jenkinson and Muriel Body, who were quaintly dressed in Early Victorian gowns of silk poplin, and looked charming. All the bridesmaids carried flowers, the gift of the bridegroom, who also gave to the little girls gold brooches, and to Miss Rogers a handsome handbag. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr Albert Belcher. As the bridal party was leaving the church, the "Wedding March" was played by Miss Robinson, after which the party adjourned to Mesdames Kerr and McLains, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared. The decorated tables looked very inviting with the large wedding-cake in the centre, which was surrounded by dainty dishes, and over which hung a wedding bell. The bride's mother was wearing a handsome tailor-made costume with black hat, with a touch of heliotrope; the bridegroom's mother, a black silk dress, also a black toque with touches of heliotrope. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for Waingaiti, amid showers of rice and many good wishes, the bride wearing a navy blue costume and black hat with plumes, also a set of furs, the gift of the bridegroom. The presents were numerous and costly.

### REED—BRIGHT.

Great interest was manifested in a wedding solemnised at Holy Trinity, Gisborne, on August 20th, the contracting parties being Mr Kingsford Frederick Reed, fourth son of Mr. R. K. Reed, of Palmerston North, and Miss Daisy Bright, of Gisborne. The church, which had been beautifully decorated by girl friends of the bride, was thronged with spectators and wedding guests. The service was celebrated by the Rev. Dawson Thomas, Vicar of Holy Trinity, and Mr. E. N. Sidebottom presided at the organ. The bride wore a handsome wedding-gown of white charmeuse satin, trimmed with handsome embroidered silk lace and pearls; the dress having a loose panel down the back, finished with pearl ornaments. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms, over which fell a beautifully embroidered veil. She was attended by four bridesmaids—Misses Coleman, Faulkner, Marjorie de Lambour, and her little niece, Cushla Bright. The three elder bridesmaids wore dainty white French muslin, trimmed with embroidery, and black picture hats trimmed with tiny pink roses; Miss Cushla Bright wore a dainty laced white muslin, and small black silk hat, with wreath of pink roses. Their bouquets were pink and white. The bridegroom was attended by Messrs. Metcalf, Williamson and Bright.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where numerous guests were entertained at afternoon tea. The presents received by the happy couple were costly and numerous, and included several cheques. The bride's travelling dress was a smart blue tailor-made, and sage blue picture hat.

Mrs Bright, mother of the bride, wore with becoming effect a dark green taffeta Empire frock trimmed with Oriental trimming, black toque, jet trimming, pale pink roses, and small black feathers; Mrs G. K. Reed, mother of the bridegroom, effective gown of dewdrop cloth trimmed with black fringe, vest and sleeves of silk lace over black velvet, a large embroidered scarf, and a white tassel hat trimmed with black velvet and

white and black lancer plumes; Mrs C. Ruby, sister of the bride, navy blue tailored suit, pretty sage blue picture hat; Mrs Harold Bright, rose du Barri frock of chiffon and silk, becoming coral-coloured picture hat wreathed with tiny pink roses; Mrs A. V. S. Reed (East Coast), smart navy tailor suit, beautiful white fox furs, and large black velvet picture hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs S. McLernon (Napier), a black silk grenadine over amethyst satin charmeuse, black tassel hat with high lancer plumes; Miss Reed (Tologa Bay), grey cashmere de soie, pretty hat of black straw with pink roses, and finished at the back with a large deep pink satin bow; Mrs Townley, black brocade, black bonnet; Miss Townley, shot mauve and blue striped silk frock, blue hat with ribbon mount in shot mauve and blue; Mrs H. Bennett, grey velvet, smart black velvet "Sunshine" hat with pale pink rose mount; Mrs Christ, pale grey costume, grey hat with black plumes; Mrs H. Barton, champagne satin cloth, pretty coral-coloured tassel hat with floral garniture in red; Mrs Murray, navy blue costume, black hat; Miss Murray, navy tailored suit, white hat with cerise bow mount; Mrs Cuthbert, black and white brocade, large black hat; Mrs H. Maudie, navy blue costume, black velvet hat with black plumes; Miss S. Evans, green cloth costume, black hat with touches of emerald; Mrs L. Muir, pretty pastel blue costume, cream and blue toque with small pink roses; Miss McCredie, cream, and hat en suite; Mrs Callis, dark green costume, black tassel hat, black plumes; Mrs W. A. Barton, grey frock trimmed with black, black toque; Mrs Hooker, grey costume, grey tassel toque with cerise and pink roses; Mrs T. Fraser, black chiffon taffeta, black toque; Miss L. Beere, dark tweed costume, black hat with lilac shaded floral garniture; Mrs H. Wall, long black seal coat, and black seal toque; Mrs Wallis, brown costume, black and white silk straw hat; Mrs A. Bees, brown costume, small black hat; Miss M. Bees, navy blue costume, black and royal blue ribbon mount; Miss P. Lusk, navy blue costume, black picture hat; Miss D. Bull, navy blue costume, cream straw hat with cornflowers; Miss B. McLaurin, red gown braided in black, red hat with black wings; Miss Joll (Waipawa) wore a very smart pale blue charmeuse frock much braided in a lighter tone, cream tassel hat with white plumes; Mrs C. J. Bennett, navy blue costume, blue hat with touches of cerise; Miss E. Williamson, mauve cloth costume, white satin hat with white plumes; Miss M. Williamson, black velvet coat, deep collar of pale blue, black velvet hat; Mrs Coleman, black cloth coat and skirt, becoming hat of champagne straw with black osprey; Mrs Faulkner, grey satin cloth trimmed with black fringe, black and grey lace hat; Miss G. Lewis, navy blue costume, black tassel hat with white feathers; Mrs H. McLernon, grey satin cloth costume, black hat with emerald ospreys; Mrs Porter, navy blue coat and skirt, bright blue velvet toque; Mrs W. C. Wilson, grey satin cloth costume, black plumed picture hat; Mrs R. Crawford, pretty sage blue costume, black hat; Miss O. Crawford, navy blue costume, black velvet toque with white osprey; Miss R. Wyllie, rose pink frock, black ermine hat with black osprey and pale pink roses; Miss Norma Wyllie, grey costume, hat en suite; Miss F. Davies, navy blue, black picture hat, and coney seal furs; Miss E. Nolan, pretty pastel blue satin-faced cloth costume, black satin hat with band of ermine; Miss H. Nolan, navy blue costume, black velvet hat with smart blue wing mount; Miss M. Faulkner, tweed costume, pretty hat of cream and roseal straw with small bunches of pink roses; Mrs F. Witters, sage blue taffeta, black picture hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs A. Browne, black cloth costume, grey and emerald hat; Miss N. Davies, sage blue frock, black hat wreathed with small pink roses; Miss Minnie, grey and black, black plumed hat.

### ELLINGHAM—DAGG.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised by the Rev. A. T. Thompson at Knox Church, Masterton, recently, when Miss Lucinda Dagg, third daughter of Mr and Mrs H. J. Dagg, of Ihurau, and Mr

Percy Ellingham, only son of Mr and Mrs W. Ellingham, of Hawke's Bay, were married. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of satin palladium daintily trimmed with pearls. She wore the customary veil and a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by her sister, Miss O. Dagg, and two little maids, Misses Pat Roach (niece of the bridegroom) and Dorothy Rutherford (niece of the bride). Miss O. Dagg wore a cream-striped ninon with a black hat, and carried an amethyst bouquet. The little maids were in cream silk with cream and amethyst semi-Juliet caps, and carried baskets of violets. The bridegroom's gifts to the maids were a gold bangle and gold brooches respectively. Mr Ellingham was attended by his cousin, Mr T. Ellingham, us best man, and Mr E. Dagg (brother of the bride), as groomsmen. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party repaired to Wenvoe Tea Rooms, where afternoon tea was provided. The presents received by the happy couple were costly and numerous, and included a number of cheques. Mr and Mrs Ellingham left for the North, their future home. The bride's travelling dress was a cream costume with black hat trimmed with orange.

### JULY—BROOKE-TAYLOR.

This was solemnised recently at St. Luke's Church, Christchurch, the wedding of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Arthur Lilly, A.R.C.O., to Miss Elsie Brooke-Taylor, of Christchurch. The ceremony was performed by Canon Sedgwick. Mr. A. W. Lilly, F.G.C.M. (brother of bridegroom), organist and choirmaster at All Saints', Dunedin, presided at the organ, and his rendering of the bridal music from "Lohengrin," "O Star of Eve," "Romance" by Wheelton, and "Mendelssohn's Wedding March" were given with excellent taste. The service was fully choral, and the choir sang Beethoven's "Hallelujah" chorus from "The Mount of Olives." The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a frock of ivory satin, while Miss Brooke-Taylor wore a pretty dress of ivory crystalline with a black hat trimmed with pink roses, and carried a dainty bouquet of pink and white flowers. Miss Beatrice Lilly, sister of the bridegroom, wore a frock of ivory crystalline, with a black hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Mr. L. G. Lilly, of Wellington, acted as best man, with Mr. S. G. Turner, of Christchurch, as groomsmen. The reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Brooke-Taylor, Salisbury Street.

### BOND—PERRY.

The marriage was solemnised recently of Mr Richard Bond, second son of Mr J. Bond, Wimbledon, to Miss Dorothy Mary Perry, eldest daughter of Mr C. Perry, the ceremony taking place at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride looked radiant in a cream radiance costume designed in the empire style, surmounted with a coronet of orange blossoms. The two bridesmaids, Miss S. Perry and Miss G. Bond, were becomingly attired in white embroidered muslin dresses. The bridegroom's brother, Mr J. Bond, acted as best man, and a third Mr Bond as groomsmen. The Vicar of Weber, the Rev. F. W. Whitley, performed the ceremony.

Mr and Mrs Bond entertained a large number of the friends of the happy couple in a woolshed kindly lent by Mr C. Hales, of Wimbledon.

### AYSON MACKAY.

A pretty wedding took place at Knox Church, Masterton, last week, when Mr George Ayson, of Lower Hutt, son of Mr L. P. Ayson, Chief Inspector of Fisheries, was married to Miss Olive Graham Mackay, daughter of Mr J. S. Mackay, an old and respected resident of Masterton. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. T. Thompson in the presence of a large number of friends. A reception was afterwards held at the Wenvoe tea-rooms.

### WOODS—IRELAND.

A pretty wedding was solemnised by the Rev. C. H. Stanlake at the Methodist Church, Carleton, when Mr Woods, son of Mr J. Woods, of Masterton, was married to Ida Blanche Beatrice Ireland, eldest daughter of Mrs J. S. Ireland, of Tyne Street, Carleton. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr James Ireland, was tastefully attired in a radiance dress with the usual veil and orange blossoms. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Doris Humphries, attired in embroidered cream muslin with lace trimmings, assisted by Miss Letitia Woods and Miss Agnes Ireland, dressed in white embroidered muslin with lace insertions and trimmings. Mr F. J. King performed the duties of best man.

### MARRIAGE NO DRAWBACK.

Marriage no longer owing to a decision of the Town Council of Copenhagen—disqualifies a woman doctor from practising in Danish hospitals.

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*Earrings for Pierced and Unpierced Ears*

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss A. G. Burton, daughter of Rev. H. D. Burton, vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Christchurch, to the Rev. E. R. Mules, youngest son of Bishop Mules, of Nelson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Attilo Simpson, second daughter of Mrs. W. A. Simpson, Christchurch, to Mr. E. A. Rutherford, third son of Mr. John S. Rutherford, Opawa, Albany.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Chaytor, fourth daughter of Mr. J. C. Chaytor, "Marshlands," Marlborough, to Mr. Godfrey Burrell, of Alton, Hampshire, England.

Women and the Vote.

Put me on an island Where the girls are few; Put me among the most ferocious Lions in the Zoo; Put me in the desert And I'll never fret; But, for pit's sake, Don't put me near a Suffragette.

That, or something like it, was a verse of a song that had no small measure of popularity in the early days of rampant militancy among the suffragists. To-day the words of this almost moribund music-hall ditty have quite a sinister sound, for criminal madness seems to have completely taken possession of the aggressive element among the women who want votes. Not content with window-smashing and stone-throwing, they have, it seems, no objection to adding murder and arson to the weapons by the aid of which they seek to "emancipate" themselves and to prove their fitness for political responsibility. It is positively dangerous to be near a militant suffragist these days, for at any moment she may "go off." Apparently it only needs the sight of a Cabinet Minister to make her long for blood and to turn her into a reckless hatchet-slinger, bomb-thrower, or "freeing." There is, of course, no absolute proof that suffragists were responsible for the appearance of highly inflammable materials behind the curtains in the Home Secretary's study. Mr. McKenna declares that the packages found were not explosives, as at first suggested - or that the fires that have occurred at other Ministers' residences were caused by them. Few people, however, entertain serious doubts as to where the responsibility lies, and the happenings in Dublin during the Prime Minister's visit last week are now accepted as sufficient evidence of the existence of a widespread conspiracy among the "mad-brains" of the militant section to institute a reign of terror embracing any sort and all sorts of excesses in crime. Of course, the creature who threw the hatchet at Mr. Asquith, and clipped a piece out of Mr. Redmond's ear, was mad, and so was the woman who tried to set fire to the theatre whilst it was still full of people. Mad, also, without doubt, are the women implicated by the discovery in their rooms of the materials for bomb outrages and arson, but would their madness save them from the gallows if any of their wicked attacks produced fatal results? It might, for in these days the law is very merciful to the "gentle sex," but it would not save them from being lynched if the people got hold of them. There were signs in Dublin that the militant suffragists have got to the end of the tether of public toleration, and that in future women who are insane enough to indulge in excesses which constitute a real menace to life and property will run a very serious danger of death and most unpleasant reprisals; indeed, they may easily provoke manifestations of public anger of which the people will be bitterly ashamed when their wrath has cooled.

As a constable said when the suffragettes were carrying out their West End window-smashing campaign: "They're giving a bit too far one of these days, and hit a kid's head instead of a window, and then God help 'em; we shan't be able to save 'em." That hatchet thrown at Mr. Asquith might easily have found a child's head instead of the tip of Mr. Redmond's ear. Who can say what would have happened in that event?

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

AUCKLAND.

September 9.

Bridge Parties.

MRS. RUNCIE gave a jolly little bridge party on Tuesday afternoon. The weather was wet and miserable. The room was prettily decorated with spring flowers, and a dainty tea was handed round. Progressive games were played, and Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. B. Reid, and Mrs. W. Scott were the lucky winners of the pretty prizes. Mrs. Felix Kelly and Miss Runcie assisted their mother with her duties as hostess. Mrs. Runcie wore a handsome black toilette, with coatee effect of coloured embroidery. Mrs. Felix Kelly, charming frock of Royal blue nixon over black, the bodice composed of nixon veiling, dull gold embroidery, smart hat of squirrel fur and Royal blue velvet; Miss Runcie, blue skirt, smart white lace blouse, black and white and green soft straw toque. Among the guests were: Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. W. Scott, Mrs. B. Neil, Mrs. Keating, Mrs. P. Lawrence, Mrs. J. Kingswell, Miss Arnold, Miss Currie, Miss Stackpool, Mrs. J. B. Macfarlane.

Mrs. E. Didsbury, Ashton, Alton Road, gave a most enjoyable bridge party on Friday afternoon. There were five tables for progressive bridge. Tea was served in the dining room, and the tea table was charmingly decorated with daffodils, and low cases of lovely violets. When scores were "totted up" it was found that Mrs. B. Neil was first and Mrs. Baker second. Mrs. Hardy, being lowest, was consoled with a dainty prize. Mrs. Ashton wore a graceful frock in a blue tone of grey velvet, with trimming of pretty embroidery; Miss Rita Ashton, pretty but simple grey velvet frock; Miss Culpin, grey velvet with touches of pretty silk embroidery; Mrs. Howard, a becoming frock of vieux rose satin foulard; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, a smart brown frock; Mrs. Culpin, black with handsome coat with deep red lace revers and a pretty toque; Mrs. Lindsay, grey satin charmuse, with gold and silver embroideries and a black and white toque; Mrs. Devore, black satin, with handsome embroideries, with toque to match; Mrs. Dymond Ferguson, blue coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Mrs. P. O'Flaherty, smart black cloth with bodice of black nixon, veiling gold embroidery, black and white hat; Mrs. Sharp, blue coat and skirt, black beaver hat, with white feather; Mrs. Owen, blue coat and skirt, smart black hat, with cream lace; Mrs. Dettmann, grey and black frock, black fox furs and large black hat; Miss Elsie Neil, smart dull amethyst frock, with touches of a lighter shade and a black beaver hat; Mrs. Connelly, Mrs. B. Neil, Mrs. G. Coates, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Thomas, grey frock, black beaver hat with white plume; Mrs. L. Andrews, blue bengaline silk, with ruffled trimmings of shot tulle, black hat; Mrs. O. Nicholson, grey frock, with smart plumed hat; Mrs. L. Benjamin, Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. Wallace Alexander.

At Home.

An "At Home" in aid of the Newmarket Free Kindergarten was held in the Masonic Hall, Upper Queen Street on Thursday. The following committees were responsible for the arrangements: Mesdames E. D. Aubin, T. Birch, E. Brooke-Smith, P. S. Butler, R. Carnahan, G. Elliott, D. A. Hay, A. Kinder, M. A. Louissop, E. V. Miller, D. Teud,

Misses E. Birch, Q. Butler, Fenton, Gibson, Gillies, D. Hay, E. Miller, M. Miller, J. Robertson, Misses G. E. Alderton, R. W. Barry, H. Culpin, N. Mitchell, E. Nutter, T. Speedy, N. T. Wyatt, K. W. Amier, hon. secretary. The dance was most enjoyable, and everything went on oiled wheels, speaking well for the management. The table decorations were really beautiful, an artistic arrangement of spring flowers and masses of violets. The stage was artistically arranged with arm chairs and furnished with easy chairs. Mrs. Aubin wore white charmuse veiled with nixon, and touches of emerald green; Mrs. P. Butler, black charmuse satin; Mrs. Dudley, black silk, veiled with black and white nixon, with overdress of black net; Mrs. E. V. Miller, shot green and pink silk erpe; Mrs. R. Carnahan, white silk; Mrs. D. A. Hay wore brown velvet; Miss Q. Butler, white charmuse, with crystal headed trimming; Miss E. Birch, pale blue silk, with violets; Miss Miller, white charmuse, trimmed with white fur; Miss M. Miller, white satin; Miss J. Robertson, pink satin; Miss D. Hay, shot charmuse; Miss E. Miller, pale green mouseline; Miss Hay, grey satin, with touches of cerise; Miss Mona Hay, rose-coloured charmuse, with overdress of grey nixon; Miss Birch, mauve satin with white lace berthe; Miss Connelly, green striped nixon; Miss - Connelly,

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Advertisement for W.B. Elastine Reduso Corsets. Features a woman in a corset and text describing the benefits of the product, such as being comfortable and reducing hips and abdomen.

**De nil silk;** Miss D. O'Neill, white charmeuse; Miss Rose, white silk, ninon overdress; Miss Brookfield, vieux rose and grey silk; Miss L. Duder, pale pink satin and lace; Miss M. Gilpin, black silk and ninon; Miss C. Moore, white charmeuse; Miss Hilslop, wedgewood blue satin, veiled with ninon; Miss Humphries, white lace; Miss S. Andrews, pale yellow satin; Miss D. Newton, white silk; Miss Kneehome, saxe blue ninon; Miss D. Butler, vieux rose charmeuse; Miss C. Sloman, blue with overdress of black net; Miss Rhodes, pale blue charmeuse.

**Impromptu Dance.**

Miss Stodart and Miss Esam gave a very jolly impromptu dance in the Odd-fellows' Hall on September 6th. The stage was converted into a drawing-room, with large cosy chairs and bowls of flowers, for the chaperons. Lester's orchestra rendered splendid music, and extras were played by Mrs. Stodart and Miss Jackson. The supper-table came in for a great deal of admiration. Daffodils and large bowls of violets were daintily arranged amidst Tangerine chiffon, the table being covered with all sorts of dainties. Mrs. Stodart wore a handsome black silk, with smart grey coat, black velvet collar; Mrs. Stebbury, black silk; Mrs. Martin, black velvet, old rose coat; Mrs. Tattersall, black silk; Miss Stodart, dainty muslin frock with lovely lace; Miss Esam, brown dewdrop chiffon over pink satin, fichu caught with pink rose; Miss Eva Stodart, cream ninon, with ruching, over white satin; Miss Jackson, pink satin, black lace overdress finished with fringe, silver beaten scarf; Miss Galloway, very pretty saxe ninon and silver heading, gold shoes; Miss Schischka, white satin, draped with yellow chiffon; Miss Schischka, vieux rose ninon over charmeuse, with beautiful roses in same tone; Miss McEwen, dainty pale pink with silver tulle, wreath of rosebuds in her hair; Miss Buckland, white muslin, with dainty lace; Miss Lynd, white charmeuse with spangled net overdress; Miss D. Lynd, old gold satin; Miss Cowan, pale blue; Miss Chalmers, red velvet and lace; Miss Henriksen, turquoise-blue, with brown trimmings; Miss Tupper, pale pink satin, with spangled tulle finished with dainty bunches of flowers, and her sister wore a dainty white lace dress over satin; Mrs. Thomson, silver tulle; Miss Green, white muslin, her sister wore cream; Miss Hill, white silk, with silver trimmings and blue handkerchief; Mrs. Hopper, cream dress, pale grey coat; Miss May Stodart, dainty white muslin and violets; Miss Stebbury, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Chalmers, cream dress with Oriental lace; Miss Smith, white satin with silver fringe; Misses Beardon, white frocks; Miss Tattersall, cream charmeuse, with embossed trimmings; Miss Burns, pale blue silk; Miss Bleumerhasset, white; Miss Martin, cream ninon over silk; Miss McEwen, very smart frock of pink, with tiny rosebuds.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Cole and her daughter are at present in Roturua, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Nolan; the party are staying at the Grand Hotel. In the account of the Garrison Officers' ball last week, Mrs. Major was given the credit of being the head of the table decoration committee, whereas Mrs. J. R. Reed was in that position, assisted by Mrs. Major and a number of other ladies.

**WELLINGTON.**

September 7.

**Prime Minister's At Home.**

Great interest was taken in the "At Home" given by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Massey, as it is the first time anyone connected with the new Ministry has done any entertaining. It was a most successful affair.

The Art Gallery was the locale of the "At Home," and as the new pictures bought from the Baltic collection for the National Gallery, were on view, they were a great topic of conversation and admiration.

A wonderful collection of pot plants decorated the platform, cinerarias, cyclamen in all tones of purple and crimson being prominent, while elsewhere one noticed the wonderful daffodils which had come from Mr. Beaton Rhodes' celebrated garden at Otahuna, in Canterbury. Almost equally fine were some beautiful narcissi grown by Mr. Dunthill at the Lower Hill, and the fragrant wattle hailed from the same place. His Excellency the Governor, who was attended by Captain Estcourt, arrived

shortly before five. He was received by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Massey, and escorted to the platform, where two tables had been arranged for the dignitaries, who included the Ministry, and their wives and Sir Joseph and Lady Ward. Mrs. Massey wore bronze cachemire de soie with a little vest of lace, and a black ninon scarf; her hat was black with plumes. Mrs. Massey was in white voile, and her white hat was wreathed with pale blue flowers; Mrs. Headman wore a blue velvet dress, and a picturesque hat of the same shade; Miss Allen, Ivory whipcord, white hat with black wings; Miss Fraser, navy cloth tailor-made, black hat with wings; Mrs. Pomare, dark blue tailor-made, black tregal hat massed with flowers; Mrs. Fisher, marine blue coat and skirt, white tregal hat with pink banksia roses; Mrs. Godley, indigo.

**Garrison Officers' Ball.**

On Monday night there was a brilliant scene at the Sydney Street Hall, when the garrison officers had their ball. It was not quite on so large a scale as last year, when the Garrison Hall was the scene of action, but the arrangements were perfect, the floor excellent, the music inspiring, so the ball was a great success. Military ingenuity had done wonders in the way of decorations, the dais being arranged as a fort with a rampart of sandbags, over which protruded the muzzles of the new male guns, just out from Home. Incidentally it was said that training the mules to carry the said guns is going to afford a good deal of sport, and there were anxious inquiries if spectators would be allowed. Launes and pennons were grouped, star fashion, round the walls, tents, and a camp kettle were placed with eye to effect, and in the ante-rooms were cosy chairs and plenty of flowers. A delicate consideration to the ladies was the veiling of all lights in rose-pink shades, with most becoming effect, which was appreciated by those who were present at last year's ball, when the military searchlights in the Garrison Hall had a most trying glare. In the supper room there were blue and white draperies, while overhead was suspended a gigantic Japanese umbrella of gorgeous colours. Red rhododendrons, blue anemones, violets, freesias, and jonquils decorated the supper tables.

In the official set were His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Godley, Colonel Campbell and Miss Allen (Dunedin), Surgeon-Colonel Purdy and Mrs. Campbell, Colonel Collins and Mrs. Guise, the Minister for Defence (Hon. J. Allen) and Mrs. Heard, Surgeon Colonel Mason and Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher, Lieut. Colonel Knox and Mrs. Wolfe, Mr. Guise and Mrs. Collins.

Mrs. Godley wore mist grey satin with delicate embroideries in soft hyacinth shades; Mrs. Campbell, sulphur yellow charmeuse with a deep tulle of lace; Mrs. Collins, black crepe de chine and a posy of red roses; Mrs. Heard, ivory and gold brocade, finished with lace; Mrs. Wolfe, black chiffon and lace over sea-blue Liberty satin; Mrs. Fisher, white satin with a fichu of chiffon; Mrs. Guise, white satin with panels of brocade; Miss Allen, white Liberty satin, the chiffon tulle delicately embroidered in crystal silver.

**Antarctic Bazaar.**

Distinctly a novelty in Wellington was the Antarctic Bazaar, which is considerably augmenting the funds of the Young Women's Christian Association. Her Excellency Lady Islington emerged from her seclusion in order to perform the opening ceremony, and in her speech she mentioned that it was probably the last time she would address a New Zealand audience. Making reference to the building campaign, she implored her hearers to give generously, so that the Y.W.C.A. institutes might be worthy of so progressive a country as New Zealand, which is at present being out-distanced by China and Japan. Later on she made a tour of the room, and inspected all the stalls, escorted by the president and secretary of the Association. She was attended by Captain Macdonnell and accompanied by Miss Stapleton Cotton, the latter wearing a black tailor-made and a black hat. Her Excellency, of course, was in deep black, her wide hat having a very long floating veil draped round, while her only jewels were a diamond clasp and a string of pearls. The bouquet presented to her was of violets and purple anemones. The hall was very cleverly arranged to suggest the Polar regions, with quantities of white muslin and long strands of tulle, representing the Aurora in its beautiful colours. White dresses and mob caps were worn

by the assistants, and there was a flock of the most fascinating little penguins, very realistically got up in black and white, with beaks and web feet complete; they carried trays with sweets slung round their necks, and did a very good trade. Each stall was named after an Antarctic explorer, and the leading stall-holders were Mrs. Keith ("Kaiman Maru"), Mrs. de Castro (convenor), Mrs. Copthorne ("Torra Nova"), Mrs. Campbell ("Fram"), Miss McLean ("Scottia"), Mrs. Luke ("Nimrod"), Mrs. Coslin-Webb ("Discovery"), Mrs. Shirlcliffe ("Scott"), Mrs. Reeves ("Shackleton"), Mrs. Pearson ("Bruce"), Mrs. Wright ("Amundsen"), Mrs. Holmes ("Mawson"), Mrs. Lassette ("David"). Nearly £200 was made during the first day of the three over which the bazaar extended. On the second day it was opened by the Mayoress (Mrs. MacLaren), who was presented with a bouquet of red anemones. Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher and Mrs. McEwen were in charge of the brautubs. A dramatic and musical programme was given each evening by various people, adding much to the success of the cause.

**A Farewell Tea.**

Colombo is to be Miss Eileen Bundell's future home, so it was a farewell tea that Miss Focke gave in her honour. Bridal favours and white flowers appropriately decorated the tea tables, and some of the tiny silver slippers and horse-shoes were treasured as souvenirs, the big boot, for specially good luck, being much admired. Branches of flowering plum and cherry blossom gave a delightful spring-like aspect to the rooms, aided by bunches of violets. In a secluded recess a fortune-teller predicted all sorts of delightful and mysterious futures, and as there were several other brides elect besides Miss Bundell present, her prophecies were listened to with rapt attention. To the musical programme Miss Haybittle, Miss Ball, Miss Bundell, and Miss Anderson contributed. Mrs. Focke wore black ninon and lace, with a quimper of net; Miss Focke, a lingerie dress of lawn and lace, with a sash of wistaria mauve. Miss Eileen Bundell's dress of pale pink ninon had a rhine border, and was finished with lace, and her hat of biscuit tregal was massed with pink hyacinths.

The next evening there was a dance at Mrs. Focke's, when the house was gay with Japanese lanterns, trails of lyopodium, and bougias of peach and almond blossom. Mrs. Focke wore black ninon, with panels of lace; Miss Focke, ciel blue crepe de chine, with a touch of pink on the corsage; Miss Eileen Bundell, flamingo pink, mousseline de soie, draped with lace.

**Yachting Club Function.**

Port and starboard lights, a life-buoy, and a steering-wheel gave a distinctly nautical flavour to the decorations at a ball in St. Peter's schoolroom on Saturday night. The members of the Port Nicholson Yacht Club were the hosts, and their colours of scarlet and black were conspicuous everywhere, red anemones

and camellias being largely used on the tables. Messrs. Rough (2), Salmon, Kelly, and Smith were on the committee, and with them were associated Miss Miller, who wore black chiffon velvet; Miss Duncan, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Barker, cream tulle; Miss Astin, ivory satin, with a tulle of ninon and silver; Miss Godfrey, pastel charmeuse; Miss Rohloff, black velvet and lace; Miss Burridge, cameo tulle; Miss Watt, vieux ivory charmeuse, draped with handsome lace; Miss Gower, mauve and white floral chiffon, hemmed with mauve satin; and Miss Chisholm.

**Surprise Party.**

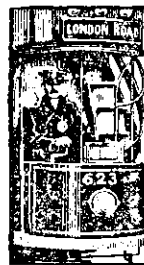
Mrs. Sherriff's house on Tinakori Road was well arranged and charmingly decorated for the reception of a surprise party on Friday night, when about 60 guests were present. Mrs. Sherriff wore saxe blue silk and lace; Miss Sherriff, ivory satin; Miss H. Sherriff, gold-spotted net over blue satin; Miss A. Sherriff, pink and white floral ninon.

**CHILDREN'S ITCHING BURNING ERUPTION**

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"We took the children to a doctor and for two months we used his remedies but they not only did no good, but the sores got worse. I saw in the papers of the cures effected by Cuticura Ointment, so I got a box of Ointment and the first application gave such relief that we went on with it. My wife used to wash the sores two or three times a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and then apply the Cuticura Ointment each time and in a month the sores disappeared, leaving a red blotch on the skin. We kept on with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and their skins were soon free of all marks. I think the Cuticura Ointment a wonderful cure and feel sure that if we had not used the Cuticura Remedies there is no telling how long the children would have suffered. I can safely recommend Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Thomas Christie, 23 Ashmore St., Eskeriville, Sydney, N. S. W., Dec. 10, 1910. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but to those who have suffered much with torturing, disgusting skin and scalp eruptions, best hope and are without faith in any treatment, a liberal supply of Cuticura Ointment with a 24 p. booklet on the cure and treatment of skin and scalp affections will be mailed free on application. Address R. T. Davis & Co., Dept. 2K, Sydney, N. S. W.



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**Personal.**

Miss Vida Collins' win in the Indies' golf championship for New Zealand has brought her many congratulations. As her brother is a "double blue" at Cambridge, and her mother has previously been golf champion, it would seem that success in games runs in the family. Her cousin (Miss Pearce) was runner up, but Jack accounting in some measure for so decisive a defeat. In bygone years Mrs Collins and Mrs. Pearce have played in the finals for championship honours, and this season their daughters have done so.

Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Dykes have gone to Sydney, which will be Mrs. Cooper's future home.

Mrs. Milford was a passenger to Sydney by the Maimiti.

The Hon. W. Fraser and Miss Fraser are moving into the smaller Ministerial residence in Tinakori Road, the last occupant of which was the Hon. J. Miller.

Miss Nesta Morrah and Mr W. Morrall are back from their trip to Australia.

Mrs. and Miss Massey have arranged to return to Auckland on September 7.

Mrs. James Allen has gone to Dunedin for a visit.

**CAMBRIDGE.**

September 7.

**Bachelors' Dance.**

On Friday evening a very jolly little dance was got up by a few of the bachelors, and was held in the Town Hall, between fifty and sixty being present. The supper table was very prettily arranged by Mrs. Wallace Hunter, with yellow table cloths and silver candelabra with yellow candle shades, and yellow daffodils and light grasses. Boyes' orchestra supplied the music. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Landon, in black silk, relieved with cream net; Mrs. Berekhorn (Westport), natter blue gown, with cream lace trimmings; Mrs. Caldwell, cream satin gown, with ninon tunic of the same shade, and Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Huddleston, a rose pink silk frock; Mrs. Wallace Hunter, white silk, with white silk applique trimmings; Mrs. Meredith, black spotted net and blue gown, over white silk; Mrs. Norman Banks, a shaded blue ninon spangled over-dress over white satin; Mrs. Barlow (Auckland), pink floral ninon tunic over pink satin; Miss M. Hesketh (Auckland), pale pink satin, with tunic

of pink ninon; Miss Kissling (Auckland), white satin, with tunic of white ninon; Mrs. W. Douglas, white satin, with white ninon tunic edged with handsome lace; Miss Wells, lemon-coloured ninon over silk, and Oriental trimmings; Miss Caldwell, white satin, tunic of white ninon edged with silver and bead trimming, and pink rose in her hair; Miss E. Buckleton, pink and cream floral veil, and lace fichu; Miss H. Wells, pale blue chiffon tulle dress, with silk embroidery; Miss N. Pickering, pale pink satin, with over-dress of ninon; Mrs. Sawyers, white satin frock trimmed with silk insertion; Miss M. Pickering, white satin and ninon, and lace trimming; Miss Roberts, white satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Taylor, reseda green charmusee, trimmed with a darker shade; Miss Myra Taylor, white lace frock over white silk, and orange-coloured sash; Miss M. Hunter, white silk; Mrs. Landon, vieux rose silk frock; Miss A. Landon, white satin and a crimson rose in her hair; Miss Gwyneth, black charmusee and reseda green cloak.

**Personal.**

Mrs. and Miss Kissling are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of "Bardowie."

The Misses Draper, of Reunera, are spending the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, of Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Firth and their three boys are staying with Mrs. Banks, of "Gwynelands."

Mr. A. B. Herrold is spending the week-end with Dr. and Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. Roberts returned home on Friday from Auckland, where she had been for a week.

Miss E. Buckleton returns home on Monday, after staying with Mrs. Caldwell for two months.

**ROTORUA.**

**Farewell Dance.**

Quite one of the jolliest little dances of the season was given in the Parish Hall as a farewell to Mr MacLeod, manager of the Bank of Australasia, who is leaving for Tauranga, Mr Curtis, of that branch, taking his place at Rotorua. The night was very miserable, a drizzling rain falling, but even the rain did not damp the spirits of the guests, who all seemed to have a merry time. Mrs Landon and Mrs Rhodes acted as hostesses for the evening. Those pre-

sent included: Mrs Landon, black satin gown; Mrs Rhodes, black satin dress, blue satin coat; Mrs Malfroy, black; Mrs Moorhouse, cream with silk trimmings; Mrs Dawson, pale grey, net and lace fichu; Mrs Bertram, white satin, overdress of lace; Mrs Flower, cream striped ninon; Mrs Rees, black lace dress over white satin; Mrs Parata, smartly-cut black satin; Mrs Dignan, blue silk; Mrs Faigden, white chiffon tulle; Mrs Marsh's frock was of a pretty shade of grey; Mrs Linnis, white; Mrs Hill, a graceful black gown; Mrs Groves, black; Miss Malfroy was in sage blue nerve, velvet scarf; Miss May Landon's black velvet gown was very striking; her sister Mildred wore a delicate pink silk frock; Miss Empson, smart gown of bronze satin, short lunas of black net; Miss Evans (New Plymouth), dress of pale pink; Miss Marsh, old rose veil, black sash; Miss Vera Symes (Auckland), dainty dress of pink, tiny tinge of mauve; Miss Smith, natter blue ninon with tiny white spots; Miss Pownall, pink, with fichu and tunic of white chiffon; Miss Pascoe, grey, with lovely trimming; Mrs Batten, black spangled net over black silk. Gentlemen: Messrs MacLeod, Flower, Ross, Dignan, Curtis, Hefelings, Hampson, Dingle, Melville, Davis (Auckland), J. Brown, Holland, Mahoney (Auckland), Moorhouse, Hornby (Wellington), Groves, Twigden, Hawkins, Jones, Hill, Cullham, Batten, Drs Crooke, Bertram, and Scott.

**TAURANGA.**

September 7.

**Bridge Evening.**

Mrs. Horne gave a delightful small bridge evening on Monday of last week. There were five tables, and the first prize (a silver vase) was won by Mrs. Baigent. Mrs. Mountfort came second, and was given a pretty china flower stand. Mr. G. Brown was the successful gentleman, while Mr. Baker carried off the "booby." Mrs. Horne wore a handsome gown of black merv silk; Miss Horne was in cream. Among the guests were: Mrs. Baker, in soft pink, with touches of black velvet; Mrs. Mountfort, a pale blue silk; Mrs. Shearman, black silk; Mrs. Bewes, vieux rose cashmere de soie, with cream lace; Mrs Baigent, white silk, touches of old gold; Mrs. Lyssight, black lace over white silk; Messrs. Brand, G. Brown, Robinson, Baigent, Baker, Lyssight, Mountfort, Dr. Bewes.

**The Hounds.**

Arrangements have been made for a visit of the Waikato Hunt Club. The hounds, accompanied by a large number of visitors, will leave Cambridge on the 21st, returning on the 29th. During that interval there will be three days' hunting, and the visitors will be entertained at various afternoon teas and a ball. The coming meet is attracting wide interest, and the town is likely to have a lively week during the stay of the hounds.

**Personal.**

Miss Ruby Oliver's many friends were very pleased to hear of her success in taking first prize in the contra-alto solo test, "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn), at the recent musical competitions, held in Auckland. Miss Oliver is an old Tauranga girl, and received her musical training in this town, from Mrs. J. W. Mathison, to whom the victory must be highly gratifying.

Mr. J. A. MacLeod, who has again taken charge of the local branch of the Bank of Australasia, arrived from Rotorua on Saturday.

**GISBORNE.**

September 7.

**Children's Carnival.**

Last Friday afternoon a children's fancy dress party was held in the Garrison Hall, and of the Pinket Nurse Fund, and proved an enormous success. Close on 800 children took part, and the hall, which was beautifully decorated, presented quite a fairyland appearance. Prior to the grand march, the hostesses, Lady Carroll, Mrs. J. Townley, and Mrs. C. de Lantour, were presented with beautiful bouquets by Messrs Sherratt and Zachariah and Master Reeve. At 3 o'clock the grand march took place, and was a most imposing sight. As the march time changed to a walk, one could see the dresses better. Gnomes, fairies, Topsy bears, goliaths, peasants, Victorian ladies, flower girls, footballers, officers, Indians, jockeys, and numerous

other characters were represented. From the time the proceedings commenced the fun and frolic were carried on with zest. Some of the smaller children played games while the older ones danced. Later in the day the children were given afternoon tea, after which the bigger children resumed dancing till about 6 o'clock.

**Concert.**

Last Friday evening an enjoyable concert was given by Mr. and Mrs. Lamont Gurn, assisted by Miss Pindaroy, pianiste; Dr. Reeve, tenor; Mr. G. Kelly, bass; and Misses F. Davies and L. King, vocalists. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Messrs Nolan (2) and Mr. W. Nolan, Mrs. Willock and Misses Ludbrook and Minniti, Mrs. R. Black and Misses H. and B. Black, Miss Davies and Mr. C. P. Davies, Mr. (Dr.) Reeve and Miss Bakenell, Mr. King and Miss G. Lewis, Mrs. T. A. Coleman and Miss Coleman, Mrs. Traill and Miss I. Lewis, Misses Watkins and MacLaurin, the Messrs Mackenzie, Mrs. F. Moore and Misses Murray (2), Mrs. E. Akair and Miss Crawford.

**On the Golf Links.**

Great interest was taken in the final of the championship, when G. M. Dodgson defeated A. Baku. The game was very exciting, and numbers of people followed the whole way round. Amongst those following were: Messdames King, Morgan, Traill, Adair, O'Meara, Barker, Barlow, Crawford, Willock, Irvine and Boscoe, Misses de Lantour (2), Nolan (2), Murray, Black (2), Faulkner (2), Coleman, Davies (2), Jack, Ross (2), Bull, Joll, Monckton, King, McCredie, Bennett, Taylor, Adams, Sweet, Parker (2), Sherratt and Hine, Messrs W. Barker, Willock (3), Nolan, Irvine, Murray, Cooke, Ruffour, Hamilton (2), Coleman, Matthews, Keira, Anderson, Traill, Muir, Higson, Pascoe, Schiering, Moore, Burnard, Howie, Bull (2), Simpson, Porter, Wachsman, Wells, Bennett, Morgan, El Adair, Monckton, and Grant. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. R. Willock, and the Misses Black, and was much enjoyed by those who had followed round in the sun.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Clara Fenwick, who has been visiting the South Island, has returned to Gisborne.

Miss and Miss Douglas (Wanganui) are on a visit to Gisborne.

Dr. Dulcie Williams, who has been visiting Napier, returned on Saturday.

**MANGAWEKA.**

September 7.

**Complimentary Ball.**

A complimentary ball was tendered to the Mangaweka Hockey Club and townstolk on September 5th by Mr. and Mrs. J. Georgetti, and from every standpoint it was the most enjoyable and largely-attended function of the kind that has ever been held in the district. The Oddfellows' Hall was very artistically decorated for the occasion. The floor was in good order, the music supplied by Carter's Orchestra was of the best, and nothing was missing which could in any way add to the pleasure of the dancers. The supper, a magnificent repast, was capably handled by Mr. F. Heerdegen, and so great was the number of people present that four sittings at the tables were necessary. During the evening Mr. H. S. Harris, on behalf of the Hockey Club, presented Mr. Georgetti with a splendidly-framed photograph of the members of this season's winning team. Mr. Georgetti, who is the club's patron, suitably responded, and on the conclusion of his remarks there was a spontaneous outburst of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," followed by three ringing cheers for the host and hostess. Among the ladies looking on were:—Messdames Thompson, wearing a navy coat and skirt; G. Humphrey, black cloth skirt, and cream silk blouse; A. James, green tweed, with silk trimmings; Heerdegen, navy costume and skirt; T. Cooper (Kawhata), black silk, spangled trimmings; Esop, cream silk dress; M. Stewart, blue coat and skirt. Among the dancers were:—Mrs. Georgetti (the hostess), cream satin, relieved with black, also evening coat of green velvet, relieved with cream satin; Messdames Meyer, black silk, with sequin trimmings; Hamilton, cream radiata; Wero, black net over pink silk; (Dr.) Turry, pink roseau; P. Rhodes, blue cloth dress, Oriental trimmings; Gibbons (Tahape), holi-tropo silk dress, trimmings to match; Bray (Tahape), pale blue dress, silver trimmings; McLennan, white silk dress; Moon, black cloth, white satin

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**cuffs, and yoke:** Waugh, blue dress, trimmed with black; J. Green, pink silk, with trimmings to match; H. S. Harris, blue silk, with ninon overdress; Humphrey (Marion), mauve and black cloth; W. Bailey (Kawhatau), blue silk, with silver trimmings; A. Bailey (Kawhatau), pink silk, ninon top; Murphy, white silk blouse, black skirt; McGrath, crushed strawberry cloth, silk trimmings; Grenside, grey skirt, white blouse; Dalziel, trimmed with cream; Maltese lace; McComack, black silk, chiffon trimmings; McCoard (Kawhatau), black silk; J. Carr (Winiata), black silk, with ninon top; J. Johnston, black glace silk; Adamson, black silk, trimmed with pink roses; Norman, cream satin; Rhodes (Mangarere), black silk; T. Wright, blue dress, overall lace top; Wainfall, black silk; Melrose, electric blue, with chiffon trimmings; Williamson (Kawhatau), white silk; Gough (Kawhatau), cream dress; Max Graham (Te Kapua), black skirt, with black silk blouse; C. Carter, pale blue, with ninon top; Batt (Taihape), black satin; Curran, black satin; O'Dea, navy tailormade costume; J. Wright, black costume; Clements (Mamui), cream dress; Noble, cream dress; W. Stevens, Fag's blue dress; Mateon, brown cloth; Managh, navy costume; Misses E. Dumbleton, pink silk, with Oriental trimmings; G. Humphrey, white silk, with trimming of silver heading; Moon, blue silk muslin, headed trimming; N. Humphrey, pink silk, with cream insertion; O. Bennett, white silk, tunic skirt; I. Meyer, blue silk, tunic skirt; Travis (Kawhatau), pink silk; M. O'Keefe, white muslin; May O'Keefe, white dress; Stevenson, pink silk, net overdress; K. Byrne, black skirt, white blouse; Stuckey (Ouingaiti), cream radianta; L. Gannon, white silk, lace trimming; A. Heerdegen, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Millburn, pink silk, lace trimmings; Zohs, tussore silk, lace and blue trimmings; Barrett, blue silk, lace trimmings; C. Johnston, cream dress, insertion trimmings; M. Tansy, pink silk, ninon overdress; M. Rodewald, cream radianta; Owens (Taihape), white muslin; Gibbs (Wanganui), cream dress; J. McDonald (Mamui), white embroidered dress; Mrs. Yeates (Wellington), white silk.

**HASTINGS.**

September 6.

**Hospital Ball.**

Arrangements are being made to hold the Hospital ball on the 20th. The early part of the evening will be set aside for the children's dance, and after supper two adults will start. A very good committee is making all arrangements.

**Sale of Work.**

The members of the Mothers' Union and G.P.S., assisted by friends, held a combined sale of work and exhibition of daffodils and spring flowers in St. Matthew's Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday. The proceeds were in aid of the fund for furnishings for the new church. The following were exhibitors: Mrs. J. H. Williams (daffodils), Mrs. H. Campbell (spring flowers), Mrs. W. Nelson and Mrs. Sadler-Smith (daffodils), Mrs. O. Russell (violets and primroses), Mrs. Quarty (spring flowers and violets),

Mrs. N. Donnelly (daffodils and anemones), Mrs. Stanley (narcissi), Mrs. Scannel (daffodils). The following ladies assisted at the stalls: Produce stall, Mrs. R. Wellwood, Mrs. De Lisle, and Mrs. Betty; sweets stall, Mrs. and Miss Luckie and Mrs. J. Miller; G.F.S. stall, Mrs. Haszard, Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Wall; afternoon tea, Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Watson; Mothers' Union stall, Mesdames Ebbett, Masters, Charlton, Watts, and Fitchley; jumble stall, Mrs. Tasswell, Miss Russell, and Miss Wilson. Among those present I noticed: Lady and Miss Russell, Mrs. and Misses Williams, Mrs. S. Smith, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Brocklehurst, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Faulkner, Miss McLean, Mrs. Naam, Mrs. Wellwood, Mrs. Betts, Mrs. Gregorie, Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Scammell, Mrs. Fewick, Mrs. and Miss Hurley.

**Personal.**

Friends of Mr. E. V. Hudson will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from his serious illness.

Miss Peddie is the guest of Mrs. J. Miller.

Mrs. Masdonell has returned from the South.

**DANNEVIRKE.**

September 7.

**Card Party.**

After a very enthusiastic annual meeting the Rangitira Croquet Club decided to hold a card party in aid of the steadily-increasing pavilion fund. This was held in Morgan's tearooms on Wednesday evening, and a very pleasant time was spent by all who attended. Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. C. Baddeley were the fortunate prizewinners in the bridge contest, Miss Benzie and Mr. C. Bates annexing the euchre prizes.

**Personal.**

Mr. Reg. Macdonald, who has been for some years with Mr. T. Gordon Lloyd, solicitor, was entertained by the members of the legal profession at a dinner before his departure for Pahi-tua. During the evening Mr. P. B. Fitzherbert made a presentation of a glass-tone bag to Mr. Macdonald on behalf of his many friends.

Mrs. J. Hartzill (Akitio) is in Dannevirke for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Williams (Te Aute) are in Dannevirke for a short visit.

Mrs. L. Ward and her two small daughters are in Wellington for a few days.

Miss Gladys MacGregor has been spending a delightful holiday in Auckland, and returned home on Thursday.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

September 7.

**Flower Show.**

The annual spring flower show this year, in aid of the Vogelton Sunday School, was opened in St. Mary's Hall last Thursday afternoon, and seldom has it ever presented a prettier floral scene. Messrs. Duncan and Davies, and Morshead and Co., both had fine displays, as also had Messrs. J. H. Feethy and S. W. Shaw.

The prize for the table decorations was

awarded to Miss J. Curtis, Miss R. Allen receiving second honours. The produce stall was under the supervision of Mrs. Dabb and Misses Godfrey and Evans. Afternoon tea was served on the stage, ably managed by Misses Bedford, Ray, Mathews and J. Hempton. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Chaney, navy blue costume, hat en suite; Miss Hempen, dark grey costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Kyngdon, navy costume, black hat; Mrs. D. Brown, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Standish, grey coat and skirt, black and white toque; Mrs. C. Lepper, navy costume, black hat with white wings; Mrs. Cornwall, black; Mrs. Cowling, navy costume, smart hat with wings; Miss Warren, navy costume, saxe blue hat; Miss Arden, brown-flecked tweed, hat en suite; Misses Fookes, navy costumes, hats to match; Mrs. Bewley, navy costume, grey hat with white wings; Miss R. Smith, black; Miss Curtis, brown costume, hat with roses; Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Ellern, Mrs. J. Paton, Mrs. Evans, grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Lush; Mrs. Leatham, navy costume, saxe-blue and black hat; Miss Kyngdon, brown costume, hat en suite; Miss Mace; Mrs. Blundell, dark green costume, black hat; Mrs. F. Webster; Mrs. Bradbury; Miss Wade; Mrs. W. Webster, black costume, bonnet relieved with white; Miss Webster.

**Card Parties.**

Miss Wade gave a very enjoyable euchre party, in honour of Miss Turner, last Thursday evening, and on Wednesday, Mrs. Mathews entertained a number of friends at bridge.

**Personal.**

Mrs. M. Fraser, who has been on a visit in Auckland, has returned.

Miss Turner, of Wellington, is the guest of Miss Munro, Westown.

Misses Williams, Wanganui, are the guests of Mrs. R. Cook, Vogeltown.

Mr. Williams, of Christchurch, has been visiting New Plymouth, and has returned.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

September 7th.

**Euchre Parties.**

At a small progressive euchre party given by Misses Glendinning, Fitzherbert Street, on last Friday night, Mrs. McKnight won the first prize, and Miss Wilson the second. Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Primmer, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Sellars, Miss Wilson, and a few others were there.

Mrs. W. Coombs, Featherston Street, was the hostess at a large progressive euchre party last night. Miss W. Watson won the ladies' first prize, and Mrs. A. Guy the second. Mr. Clere the men's first, and Mr. Gardiner the second. After the prizes had been presented to the successful players, dancing was enjoyed for several hours. Bridge was played in the drawing-room by the non-dancers. A delicious supper was served in the dining-room. The table was prettily arranged with tall vases of daffodils and bowls of anemones. Mrs. Coombs wore a handsome grey satin toilette, with a black ninon tunic; Miss M. Coombs, white silk, the bodice trimmed with lace and a touch of turquoise blue; Miss Alice Coombs, champagne charmeuse,

with an electric green ninon tunic, finished with a deep bead fringe; Miss Nina Coombs, a white silk frock; Miss Ella Coombs, sapphire blue velvet frock, with pale blue silk sash, and bow in her hair; Mrs. A. Guy, rose pink charmeuse, with tunic of grey ninon; Mrs. Matier (Levin), pale pink silk, with cream lace yoke; Mrs. Fuller, black satin, with emerald green embroidery on corsage, band of emerald green in her hair; Mrs. McKnight, a deep-shade of blue charmeuse, with black jet trimming, bright pink roses on corsage; Mrs. Moodie, saxe blue silk and lace; Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, lavender charmeuse, with ninon tunic in same shade, the bodice finished with silver; Mrs. Clere, rose pink silk and silver; Miss Collins, grey brocade, finished with cream lace; Miss Stevens, black velvet frock; Miss Armstrong, white satin, with panier of white brocade, the bodice trimmed with fringe and pearls; Miss Mason, pale floral chiffon over pale blue satin, primrose yellow roses on corsage; Miss Randolph, pale pink charmeuse, the black sequined tunic caught with cluster of pink roses, pink roses at waist and in hair; Miss Barnicoat, white satin, blue tunic, finished with silver fringe, in her hair was worn a band of deep rose pink ribbon; Miss Tripe, white satin, veiled in white ninon and trimmed with pearls, her hair tied with cerise tulle; Miss D. Waldegrave, flame coloured ninon over blue satin; Miss Smith, floral chiffon over white satin, tiny pink rose-buds on corsage; Miss G. Smith, white satin with ninon tunic; Miss Hare, saxe blue silk, with silver trimming, bands of silver in her hair; Miss Watson, black silk frock, blue forget-me-nots in her hair; Miss Moat, wine coloured velvet and cream lace; Messrs McKnight, Guy, Moodie, B. Beale, Blackmore, Pavitt, Gardiner (2), Watson, Gibbons, N. Waldegrave, Collins, Nakusch, Clere, Vernon, Oram, Scott (2), Mason, W. Coombs, Hill, Dr. Bell, and several others.

**Personal.**

Mrs. G. W. Harden, Wanganui, is in Palmerston at present. Last week she was the guest of Mrs. J. L. Barnicoat.

Miss Sybil Abraham has returned from Nelson.

Mr. J. L. Barnicoat left yesterday on a trip to the South Island.

Miss Alice Reed, Wellington, spent

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congratulated on the success of the affair.

**Presbyterian Function.**

The annual meeting was held in the Sunday school room, and partook of the nature of a social gathering after the routine business was concluded. A presentation of a Morris chair, and a Church Praise was made to Mr D. Lloyd for valuable services rendered as choir-master for many years, and three cases were presented to Mrs Lloyd for many services to the church. Musical items were rendered by Mrs Edmunds, Mrs C. Stuart, Miss B. B. Stuart, and the choir.

**Cantata.**

On Friday last the cantata "Phillis" was staged in the Albert Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience in spite of bad weather, and the Rev. C. C. Bottomley, the conductor, and the company have reason to be pleased with the reception of their efforts. The principals were: "Phillis," Mrs Nichol; "Margaret," Miss Macalister; "Farmer Meadows," Mr D. McCormick; "Douglas," Mr G. Robertson; "Chap-leigh," Mr J. McIntosh. The chorus consisted of Mesdames Tarrant, Steele, Bottomley, McNab, and Willets, Misses Burroughs (3), Smith, Wheatley, Newman, Lewis, McMahon, Sturmer, Pollard, Adams, Messrs Hahn, Brown, Batchelor, Bush, Jackson, Hennecker, Jennings, Willets. At the conclusion the members of the Methodist Church entertained the performers at a supper, when a presentation of a brief bag was made to the Rev. C. C. Bottomley, as a slight token of their appreciation of his services to the church, and also to the musical interests of the town.

**Bulb Show.**

The first show held by the Horticultural Society could scarcely be called a success, though there were some very pretty exhibits. There were very few exhibitors, and the attendance not what was expected. The principal exhibitors and prize-takers were Mrs Riddell and Misses Hart, Mrs Wastney (Nelson), judged the cut blooms. The foliage of red birch was largely used in the decorative section, and lent beauty to the white and yellows of the spring bulbs.

**School Concert.**

The annual concert in aid of the Linkwater school prizes, was held on Tuesday, and was considered the most successful yet arranged by Miss Allen (teacher), and her enthusiastic friends. The programme included a piano duet, Messrs Minn and M. Greensill; song, "Come, Let Us All Be Merry," children; recitation, "The Funny Old Woman," Misses M. Kerr and M. Voyce; song, "A Farmer's Boy," Masters Bert Coleman and C. Voyce; recitation, "Going On An Errand," Miss M. Thompson; dumb-bells, children's song, Miss Powell (Haylock); duet, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying," Mr and Mrs C. J. Fulton; "Have You Got Another Girl Like Mary?" Mr N. Bryant; trio, "Three Old Maids of Lon," Mrs C. J. Fulton, Miss B. Allen, and Miss E. Fulton; piano solo, Mrs Howe (Haylock); song, Mr Hut; song, Mrs Haw and Miss Powell; "My Dinky Buse," Mr J. Patterson; song, Mr Griffiths; duet, "Barboard Watch," Messrs C. J. Fulton and Minns; farce, "Maria Jane's Plan," Mrs C. J. Fulton, Miss Allen, and Miss E. Fulton; "Jessie's Dream," Mrs Beauchamp.

**Personal.**

An interesting letter has been received by a resident from Mr W. Cullen, of Mahakipawa, who is having a good time doing the grand tour. Mr Cullen thinks the Rhine can boast of one or two pretty spots, but none to equal the natural beauties of Petorus Sound.

Captain Victor Kobsall, of the Defence Force, arrived in Pieton on Saturday, and proceeded to Resolution Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound, where he will spend a fortnight's holiday.

The Minister for Railways, the Hon. Mr Herries, accompanied by the member for the district, Mr R. McCallum, and escorted by the Mayor and Council, and also by the president and members of the Chamber of Commerce, visited the new wharf on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs C. Peck, of Dublin Street, are away for a few weeks' holiday in the North Island.

Miss E. Wallace left on Tuesday to join the staff of the Wellington Hospital.

Prior to Mr Bottomley's departure for Wellington on Tuesday, the members of the bowling club met him and presented him with a case of pipes and a tobacco pouch as a memento of many pleasant hours spent on the green.

**NELSON.**

September 7.

**Ladies' Golf Championship.**

The sixteenth meeting of the ladies' championship was held in Nelson, on the Tahuna links, from August 20th to September 5th. For the first two days the championship meeting was marred by wet and stormy weather. On the final day there was a large crowd of spectators and visiting golfers following the game, and the prizes were presented by Mr J. H. Cook, Dr. Hope Lewis, of Auckland, returned thanks on behalf of the visitors. Among those present on the links at the finals were:—Mrs. J. H. Cook, Mrs. Burnes, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Trolove, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Alice Glasgow, Mrs. Noel Adams, Mrs. Brown (Stoke), Mrs. Marsden (Stoke), Mrs. F. Bell, Mrs. Boulker, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Hope Lewis (Auckland), Mrs. F. Richmond, Mrs. Pearce (Wellington), Mrs. Holmes (Wellington), Mrs. Bunny, Mrs. W. Rogers, Mrs. S. Gibbs, the Misses Gibbs, Miss Sutherland-Smith, Miss Coster, Mrs. C. H. Conte, Miss Crateroff Wilson (Christchurch), Mrs. Handyside (Invercargill), Miss M. Rowley (Geraldine), Mrs. Bigg-Wither, Mrs. and Miss Blackett, Miss Didsbury (Wellington), the Misses Ledger, Miss Eileen Ward (Wellington), Mrs. Guy Williams (Masterton), Miss Hindmarsh (Napier), Miss Gould (Dunedin), Misses Brandon (Wellington), Miss Kettle (Grey-mouth), Mrs. R. Fell, Miss Snodgrass (Westport), Miss M. Burns (Wellington), Miss B. Wood (Christchurch), Miss Elsie Booth, Miss F. Maginnity, Misses Clark, Miss Hanker, Miss M. Glasgow (New Plymouth), Mrs. E. R. Moore, Mrs. Nutting, Miss von Duldtszen (Wellington), Miss M. Hodson, Miss G. Cook, Miss Robleson (Masterton), Miss Tweed (Wellington), Mrs. Donald (Christchurch), Miss Bateson (Stoke).

**Parliamentary Visit to Nelson.**

A number of members of Parliament came by the Government steamer Himeon to visit Nelson in connection with the opening of the Glenhope section of

the Midland railway. The party consisted of the Hon. J. Rigg and J. Paul, M.L.C.'s, Messrs. W. H. D. Bell (Wellington Suburbs), J. H. Bradley (Auckland West), J. Colvin (Dunedin), J. G. Coates (Kaipara), J. H. Escent (Pahiatua), A. E. Glover (Auckland Central), E. P. Lee (Dunedin), W. D. S. Macdonald (Bay of Plenty), Hon. R. McKenzie (Motueka), J. Robertson (Otago), T. W. Rhodes (Pharases), E. H. Smith (Waitaki), and G. R. Sykes (Masterton). There were also present the Hon. W. R. Herries (Minister of Railways) and his private secretary, and Mr. R. McCallum (Wairau). In the evening the visitors were entertained at a banquet by the Chamber of Commerce.

**Bridge.**

An enjoyable progressive bridge party was given by the members of the Nelson Golf Club for the visiting golfers. The prize was won by Miss Cowlishaw (Christchurch). Among those present were:—Mrs. Burnes, who was wearing black muslin over white satin; Mrs. Robinson, emerald green charmeuse; Mrs. Booth, black velvet; Miss Elsie Booth, cream floral chiffon over yellow satin; Mrs. McArthur, black; Miss Gould (Dunedin), black chiffon and lace; Miss Rowley (Geraldine), pale blue silk; Mrs. R. Fell, mauve satin; Miss Kettle (Grey-mouth), red satin, with blue tunic; Mrs. Dodson, black over white; Miss Elsie Gray (Wellington), pale pink frock; Misses Anderson (Christchurch), pink floral silk frocks with white lace coats; Miss Rachel Corrie (Auckland), pale pink satin; Miss E. Ledger, black satin; Miss B. Wood (Christchurch), pale blue charmeuse; Miss Eileen Ward (Wellington), white satin; Mrs. Holmes (Wellington), black charmeuse; Miss Clark, white lace frock.

**Personal.**

Colonel Beard, director of military training, has been visiting Nelson.

Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield has returned to Auckland.

Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis (Auckland) have been in Nelson for the golf tournament.

Mr. Guy Williams is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Barr.

Miss Mariel Rindell (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. Schuders.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Fowler have gone to the North Island.

Mr. B. Brandon and Mr. W. H. D. Bell are the guests of Mr. Percy Adams.

Miss Eileen Ward and Miss Kennedy (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs. C. H. Clark.

**BLENHEIM.**

September 7.

**Piano Recital.**

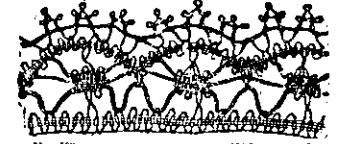
There was only a small audience on Thursday evening at the Town Hall, to hear the gifted young New Zealand pianist, Mr Frank Hutchins. He was assisted by some of our leading local talent. Mrs Revel sang well, and Miss Serena Rogers played her accompaniments, and Mrs E. Ball recited in a pleasing manner. Among those present were: Dr and Mrs Walker, Mr and Miss D. Revel, Mr and Mrs C. Mills, Mr and Mrs Welsh, Mr and Mrs Miss Florence, Dr and Mrs Meade, Mrs R. McCallum, and Mr Moffatt.

**Silver Wedding.**

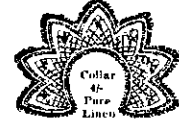
On September 1 Mr and Mrs H. D. Vavasour entertained a number of

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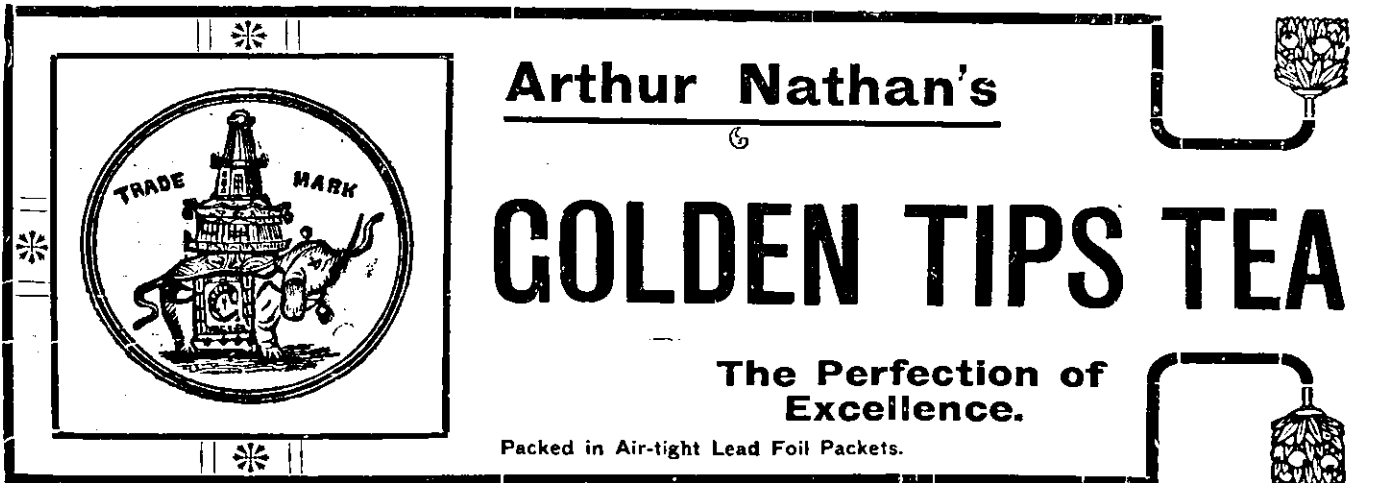
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**HANDED TO YOU IN SEPARATE PACKETS.  
SWEET, FRESH, CRISP, and ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ALL CONTAMINATION.**

friends at their residence at "Ugbrooke," in honour of their silver wedding. Motor cars and carriages left Blenheim early in the afternoon, and the guests arrived in time for afternoon tea. Mrs. Vavasour received her guests wearing a handsome gown of nauti blue ninon over grey champagne, and Miss Vavasour, pale blue ninon over blue satin foundation. A dainty tea was served in the large dining room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The tables were daintily arranged with white camellias and maiden-hair fern. Among those present were: Mr and Mrs. Redwood, Mr R. Goulder and Misses Goulder (4), Mr and Mrs. Seymour, Mr and Mrs. G. Griffiths, Dr and Mrs. Adams, Dr and Mrs. Bennett, Mrs W. Clouston and Misses Clouston (2), Mr and Miss Horton, Mrs Meads, Mrs McNab, Mr and Mrs Waddy, Mr Sharpe, Mr and Mrs Howard, Dr and Mrs Walker, Mr Pollard, Mr and Mrs Scatter, Mr Young, Misses Clayton (2), Mr Greig, Mr and Mrs Richardson, Miss McNab, Mr and Mrs Coleman, Mr Comoty, and Mr Bell.

**Personal.**  
Miss Middleton (Waimate) has been spending a short holiday with her sister, Mrs de Lambert, Weld Street.  
Miss Belle Griffiths is at present in Wellington.  
Miss D. Horton is spending a short holiday in Wellington.  
Miss Wene Grace (Christchurch), who has been visiting Mrs Grace "The Vicarage," returned South on Tuesday.  
Miss D. Redwood, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs Redwood, has returned to Wellington.  
Mr and Mrs W. Stevenson, "Upcot," have returned from their holiday to Canterbury.  
Mrs R. McCullum is spending a few days in Wellington.  
Mrs Weld is at present staying in Wellington.  
Mrs C. Teshmaker-Shute is spending a short holiday in the North Island.  
Mrs G. Wainey (Nelson) is staying with Miss Bell.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

September 7.

### Savage Club.

The Savage Club's "Ladies' Night" was given on Tuesday evening in the Art Gallery. The entertainment commenced with music, song and story, with light refreshments, and then dancing was enjoyed. There was a very large attendance of members and their friends. Everyone present was furnished with a charming souvenir, in the artistic and cleverly illustrated book of words and programme combined; all the

illustrations were portraits of the best-known members of the Savage Club. Amongst those present were: Judge and Mrs. Denniston, Dr. and Mrs. Fenwick, Dr. and Mrs. Morton Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alpa, Misses Secretan (2), Guthrie (2), Mr. and Mrs. Cane, Mrs. Bruges, Miss Spooner, Mrs. and Miss Cargill, Mrs. J. Hazelene, Miss Croyton, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Pollen, Dr. and Mrs. Guthrie (Lyttelton), Mrs. and Miss Cox, Dr. Jesse Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Stringer, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hobbs, Misses Hobbs (2), Dr. and Mrs. Gow, Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Anderson, Miss Merton, Miss R. Young, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Maude, Miss Thomas, Miss Meredith-Kaye, Sir George Clifford, Misses Clifford (2), Miss Allison, Miss Kiver, Miss Douglas, Messrs. Beadle, Hobbs, Allison, Anderson, Robinson, Cargill, Staple, Francis, Salter, Bruges, and Vincent.

### Conversations.

A conversation took place in the Art Gallery on Friday night to celebrate the jubilee of the Philosophical Institute of Canterbury. Dr. Cockayne (the president) gave a most interesting address, tracing out the history of the Institute from its small beginnings. Short speeches were made by several members. A string band was in attendance, and the Christchurch Glee Club sang several quartets. The gathering took place in the permanent gallery, and refreshments were served in the dancing room. Amongst the many present were:—Mr. and the Misses Murray-Aynsley, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Denniston, Mr. and Mrs. George Harper, Miss Griffiths, Dr. and Mrs. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn, Mr. and Mrs. Godby, Dr. and Mrs. Coleridge Farr, Mr. and Mrs. Bevan-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hurst Seager, Misses Tabart (2), Professor and Mrs. Hadam, Professor Gibbit, Professor and Mrs. Watt, Miss Guthrie, Dr. and Miss Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Speight, Mr. and Mrs. Pollen, Mr. and Mrs. Melbeth, Mr. and Mrs. C. Turner, Dr. and Mrs. Morton Anderson, the Misses Gibson, Mrs. Seth Smith, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Misses Baughan, Miss Robinson and Miss Jessie McKie.

### A Delightful Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKellar gave a dance in Merivale Schoolroom on Wednesday evening. The stage was arranged as a drawing room, and decorated with spring flowers and palms. Mrs. McKellar wore a frock of white satin, with tunic of golden brown ninon finished with gold fringe, and the bodice worked in hot beads; Miss Hay, rose-pink satin frock, tunic of grey chiffon, finished with bead fringe and band of dull silver

embroidery; Mrs. Hay, black silk frock; Mrs. Guthrie, black silk with overdress of black lace; Mrs. Murchison, violet velvet gown, the bodice being relieved with embroidery to match; Miss Milson, frock of grey ninon over pale pink, the tunic being finished with a ruckling of itself; Mrs. J. Guthrie (Lyttelton), frock of deep blue and black spotted ninon over white silk, bodice relieved with bands of black silk insertion; Miss Guthrie, pale blue satin, veiled with beaded net to match, and insertions of dull silver lace, berthe of point lace; Miss B. Guthrie, white satin, pinafore tunic of white ninon with silver bead embroidery; Miss Merton, black crepe de chine; Miss K. Merton, pale blue, with overdress of blue floral muslin; Miss Foster, pink silk frock; Miss Boulnois, heliotrope floral muslin frock, with bands of heliotrope silk; Miss C. Barnes, pink satin frock with tunic of pink jewelled net; Miss Reece, white crepe de chine frock with deep silk fringe; Miss Park, black crepe de chine, insertions of black and blue embroidery; Miss Jameson, white satin, tunic of net and finished with silver fringe embroidery; Miss Williams, peacock blue silk, tunic of jewelled net to match; Miss Duncan, white satin frock with tunic of white ninon, with orange floral border; Miss Hammer, pink silk frock, with silver bead fringe; Miss M. Hammer, old gold satin, with paucers of jewelled net to match; Miss B. Clifford, white ninon over soft white satin, finished with bunches of white flowers; Miss Bloxam, black satin, tunic of black and silver net, looped up with pink roses; Miss N. Guthrie, white silk with tunic of lace, bodice trimmed with silver bead insertion; Miss Buss, frock of white ninon over ivory pale pink, finished with a deep lace band and looped up with pale pink and mauve flowers; Miss Thornes, black silk with touches of pale blue; Miss Phillips, frock of royal blue ninon with tunic of black ninon; Miss — Phillips, apple-green satin with tunic of green jewelled net, edged with large green beads; Miss Williams, frock of pale blue ninon over pale pink finished at foot with band of deep insertion; Miss Flemming, pale pink satin, overdress of ninon to match, silver bead fringe; Miss — Flemming, pale blue silk frock, tunic of chiffon with touches of pale pink; Miss Carruthers, pink satin and lace; Miss Caldwell (Gisborne), white satin, silver and pearl embroideries; Miss M. Caldwell, pale pink glaze with pippings of pale pink; Miss S. Murray, yellow silk with lace flounce; Miss Murray, white satin, overdress of white spotted net with bands of white satin; Miss Scribaw, frock of white satin with tunic of white and gold

ninon; Miss Pollen, pale pink satin frock with pinafore tunic of ninon to match, finished with bob fringe; Miss Pilliet, pale blue satin, overdress of pale blue chiffon and fleck of white spotted muslin; Miss Reid, pale pink crepe de chine, touches of pale blue; Misses McKellar, Hay, Murchison (3), Thomas, Laurence, Boyes, Guthrie, Britton, Weston, Barnett, Graham, Cyrus, Williams, Molineaux, Cordner, Williams, Boulnois, Stead, Anderson (2), Banks, Jameson, Wilding, Robinson, Smith, Murray, Duncan, Templer, Douglas, Reece, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. J. Guthrie, and Captain Blair.

### Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Buchanan (Little River) have returned to Christchurch from England.  
Mrs. Walter Perry (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. George Rhodes at Elbowood, Papanui.  
Captain and Mrs. Melville, who have been staying with Mrs. C. Dalgety (Christchurch) have returned to the North Island.  
Miss Griffiths (England) is the guest of Mrs. George Harper (Riccarton).  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Ollivier have returned to Christchurch from Sydney.  
Mrs. E. Stutholme (Waimate) is in Christchurch.  
Miss Rolleston has returned to Christchurch from South Canterbury.  
Mrs. E. Y. Palmer (Gisborne) has returned from a visit to Ombi.  
Mrs. Frank Harris (Homebush) is in Christchurch.  
Miss Sommerville (Dunedin) is spending a few weeks in Christchurch.

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They are ECONOMICAL  
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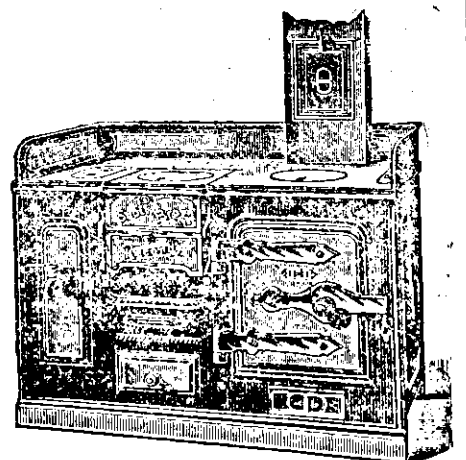
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Have Revolutionised the Making of Cooking Ranges in New Zealand

The ATLAS series of cooking ranges consists of The ATLAS, The PEERLESS, The RECORD, The UNIQUE.



# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

**T**HE first breath of spring is a universal challenge for new raiment; even the trees and plants as well as the fields array themselves in soft green that is restful to the eye, while women experience an irresistible impulse to cast aside the dull clothes that have been their portion during the preceding months, and attire themselves in frocks and frills that are in harmony with their surroundings. The shops have garnered a wealth of choice in the necessities of the toilette that are very useful to those with a limited dress allowance.

Full of artistic instincts is the new spring millinery, and although there are many models that in the hand appear to represent the height of folly, by a marvellous sleight of hand, when arranged on the head at the correct angle, possess an allurement that is entirely their own. The most simple objects of everyday life serve as forms of inspiration.

### The Charm of Line.

The beautiful hats that are now making their debut are dependent for their innate charm on the "line" of the brim, which is treated in fantastic, but alluring ways. The crowns of the more elaborate models are draped, and of a contrasting straw or material. A fetish is made of simplicity where decoration is conceived, a single bow, a beautiful feather mount, or a "posy" of flowers being all-sufficient. Furthermore, this modish headgear sets well down on the head. Wires are conspicuous by their absence, and then no milliner in popular parlance would permit a heavy hat to leave her salons. The general impression gleaned from the displays of millinery in Paris is its lightness, brightness, and truly feminine character. Nothing seems to dislodge the exalted position of the picture hat in the affections of the majority.

A word to the wise. Do not omit to study the new coiffure, flat to the head, rippling over the ears to the back, where one side of the parted hair is rolled over, somewhat after the manner of the chignon, for it makes the hat of yesterday look vieux jeu, and the hat of to-day just right.

It is going to be a great lingerie year, a year of exquisitely worked and em-



USEFUL KIMONO NEGLIGEE.

broided and inserted haws and batistes, simple in everything but price, but that is quite another story, and shall be dealt with later when we come to the flowers that bloom in the spring.

### The Vogue of Thin Silk.

Pretty kimonos much embroidered in China silk suit a tired woman. They have collars that turn back and set close. The sleeves are very short. Pink linings make them extra dainty. There are plenty of blouse bodices in thin silks of many kinds: some are cut low at the neck, some with sailor collars, though more, much more, with high collars. Satin, or satin charmeuse if you prefer it, are made of very thin textures suitable to a warm summer, and these make most charming blouses, trimmed sometimes with embroidery, often with heavy makes of lace. Occasionally for dresses the thin silks are covered with chiffon and accordion pleated to the bust with horizontal bands of silver threads at intervals. The soft silk is a rival to the shot taffetas, which is one of the universal "wears" of the season. Some of these have the skirt quite short, with a ruche and no other trimming save on the bodice, where much handsome embroidery appears.

Deep flounces of lace are being introduced on numbers of the evening frocks of to-day, and the three-decker skirt is becoming more and more popular. In the case of dresses for young girls, the flounces are often headed with tiny posies of flowers linked together all round the top of the flounce, with festoons of baby ribbon in pale pink or Nattier blue.

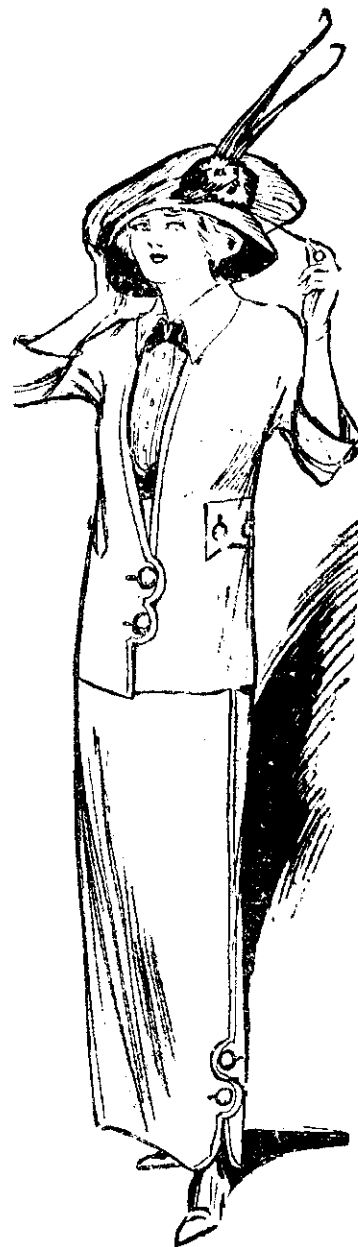
Many of the flounces which adorn the new frocks are supplemented with a line of hemstitching a few inches from the edge, so that a very effective gleam of a coloured foundation is sometimes seen underneath.

An interesting development of fashion in which taffetas will play its part is seen in the case of the collars of shot taffetas designed to take the place of the leather boa. These represent, besides, a variation from the thick taffetas ruche with pinked or frayed edges, which is likewise used in the same connection, and are made of a wide piece of the silk folded a little in the centre, and bordered on each side with an edging of leather tips. The collar fastens on one side, with two wide ends cut into leaf-shaped points depending from it.

Buttons are playing a part in fashion, which is like that of the quick-change variety artist. They are everywhere, they take a dozen new guises at every

turn, they enlive the dullest schemes, and are capable of endless disguises. If the button is more versatile than any other item of dress, it is one of the most sociable also. One finds buttons in groups, in rows, and in pairs on tailor-made, elaborate frocks and evening dresses. The woman who is planning her new summer toilettes finds the fascinating samples of buttons, which the dressmaker spreads out for her consideration, a great deal more interesting than the choice of material itself. The most minute buttons, hardly bigger than a millet seed, and covered with chiffon, find their way on the lace vests and fancy collars. Some of the prettiest little stocks to wear with debaine shirts and tailor-made costumes are those which are carried out in shot taffetas or in plain black silk, in the form of two narrow tabs like a French rabat. Each is bordered with a row of tiny gold buttons, embroidered with a spray of rosettes in ribbon-work, and edged with a straight band of Valenciennes lace. Lace stocks are punctuated down the centre with half a dozen non-covered buttons, the nonon being repeated in a piping round the neck. This provides a note of colour, which in cerise or Empire green looks well with a single white washing silk blouse.

"Snoobism"—Sympathy—Caprice? I have been often asked the reason for this apparent rage for magic colour-



COAT AND SKIRT

of shot black and brown taffetas.

### Fashion Notes from Paris.

(By a Parisian Expert.)

PARIS, June, 1912.

### Fashion at the French Derby.

There was a record attendance on Sunday last, when the Autueil Grand Steeplechase was run. The members' stands were crowded with a brilliant throng of well-dressed people, and this year has a most brilliant record, special record having been made by the various costumiers to provide toilettes worthy of the occasion. In a few days more they will no doubt surpass themselves. The Grand Prix will be run on June 30—*et qui vivra, verra!* There was one curious feature, however, about the general colour-scheme of the Tribunes des Societaires which has set tout Paris and the Press asking what it means. At the beginning of the season a riot of colour was conspicuous in the toilettes of our fair Parisiennes. But we have changed all that now, and the parterre, as the ladies' tribunes are called, showed a decided vogue for sombre tones, and more than ever were black and white toilettes to the fore. Among many of the daintiest frocks seen at Autueil, I greatly admired a black mousseline toilette posed upon white, with no additional colour, save a very large pale pink rose in the black hat, which was simply trimmed in black tulle, and another pale rose tucked in the corsage. A black gown, which was equally charming, had a rather full skirt of black silk mousseline, a big fichu of white mousseline being folded into a black velvet girdle and bordered by a narrow band of black velvet. Two large roses of vivid pink were thrust into the girdle, but there was no other touch of colour.



COSTUME OF SMOKEGREY SERGE,

with suede buttons and belt.



The woman whose figure is admired and envied by other women, is a wearer of



Procurable at all Drapers

ings, and I am always at a loss as to what to reply. "Snobbism," sympathy, or caprice are all alleged to account for this sudden change from gaudiness to sobriety—though far be it for me to say that a chic Parisienne could ever be gaudy—but that is the term the critics, who are dumfounded with the change, use. The word snobbism hardly fills the bill. It would be unjust to say that just because a chic woman of Paris loves beautiful colouring—and knows, too, how to blend them that she is snobbish. Caprice? The solution, we may take it, is the right one, for it must generally be acknowledged that Mme. La Mode has, by her most high-placed devotees, shown a decided preference for blacks, whites, greys, and dark purple. These sombre shades are so becoming, too; and herein, perhaps, lies the real solution to the mystery why Anteuil should have suddenly appeared in becoming "Fierrot" and half-mourning garb on one of the finest days Paris can boast of this summer.

**Our Sketch.**

It must not be supposed, though, that bright colours were entirely absent at Anteuil. There were many shot taffetas dresses—all models of the most up-to-date kind, and as simple as is compatible with the changing lines. Notice the dress which finds pictorial expression on



pink roses bordered with delicate green foliage, and the brim lightly draped with a frilled founce of Carrick-macrossa. Masses of sweet peas, in all their beautiful shades of pale mauves and pink, delicate yellow, deep purple and dainty blue, were grouped together with exquisite effect upon a hat of palest corn-coloured legal straw, being bound at the edge with royal blue satin.

**Fashion Notes from London.**

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 28.

Without a calendar the observer might tell the time of year any day now by merely walking the streets of the City and the West End and noting the people. For all London that can be in a way, and all America that can be in here.

As ever, American women are worth looking at in their cool perfection of the latest thing in coats and skirts and trim hats, and with the neatest feet in the world. They still affect striped materials, it is noted, though those have not been extraordinarily popular here of late; and very stylish they look in them. White lace veils, as usual, are draped round their small straw hats with admirable effect. It is a noteworthy thing that Americans and Parisians manipulate their veils, and especially those mentioned, with a careless daintiness that the average Englishwoman, who has not the refinements of the art, but always has a chin-knot, a pin, or a cobby-bit too much in evidence, cannot imitate.

**Black Tulle Veils.**

Writing of veils reminds one of the fascinations and the deadly snares of black tulle veiling. In the first category it is cheap, and, to many people, eminently becoming, especially to those possessed of a good skin; but its very fineness is its stumbling-block. If not adjusted without a vestige of a wrinkle or a gather, it can cast an almost imperceptible shadow on some part of the face that adds years to its appearance—so delicate the shade that it seems part of the face.

**N.Z. Resourcefulness.**

The wonder of the New Zealand girl is not always apparent while one is in New Zealand, since the average girl is well, the average. And it is not always apparent abroad, unless one knows her intimately. For her wonder lies in the quiet way she does her remarkable things.

Not long ago a New Zealand girl, whose parents had not much money, married an Englishman of some position, and her trousseau was therefore something of a difficulty. There were critical English future relatives to be considered, and there was the credit of a New Zealand girl at stake.

It would have done the Dominion's motherly heart good to have seen her daughter's efforts and rewards. Even her storm-coat for yachting, a pretty, practical cream macintosh, was not only made but had been waterproofed by her!

This week, on a gloomy, hot afternoon, the writer came across a radiant figure—nothing nearer could have been produced in London, for nothing merrier could exist. In green of a dark, cool shade, made with a short Russian coat with a black glace belt, and an embroidered silk blouse and a coat collar of hand-made lace. A huge black hat was trimmed with silk flowers in shades of green, and a great green boa completed the costume. There were net ruffles at the wrists, and a green ornament that exactly matched the dress hung from a gold chain at the neck.

The costume was four years old, and had started life afresh several times after a season's bath in a new shade. And, to begin with, it was made of Bolton sheeting, at 1/4 a yard!

And the maker and wearer was a New Zealand.

**Tulle Ruches**

appear finishing the edges of some of the newest large straw hats like frills. These are anything but practical, however, and special imagination is not needed to picture them on a damp day.

"The Lady Madcap" is a bewitching Dutch bonnet affair for grown ups, for wear in holiday-time, and appears to be fashioned, as are very dainty bonnets for babies, out of a baguish coloured, bordered handkerchief.

Short silk coats in a con-stant shade to the skirt that, though very

popular, have not been run to death this summer, are prophesied for the autumn and winter.

Long ostrich plumes are now being worn round the outside of a turned-up hat, as they used to be years ago.

**Coloured Hosiery.**

With what incredulity would the information that not only coloured but white stockings and shoes, would return to fashion and would remain in that mysterious Dame's favour for over three years, have been received only five years ago? Yet, so it is; and at every function and in the streets one sees almost as many coloured stockings as black ones.

The very newest boots have kid tops of fine glace in pale colours, but there is something too conspicuous about these as compared with suede, save on faultless ankles.

Parasols with swansdown edges are the newest conceits.

**A Handkerchief Collar.**

A well-groomed woman in the West End seen this week had as a collar on a dark linen coat a very fine linen handkerchief edged with Brussels lace. The handkerchief had, of course, been cut across from point to point, and the linen only cut into shape. The other half made cuffs.

Low shoes, mainly of patent leather, still enjoy much greater popularity than the more substantial walking shoes we've known for so long.

The new Directorate coat has one very long tail at the back, reaching almost to the hem of the skirt, is sloped away from the décolletage, where it has rather a square effect over the hips, and is generally finished with a wide lace collar or a quaker one of the same material as the coat. The sleeves are of the small leg of mutton style, with wrist frills.

A pretty gown seen this week that may contain a suggestion for a home dressmaker was of very pale pink accordion-pleated silk, the high-waisted bodice covered loosely with fine cream lace that ended in a tunic over one hip. There was a folded satin belt of pale blue and pale pink—the latter a slightly deeper shade than the silk, and this was finished with a large flat pink satin bow and end that were draped to form a companion tunic.

**Whipcord.**

The material that not only has a velvety appearance, but hits all the lasting qualities of the whipcord of old days, is still very fashionable, even though it was so universally worn for coats and skirts during the spring that it becomes a little monotonous. But even many serge, rightly beloved of all women, cannot look newer than this newest edition of whipcord, and the women to whom a new coat and skirt is a consideration, cannot do better than invest in this neat and hardy material.

**Exit Doldrums.**

A determined effort is being made to rid themselves of the charge of wet weather doldrums which Englishwomen have for so long deserved, and not only beautiful silk macintoshes in soft colours are being produced, but umbrellas to match, so that with a neat hat, boots and gloves, there's not the least reason now why a wet day should spell insignificance.

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(Insist on this Corset if you want comfort and a slim appearance.)

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(RUST-PROOF)  
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Particulars and Prices will be posted Free on application to—

**W. P. OGILVIE,**  
211 QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND

this page a gown that is in the first van of fashion, and in shot taffetas at its best. The colouring is pale grey and mauve, and there is a subtle suggestion of the painter drapery in its folds. The attractive arrangement of braiding and buttons, which is so admirably carried out on the left side of the bodice and the right side of the skirt, gives a chic finishing touch to a gown which should be becoming to the majority of women.

**July Millinery.**

Some very chic toques in ivory-white Manila straw are being made in quaint shapes with exceedingly deep brims, and trimmed only with large bows of fine black lace placed straight across the top of the crown and tied in the ordinary way, but with double bows, lightly wired, and caught in the centre with large buckles either in jet or enamel. Another fetching model is a large Napoleon shape in black tweed, the deep brim of which is covered quite smoothly with ivory white lace, while the crown is almost hidden from view under a long and very tall plume shading from green to mauve. A hat worn at the Hétrole des Fleurs on Saturday last by Belle Arlette Durgen, the charming actress (winner of the first prize for the most tastefully decorated carriage), was a large picture shape in fine Dunstable straw, the crown of which was covered with a mass of

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**The Domestic Supply Co.** ROOMS 4 & 5 SMEETON'S BUILDINGS Queen St., AUCKLAND

# Verse Old and New.

**Afar.**  
 (C) If, leagues of tossing, tumbled sea  
 I loved so very dear—  
 You take my joy away from me—  
 My love is far from here!

Oh leagues of shining, changing blue,  
 So wonderful and deep—  
 Bear out upon the heart of you  
 The memory I keep.

On all the little, crested waves,  
 That rise and fall and break,  
 On all the foam that sea beach loves,  
 My whispered message take!

In every curved, tinted shell,  
 In each entangled weed,  
 The passion of my yearning tell  
 That he alone may read.

Upon the gleaming, silver strand  
 He treads so far away—  
 As clear as written by my hand,  
 The longing of to-day!

That all the breakers white that leap  
 Upon the rocky shore  
 May tell him that alone I weep  
 And love him evermore.

Oh, winds that blow; oh, stars that shine,  
 Oh, restless, ceaseless sea,  
 Take, take this aching heart of mine  
 To him who waits for me!

—Leolyn Louise Everett.

**I Sing the Battle.**  
 I sing the song of the great clean guns  
 That hush forth death at will.  
 "Ah, but the wailing mothers, the life-  
 less forms and still!"

I sing the song of the billowing flags,  
 The hues that cry before.  
 "Ah, but the skeletons flapping rag, the  
 lips that speak no more!"

I sing the clash of bayonets, of sabres  
 that flash and cleave.  
 "And wilt thou sing the maimed ones,  
 too, that go with pinned-up sleeves?"

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the  
 victory home.  
 "Ah, but the broken bodies that drip  
 like honeycomb!"

I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks  
 of marching men.  
 "And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts  
 that never march again?"

—Harry Kemp.

**Et Ego in Arcadia.**  
 Where are the loves of yesterday?  
 Sad and sweet is the old refrain;  
 Horace sang of it half in play;  
 Villon, in measures that throb with  
 pain;

Life at the best is a tangled skein,  
 We are the tools of time and chance,  
 Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,  
 And every heart has its old romance.

Where are the lovers of yesterday?  
 Ah, for an hour of youth again—  
 Youth that was short as a month of  
 May,

Youth with its pulsing blood and  
 brain;  
 Too soon came autumn with mist and  
 rain,  
 Too brief the dream, too short the dance;  
 Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,  
 And every heart has its old romance.

Where are the loves of yesterday?  
 Here is a note with a yellow stain,  
 And here in a book a withered spray  
 Of sweet alyssum for years has lain.  
 But why regret? All things must  
 wane,  
 Life's sweetest note, love's fondest  
 glance;  
 Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,  
 And every heart has its old romance.

By John Northern Hilliard.

**The Gray Streets of London.**  
 The gray streets of London are grayer  
 than the stone—  
 The gray streets of London, where I  
 must walk my lone;  
 The stony city pavements are hard to  
 tread, alas!  
 My heart and feet are aching for the  
 Irish grass.

Far down the winding barren the grass  
 is like silk,  
 The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges  
 white as milk,  
 Gray dust and grayer houses are here,  
 and skies like brass,  
 The lark is singing, soaring o'er the  
 Irish grass.

The gray streets of London stretch out  
 a thousand mile—  
 O dreary walls and windows, and never  
 a song or smile!  
 Heavy with money-getting, the sad gray  
 people pass.  
 There's gold in drifts and shallows in  
 the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and  
 blessed the fertile plain;  
 But in the sad, gray London, God knows  
 I go in pain,  
 O brown as any amber, and clear as any  
 glass,  
 The streams my heart bears calling from  
 the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London, they say,  
 are paved with gold;  
 I'd rather have the cowslips that two  
 small hands could hold.  
 I'd give the yellow money the foolish  
 folk amass  
 For the dew that's grey as silver on the  
 Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die  
 of grief;  
 The wind from o'er the mountains will  
 give my heart relief,  
 The cuckoo's calling sweetly— calling in  
 dreams, alas!  
 "Come home, come home, arushla, to the  
 Irish grass."

—By Katharine Tynan.

**The Starling.**  
 "I can't get out," said the starling,  
 — Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."  
 Forever the impenetrable wall  
 Of self confines my poor rebellious soul,  
 I never see the lowering white clouds  
 roll  
 Before a sturdy wind, save through the  
 small  
 Barred window of my jail. I live a thrall,  
 With all my outer life a clipped, square  
 hole.  
 Rectangular: a fraction of a scroll  
 Unwound and winding like a worsted ball.  
 My thoughts are grown unmeager and  
 depressed  
 Through being always mine; my  
 fancy's wings  
 Are moulted, and the feathers blown  
 away.  
 I weary for desires never guessed,  
 For alien passions, strange imaginings,  
 To be some other person for a day.  
 — Amy Lowell.

**Sir Walter Raleigh's Farewell to His Wife.**  
 My dear, it is not parting that we face;  
 Our hearts, fast joined through years  
 of wedded love  
 No tyrant's harsh decree, nor death's  
 disgrace  
 Can from their sweet communion ever  
 move;  
 For thou wert with me in those nights  
 when dead  
 Ghost-lighted waters lapped my vessel  
 round  
 And when the Eldorado living fled  
 Wraith-like before me o'er the fetid  
 ground  
 Of vast and breathless forest, demon-  
 grown,  
 Thy heart was with me and thy spirit  
 blessed,  
 So now when jail and prison I have  
 flown  
 Still shall I love thee and thou wilt be  
 near;  
 Yet, though all time toll o'er us sphere  
 on sphere  
 Still shall I feel thy arms and lips  
 close pressed.  
 — William Bakewell Wharton.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Unanswered.

A t a country school the headmaster said: "Now, boys, I will give a penny to the first lad who can ask me a question which I cannot answer."

Several tried unsuccessfully, until one boy asked him: "Please, sir, if you stood up to your neck in soft mud and I threw a stone at your head, would you duck?" The question remained unanswered.

### Christian Burial.

A good woman's husband was dismembered and eaten by an African tribe. She, desirous of giving him Christian burial, was left no other alternative but that of exterminating, with the assistance of certain accommodating friends, armed with the destructive weapons of our advanced civilisation, the tribe in question, which had shown such a receptive attitude toward her husband. The bodies of the savages were brought back to civilisation by the avenging expedition and were placed in one grave, surmounted by the modest slab, placed there by the widow and bearing the following inscription: "The remains of the Rev. —, beloved husband of —."

### A Deadly Weapon.

Professor Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as writhed as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar. You are a dead man.'"

### Not What She Thought It Was.

The woman came cautiously up to the librarian in the big library and asked in low tones if she could get a book about David's harem.

"Oh, yes," said the librarian, "we have a number of copies of 'David Harem.'"

"Hush," whispered the inquirer, "not so loud."

### His Dream.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the whole world was hushed in sleep. Suddenly there was a long piercing yell. It was the house of the milkman. What could it mean?

The milkman's wife was roused from her sleep by another gurgling shriek. Shaking her husband by the shoulders she awakened him.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Oh," he could only gasp as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "I've had a most terrible dream!"

"What was it?" demanded his wife anxiously.

"I thought the pump had been stolen!" answered the milkman.

### The Idea that Failed.

Blame's wife, whenever a shutter rattled or a board creaked, would wake up her husband and say:

"Oh, John, there are burglars down stairs! Don't you hear them? Oh, what shall we do?"

But Blame hit at last on an idea that, he thought, would compose his wife permanently.

"Look here," he said, "you can rest assured these noises aren't burglars. Burglars work in absolute silence. You never hear a sound from them."

And now Mrs. Blame wakes her husband up in a blue panic whenever there's no noise.

### K.C.M.U.

A pompous politician, while on his way out to take over the governorship of one of the colonies, was approached on the promenade deck by an innocent-looking fellow passenger, who, raising his hat, humbly inquired:

"Would you mind telling me what 'K.C.M.U.' means at the end of your name, sir? It has puzzled one or two of us."

"Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, of course," said the pompous one, as he inflated his chest.

"Oh!" said the innocent. "I thought it meant 'Kindly Call Me Governor!'"

### Simple Remedies.

The native pharmacopoeia in Skye used to be of the simplest character. A man from the island, during his first week of night duty as a Glasgow constable, went into a chemist's shop and expressed frank astonishment at the bewildering array of bottles. "These medicines are ferry numerous—yes, ferry numerous indeed!" "Yes, we have to keep a great many," the chemist said blandly. "Now in Skye, where I come from," the constable went on, "the medicines are not what you might call numerous at all." "No," said the chemist. "How many do you have?" "Just two. There is tar for the sheep and whisky for the people."



And they had searched six weeks before they found a perfect cook!

### A Big Risk.

Two motorists were crawling up a highway where lately a friend (then riding with one of them) knew they had formerly gone at top speed. The friend asked why the car was run so slowly. "Why," explained the driver of the car, with perfect naivete, "everybody's carrying home garden tools now, and you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

### Declined With Thanks.

Reports had come to the president of a famous college that one of the students was drinking more than was good for him. Meeting the offender one morning the head of the university stopped him and said severely:

"Young man, do you drink?"  
 "Well, why?"—the student hesitated—  
 "not so early in the morning, thank you, Doctor."



Agony of Mr. Isaacstein, who had purchased a gipsy ticket for the Olympia Costume Ball, and could not get the beastly visor over his nose!



UNDER SUSPICION.

The Politician—What is the next question to bring before the people? The Voter—They have had questions enough. What they want is a few answers.

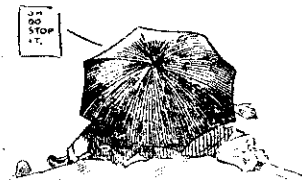
"What are you crying about, Willie?" "One of the boys called me 'teacher's pet,' an' I wunt an' told her, an' she licked me to prove I wasn't."

"What become of that fellow Tweed-lee?" "Oh, he opened a shop." "Doing well?" "No, doing time. He was caught in the act."

Belle—But do you think you and Jack are souled to each other? N—H—Oh, perfectly! Our tastes are quite similar. I don't care very much for him, and he doesn't care very much for me.

Hicks—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day. Wicks—Well, I always have, but it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.

What particularly pinches is the cost of living on the salary you actually get, up to the salary which your wife wishes the neighbours to believe your services command.



It would seem so, but they are —



Not really sweethearts.

"Harry proposed last night! I was so—" "I knew he would. I played a joke on him." "What!" "I told him you would inherit a fortune when you came of age."

A SHORT RIDE.

Jonah entered the great whale. "This is the original water-waggon!" he exclaimed. Herewith none wondered that he remained aboard only three days.

"I see somebody has suggested the possibility of erecting a statue to the inventor of rubber tyres," said Whittleberry. "Good!" said Gummiton. "I suppose from the general behaviour of the tyres it'll be a bust."



THE ONLY SON.

His mother hopes he'll grow up to be a bird of Paradise. His father, that he'll be a mighty eagle. But the chances are that he'll be nothing but a common robin after all.



HER FRIENDS AND HIS.

We are known by the company we keep.



Christy Sassonade: "Looks pretty good all about here; what crops do you grow?" Sandy: "It all depends, sir." Sassonade: "Depends on what?" Sandy: "On the sort of seeds they pit in!"



Mr. Pompos (to Butler): "I'm expecting a deputation at twelve o'clock to ask me to stand for the borough!" Butler: "Yes, sir." Mr. Pompos: "Perhaps it would be as well to remove all the best umbrellas from the hat stand!"